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LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

BY

REV. THOMAS GUARD, D.D.

WITH

MEMORIAL SERMON

BY

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

COMPILED BY

WILL J. GUARD.

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P R E F A C E.

ABOUT eleven years ago the author of these Lectures and Addresses made his first appearance before an American audience in the city of New York. The object of his visit to this land was that he might help raise a building fund for the erection of a new Methodist church in the city whence he had come—Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, where nearly ten-years of his life had been spent. The method he adopted for the raising of this fund was the delivery of lectures in different cities of the United States and Canada. He came, we might say, all but unannounced, a stranger to a strange land; but he had not appeared many times as a public speaker before his lectures were attended with no inconsiderable success, being heard with evident interest at least by that portion of the public forming the membership of the Methodist Church.

Though he came without the anticipation of ever finally making his home in America, it was not many months before two or three congregations, recognizing his power as a preacher as well as a platform speaker, extended invitations to him to become their pastor. The invitation of Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, of Baltimore, he accepted; of which charge he was appointed pastor in March, 1872.

At this church he remained three years—the limit of the pastorate in this denomination—leaving Baltimore for San Francisco in 1875. He remained three years at Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church in the latter city, leaving that charge to become the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Oakland—the Brooklyn of San Francisco. A year and a half was spent here ; until, in compliance with an invitation by his former charge in that city, he returned, in March, 1880, to Baltimore.

In March, 1883, he was to have become the pastor of the Spring Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Philadelphia. This expectation, however, was not to be realized. On October 10, 1882, he submitted to the operation of litholapaxy for relief from a trouble of great severity and long continuance. The operation in itself was quite successful. The following day seemed to bring with it relief and marked signs of improvement. But the shock was too much for his nervous system, unprepared as he was for the endurance of the anæsthetics under whose influence he was during the lengthy instrumentation to which he was necessarily subjected. The summer months allotted him for rest and fortification against the coming trial, were, instead, passed in lecturing, preaching, and constant travel. So when the crucial hour arrived his physique was in any thing but fit condition for the painful operation. Toward the end of the week (of the operation) his strength began to ebb, and finally, on Sunday, October 15, at about one o'clock in the morning, he passed away unconscious. Strange,

it would seem, his first charge in his new home was to be his last!

Many of the friends who, in the author's life, had listened with so much pleasure and profit to his words, have most naturally expressed a desire that some memento of him be preserved in a durable form. To gratify this desire, as well as put it within the reach of those who knew him only by reputation to judge of him more fully from what he has left behind him, and also because we think that many of his manuscripts contain matter of literary merit and of general interest, the editor has prepared for publication, as being among the most complete, the Lectures and Addresses forming the contents of this volume.

We may say here that, as far as the editor knows, the author never entertained the idea of putting any of the results of his thought before the public in the form of a book. In fact, he shrank from publication of lectures or sermons. To prepare for the press was to him irksome, and an undertaking he heartily disliked. His appreciation of literary finish was so keen, his ideal of literary excellence so high, that he dreaded the circulation of any thing coming from his pen in a crude shape and devoid of originality. When urged to publish he modestly excused himself with the plea that in what he said there was nothing really new. Besides this, as he has often said to the writer, he considered whatever of power he possessed was to be felt as the words came direct from his lips; what he had to say must, to be fully effective, come from the

pulpit or the platform rather than from the press. Indeed, he has even said he would have all his manuscripts burned should he feel his time to die had come. However, in his last illness no reference was made by him to this. Still, in issuing this volume the editor does not feel that he is doing any thing to bring discredit upon the memory of one so near and dear to him.

As a matter of fact, three or four of these lectures and addresses have already been in print. "Our Library" was printed in pamphlet form, in 1865, at Cape Town, South Africa. "The Mental Activities of the Age and the Bible" had been delivered as one of a course of Monday Lectures in Boston, during Rev. Joseph Cook's absence. This lecture, of which the original manuscript, with the author's characteristic indifference to such matters, had long since become in part lost, and thus incomplete, was re-written, after much hesitation, in the contracted form in which it now appears, for the volume containing the lectures of the series. That those who have not heard the lecture as the author was in the habit of delivering it may imagine how different it must have been when spoken, we may say that usually two hours were consumed in its utterance; and with such rapidity was it the custom of the author to speak as to all but defy the attempt of a stenographer to follow him. This lecture is now reprinted with the kind permission of the Committee of the Boston Monday Lectureship.

The address on the "Sovereignty of Man," the

Masonic Oration, and the Young Men's Christian Association Address, have also been printed, as well as "Waste" and part of "Savonarola," these two undergoing no revision by the author's hand.

The remaining Lectures and Addresses had never even been thought of for publication. They were mostly written hastily, to serve simply as the bases of what would come from his lips, inasmuch as it was never the author's habit to memorize. Many of them were written by piecemeal; parts on one kind of paper at one time other parts on another and different kind of paper at intervals of weeks, months, at times years. Indeed, nearly all of the lectures, which proved so very effective as the author delivered them, were *growths*. While he did not retouch the old manuscript, he was continually jotting down on whatever slip of paper chanced to be at hand a new thought or a new figure. These he wrought into the original lecture in delivery, fusing, in his mind, the whole into a unity. The lecture on "Wesley" and that on the "Yosemite" both are illustrations of the manner in which this growth took place. The germ of "Wesley" was a lecture on the "Memories of Methodism;" then came a lecture, "The Three Johns"—one of them Wesley. These lectures became disintegrated, and from their remains came forth the present lecture. Part of the lecture on the "Yosemite" was written in San Francisco, another part in Oakland, a third part in Baltimore. And so, also, with many others.

The editor has done the best in his power to insert,

in what seemed to him to be the fitting places in the original manuscripts, these fugitive passages. Doubtless, were the author here, there are many passages he would have pruned, and not a few sentences upon which he would bestow a finer polish. But, in his absence, we give these lectures just as they came from his pen, taking it upon ourselves to arrange the different parts in as coherent order as possible. It may be that a thought will be met with in more than one place; but even in this case we have hesitated erasing it, because of its interdependence upon the context in each instance. And, indeed, when it is remembered to how many different audiences he spoke the words contained herein, as well as the fact that they were written between the years 1864 and 1882, in the Cape of Good Hope, in Ireland, in Baltimore, and in California, the occasional recurrence of a figure or thought may—so it seems to us—be pardoned.

The editor takes this opportunity to thank those who have, by kindly encouragement and judicious criticism—amongst others, Rev. W. H. M'Allister, of Baltimore, and Rev. James Morrow and William C. Webb, of Philadelphia, personal friends of the author—rendered him no little assistance in his undertaking.

The editor hopes before long to have ready for the press a second volume, containing sermons, notes of sermons, and other fragments among the literary remains of the author; also the lectures which had, of late, proved so very popular, the “Replies to Colonel Ingersoll.”

W. J. G.

BALTIMORE, *December, 1882*

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MEMORIAL SERMON.

BY

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

“How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!”—1 SAM. i, 25.

AN outburst of grief and eulogium from David because of the death of his dearly-beloved friend Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa, but as appropriate an exclamation for all those who heard that, two weeks ago, at six minutes of one o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the Rev. Thomas Guard, pastor of the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church of Baltimore breathed his last. Mighty in eloquence. Mighty in sympathy. Mighty in influence. Mighty for God. Mighty for the Church. Mighty for the world's betterment. “How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!”

The providence comes to me with the more solemnity because he sent me a salutation of love, warmer and more generous than I ever received from any Christian minister—a salutation which reached me a week after his death, coming with the proposition that we exchange pulpits, he to preach here and I to go there. O, how glad I would have been to have had him confront this assemblage, and on this platform unfurl the crimson banner of the cross.

Who was this Thomas Guard? I remark, in the first place, he was a grand specimen of what the religion of Jesus Christ can do for a man. Whether in Ireland, or in South Africa, or in America, on the Atlantic coast, or on the Pacific coast, or in the cities between, he was ever busy trying to make the people good and happy. I challenge you, amid all the ranks of those who have despised Christianity, during all the ages, to show me a soul so unselfish, so self-sacrificing, and I will give you from now until we meet at the bar of God in the day of eternal judgment to fetch up your first specimen. It is only the grace of God that can make a character like that.

Who was he? He was a contribution from Methodism to Christianity. He was in that apostleship of which John Wesley was the chief, and Alfred Cookman the modern, exponent. I warrant you that when this man of God, two weeks ago, went up to the gate of heaven, there was at that shining gate a group of the chieftains of that heroic sect to greet him. How it makes one feel for the helmet and the sword to give reverential salute as I call the names of Asbury, and Emory, and Coke, and Watson, and Fletcher, and Whitefield, and Bishops Janes and Scott.

But no fence of sectarianism could wall in Thomas Guard, any more than you could fence in the fragrance of a grove of magnolias in full bloom. He was with us in the attempt to annihilate bitter sectarianism, a work so nearly done that, while in all our denominations there are narrow-souled bigots running around with rail and post and shovel, trying to rebuild the unbrotherly separation, the distinctions will soon all vanish in the overwhelming answer to Christ's prayer, "Father, that they all may be one." Who was he?

He was the contribution of foreign nationality to America. Born in Galway, Ireland, in 1831. Died in Maryland, United States, 1882. Take away from the history of the American forum, the American laboratory, and the American pulpit all foreign talent, and you have obliterated more than half of it. Scotland grows great metaphysicians, England grows great philosophers, Germany grows great dreamers, Italy grows great painters, Sweden and Norway grow great singers, and Ireland grows great orators.

Thomas Guard came from the land of Edmund Burke and Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, and he showed it. The fire of eloquence was in his eye, in his hand, in his foot, and quivered in his whole body. With every tone, with every attitude, with every gesture, he defied all the rules of rhetoric as laid down in the books. He made his own laws. Unlike all others, he was like himself. Electric, thunderbolted. Irish eloquence sanctified. When America has received for the last half century such a large donation of great souls from Ireland she can well afford to return her sympathy. Bread when there is famine, and *world-resounding protest when there is political oppression.*

Who was he? He was a preacher of the Gospel, natural and untrammelled by the way other people did their work. His church was thronged. A building holding 1,500 or 2,000 people, and thronged. He did not use what is called the pulpit tone. He spoke out of a sympathetic heart to the hearts of the people. In all denominations there is discussion about the decadence of church going. I will tell you *why people do not go to church.* They cannot stand the humdrum of ministers resolved to preach like all their predecessors

and like every body else. The fact is that some of the theological seminaries in this day take all the fire out of a man, and send him into the pulpit cowed down. They tell him how many heads he must have to his discourse, and how long the introduction must be, and what kind of an application must be fastened on at the end, and how he must plant his foot, and how he must throw out his hand, and there are thousands of Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist and Congregational churches to-day dying by inches through intolerable humdrum. Thomas Guard threw body, mind, and soul against these frigid conventionalities of the Church, and they cracked and gave way under his holy impetuosity.

Eloquence is not attitude, it is not gesture, it is not voice; it is being possessed with some important thought and making others feel as you do. I wish that the young men of our theological seminaries could have heard Thomas Guard preach. The trouble is that in many theological seminaries young men are taught how to preach by professors who themselves never could preach. You can no more get people to come to church, doing things now as they did a century ago, than you can get them to discard the limited express train to Washington and go with the stage-coach. The old Gospel, the same Gospel from century to century, but having its adaptation to each age. What a farce is being enacted in many of the cities! A church holding a thousand people with two hundred and fifty folks in it, scattered around in great lonesomeness, and going there from year to year because it has been decreed from all eternity that they should go, and they somehow cannot help it.

Who was he? He was a man of large sympathies. The earth could not fill him; he took in heaven as well. All time, all eternity, all heights, all depths, all lengths, all breadths. Thorough manliness. No whining out of the Gospel. No whimpering about the world as going to destruction when it is going to redemption. No patience with men inside or outside the ministry built on a small scale, five feet by three, trying to pull others down, hoping out of the *débris* to build themselves up. Hating cant with as much emphasis as Thomas Carlyle hated it, but for an opposite reason; not as the tiger hates the calf, but as music hates discord and as sunshine hates darkness. He was full of the gospel of good cheer, the gospel of geniality, the gospel of practical help, the gospel of spring morning, the gospel of carnation, rose, and pond lily. I think that to him the blooming orchard was a burning censer swinging before the throne. I think that to him the sky was a gallery and the clouds were pictures done in water-colors. Great soul, gentle soul, sympathetic soul, suffering soul, triumphant soul, transcendent soul.

I do not know through which one of the twelve gates in Heaven he entered when he ascended two weeks ago; but if there be one gate with larger pearl than another, and with hinges of more ponderous gold than another, and with arch more triumphal than another, and with waiting chariot of swifter wheel and snowier coursers than another, I think that was the gate at which Thomas Guard entered.

While I consider this providence which affects all the Christian Church, I am struck first with the mysteries and then with the alleviations. *Mystery the first*: Why should so good a man be called so terrifically to suffer?

There came all those years of domestic anxiety because of *his wife's invalidism*, moving from Ireland to South Africa, for the same cause moving from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific coast, for the same cause moving from San Francisco to Oakland. The honeymoon lasted from the time when, at twenty-seven years of his age, he took her hand at Dublin, on down until when, four or five years ago, he put her away for the resurrection. Ah, that husbandly affection is of but poor fiber which lasts only while the eye sparkles and the cheek has in it the flush of the sunrise. He held that hand as tenderly and as lovingly after it was wasted and sick as when it was round and well and strong. The ardor of affection increasing all the way from Dublin to Oakland.

Then came those four or five years when, at any moment, he was liable to paroxysm of physical suffering; postponing the surgeon's knife until he could postpone it no longer; with nervous horror approaching the crisis until he had no strength to meet it; passing out of life with physical agonies which anodyne and hypodermic appliances only partially assuaged. Suffering, suffering. Tell me why. I cannot tell you. *I adjourn the mystery* to the day when Ridley shall have explained to him the fiery stake, and Hugh M'Kail shall have explained to him the scaffold, and Margaret the martyr Scotch girl shall have explained to her the wave with which she was drowned, and James A. Garfield shall have explained to him the bullet, and that suffering woman up the dark alley shall have explained to her the cancer, and the rainbow of God's bright and beautiful explanation shall be hung on all the departed showers of earthly grief.

Mystery the second: Why should he be taken at fifty-one years of age, and at the very height of his power and influence? Why not wait until he was worn out with old age? Why, after the batteries had been loaded for a new campaign and were about to be unlimbered, must a gunner drop? Why should he be taken before this Austerlitz, this Sedan, this Waterloo between Infidelity and Christianity is undisputedly settled in behalf of Him who is the rider on the white horse? Why should this fearless and mounted captain of the Lord's host be slain while the feet of many weak Christians are by terror being shaken out of the stirrups? Why should this man die when to rally the carnage of the Christian Church we want more plumed warriors at the front? It is the last part of my text that sounds like the roll of a funeral drum. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

It is as though Blucher had been slain while coming up at nightfall with reinforcements. It is as though Garnet Wolseley had fallen half-way between Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. How demoralizing, to have the riderless horse of a chieftain careering and snorting across the battle plain. Why was it, when Thomas Guard had gathered up so much knowledge, so much experience, he should be taken away just as his best work was about to be done? Tell me. I cannot tell you. I adjourn the mystery to that day when we shall find out why Henry Kirk White expired at twenty-one years of age, just as he was giving intimation to the Christian church that he had in him the song power of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, writing with his boyish hand:

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

I postpone this mystery of Thomas Guard's death to the day when we shall find out why John Summerfield, the flaming evangel, expired at twenty-seven years of age, just as his grandest work seemed opening before him; and why John M'Clintock died before he had completed his cyclopedia of biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical literature; and until the day when we shall know why, last year, at fifty-seven years of age, William Morley Punshon closed his lips forever, while on his shoulder rested the interests of the English Missionary Society, and there were yet so many words of fire waiting for him to speak. Yea, until that day when we shall find why Beethoven was struck with complete deafness so that he could not hear the loudest organ crash rendering his own music; and that day when we shall find out why so many authors never finished their manuscripts, and why so many artists dropped their pencils just as they were making the outline of a great masterpiece, and why so many poets stopped midway the rhythm, and why so many bright days halted at noon.

O, yes, it was with Thomas Guard twelve o'clock meridian. The clock of his life struck one at Galway, struck nine at South Africa, struck ten at San Francisco, struck eleven at Oakland, struck twelve at

Baltimore. High noon, and the sun eclipsed. But that last word, thank God, passes us out from the shadows of mystery into the glorious alleviation of this providence.

Eclipsed, not extinguished; something rolled between us and him, doing no damage to him. When Jupiter hides one of his satellites it is occultation. No one has any idea that the satellite is destroyed. When the earth casts its shadow on the moon, it is lunar eclipse, but no one has any idea that the queen of night is dethroned. When Mercury partially hides the face of the sun, we call it a transit, but we have no idea that any damage is done. When the moon hides the sun, it is solar eclipse; but no one has any idea that the king of day is dead. I pronounce this departure of Thomas Guard to be *occultation, transit, eclipse*.

When the sun was eclipsed in 1842 and in 1868 and 1869, all the astronomers gathered in the observatories and all the telescopes were drawn heavenward; and now, as this effulgent nature is eclipsed, we do well to come up in the watchtowers of the Church and into the observatory of Mount Zion, and stand like the men of Galilee gazing into heaven. If you have any idea that Thomas Guard lies lacerated in Green Mount Cemetery I have no share in your wretched agnosticism. Alas for that sepulcher which has a knob on the outside the door to let us in, but no latch on the inside the door to let us out!

This man of God has only moved on and moved up.

He passed out of a room where the air was heavy with opiates into an atmosphere exhilarant, and from a body painstruck into conditions rubicund with health immortal. He has become one of the athletes of

heaven—deathless as God is deathless, never to know pain or sickness or suffering or sorrow except as a vivid reminiscence. His mission is widened out. He has come to higher appointment, not to this church or to that church, or this denomination or that denomination, or this city or that city, or this world or that world. He has the universe to range in. What velocities! What circuits! What momentum! What orbits in which the stars shall be as silvery as before the occultation, and the sun shall be as radiant as before the eclipse.

You could not understand fully Thomas Guard here, you cannot understand Thomas Guard there. More difference than between an eagle in an iron cage and an eagle pitching from Chimborazo toward the sun. His work on earth is not done, it is not half done, it is not a fourth done, it is not a thousandth part done. He resumes it now under better auspices. How do I know? "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?" The lines of telegraphy and of rail track connect no two earthly cities so well as earth is connected with heaven.

Did Thomas Guard, after he was established in this land, go to South Africa to get his family and bring them to this better country? and shall he not now come back some time to that earthly home, and at the right time take his loved ones to the still better country? But he shall not come alone. The twain shall come, they who were side by side for so many years, bending over the same cradle, weeping over the same grave, now coming side by side, wing and wing, to hover over those children when they sleep, and to es-

cort them heavenward when they die. Father and mother coming to help. Father and mother coming down to comfort. Father and mother coming down to defend.

The air this autumnal day is not so darkened with the flocks of birds flying southward seeking a summer clime, not so full as the air is full of ministering spirits.

Angels are hovering around. Flocks of immortals sweeping this way and that. Earth no more an orphaned world, but a suburb of heaven. Blessed is that earthly home where Christian parents preside, but more mightily defended is that home which a glorified ancestry canopy with their benediction. Elisha saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of supernatural aid, and *so they are yet*. Which way are they driving? The horses head this way. How the chariots rumble down the sky steeps. Sent forth to minister. Is yonder a soul in great excruciation of pain, and shall Thomas Guard refuse the ministry when he knows about suffering? Is yonder a soul awfully bereft? Surely Thomas Guard cannot refuse his ministry, for he knows what it is to be bereft. Shall we have revivals of religion in our churches, and Thomas Guard not join in the alleluia? Shall there come a great Armageddon in which all the good are one side, and all the bad on the other side; earth and hell and heaven drawn out in battle array, and the gallant spirit just ascended not mingle in the fight? not draw his sword? not lift his battle shout?

Passing on to fatigueless service. Perhaps he will preach the Gospel to some other world that needs a Saviour. Perhaps he will carry quick dispatch from the throne of God to some empire of which the

strongest telescope has yet made no revelation. Perhaps he will take a special part in the chorals before the throne. Perhaps he will help compose some new doxology for the blessed. Perhaps he will tell, while all the galleries of light listen, of that grace which strengthened him through all the earthly struggle, the closing words of his recital drowned out by the outburst of minstrelsy that can halt no longer, the surges dashing to the top of the throne, while the archangel rising beats time with his scepter.

When a good man was dying, he said he saw written on the sky three letters, and they were all alike. The letter "V." Some one said to this man dying what he thought the letter "V" was for. He said, "I think it stands for victory." So over all this scene there is written congratulation for the departed, comfort for the bereft, and encouragement for us all. Three "V's." Victory! Victory! Victory! Three "H's." Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!

On a catafalque of flowers Thomas Guard lay under architectural grandeurs hung with symbols of sadness, the air throbbing with the "Dead March in Saul," and beautiful, cultured, and queenly Baltimore breaking her richest box of alabaster and pouring its contents on those weary feet as they halted in the journey, and the American Church, North, South, East, West, sobbing out its sympathies over that great loving heart, silenced forever. But this day I open on all sides doors of consolation, doors of hope, doors of resurrection, doors of reunion for his bereft sons and daughters, Reginald, and William, and Percy, and Porter, and James, and Charlotte, and Jessie, and for the Mount Vernon Church that for two terms stood with him on the mount of transfiguration, and for the denomination which still

vibrates with his magnetic utterances, and for the Church universal which now sits watching this wonderful sunset.

Until we meet again, farewell, my dear brother. Thou wast very pleasant to me. Thy salutation came so late I could not return it. So to-day I throw thee this kiss of warmest brotherly affection. Honored in life, triumphant in death, blessed in eternity. I could not be present to put even one flower on thy casket, but to-day I sprinkle over thy new-made grave this handful of heather from the Scotch highlands, in the hymn which the people in that land of Andrew Melville and John Knox are apt to sing on their way to the grave of some one greatly beloved :

Neighbor, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed these checkered years:
Now, landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone for evermore.

Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes:
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Yea, village bells. ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring;
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

GUARD'S

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

I.

THE MENTAL ACTIVITIES OF THE AGE AND THE BIBLE.*

A GLANCE over the vacant vastness of this audience chamber suffices to remind me of the absence, beyond the water, of the gifted founder of your "Monday Lectureship." May he be preserved from all perils while he travels, and return from his wanderings, laureled with fresh honors, to the scene of his frequent triumphs!

I am not here, I assure you, to attempt the task for which he proved himself so signally equipped. Who but himself could bend Ulysses' bow? Nevertheless, the task assigned me is no light one. I have asked myself, once and again, Why was I not requested to compress the globe into an ultimate atom, ensphere the sun in a dew-drop, or find for the most ancient

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ocean a home within the compass of a scallop shell? For I am expected to discuss the relations of Christianity to the mental activities of our age, within the limits of an hour! It is impossible! I shrink from it. I cannot exhaust such a theme. I may be permitted to hope, however, that I shall prove suggestive.

Made in the image of the ever-living One, the human mind "faints not, neither is weary," by reason of activity; and to think, is to act. Our age is peerless in the quantity of intellectual activity, whatever may be said of the quality of that activity, or of its issues. Never so much free thought, never so much freedom of thought, as to-day. The schoolmaster is abroad. The press is in untiring operation. The spirit of inquiry is ubiquitous. History pores over coins, cipher correspondence, antique customs, hoary constitutions, dry-as-dust scrolls, acts of parliament, alabaster slabs, street ballads, fugitive tracts, diaries of lettered princesses and journals of court favorites; from such incongruous material extracting the substance wherewith to fashion those imperishable piles of wisdom with which our grateful and instructed hearts associate the names of Grote, Mommsen, Merivale, Prescott, Motley, Macaulay, Bancroft, and Carlyle.

Travelers haste over land and ocean without rest: now plunging into the wonders of Central Africa, now looking down upon the cradle of the Nile, now tracking the footsteps of the pre-Adamite progenitors of our race; to-day resting beneath the columns of

Luxor, or, two weeks hence, within the shadows of the ruined temples, tombs, and theaters of Petra; then treading the sacred soil and climbing the sacred slopes on which redemption's truths were uttered and redemption's price was paid; then off and away to the land where every dell enshrined a deity, every fountain leaped to song—whose breezes floated the melodies of Plato or trembled to the thunder of Demosthenes.

Scientists are heaving the lead in deep-sea soundings; foretelling the birth of the tornado; weighing the earth in scales; interpreting the hieroglyphs carved on mountain summit and on sandstone stratum; pursuing the comet over the plains of ether; analyzing the elements of the light-wave propelled by Sirius across the amplitudes of space; solving the mysteries that lurk in frond and cell, in tinted sea-shells and in coral bowers; reckoning up the ages of the sun; defining the orbit of Neptune or ever its mass had crossed the disk of aided or unaided eye; in every motion finding an idea, in every form a purpose, and in every event the token of a plan and system; changing chaos and confusion into order and cosmos; and, in the unity impressed upon and interwoven through the vast and varied whole, beholding the reflected unity of Him *“by whom are all things, and for whom are all things—God over all, blessed forever.”*

And the results of such activities are within the reach of every one desirous of copious and accurate information. With the sage, most profound, with the

scholar most erudite, with the scientist most accomplished, with the poet most subtle minded, with the products of pen and pencil, of microscope and telescope, of scalpel and prism, the youth of eager longing and quenchless thirst for truth may hold communion, by reason of the prodigious triumphs of the printing-press.

What has Christianity to say to all this intellectual movement? What emotions heave her bosom? Is it with sentiments of envy, jealousy, and fear, or of favoring sympathy that she gazes on the scene of seething, surging, struggling spirit-life?

The study of her inspired records and of her historic chapters affords an answer; and in that answer we read amplest assurance of her friendship and aid.

1. To the *understanding* of man she ever appealed. "By manifestation of *the truth*" she proposes to conquer. With a sublime audacity she ignores physical force as an instrument of victory. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," were the clarion tones which fell upon the ears of the enthralled victims of ignorance, superstition, priestcraft. Above her hosts, as they marched to further triumphs, her banner floated, and on its folds men read the strange device, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Whenever permitted, she grappled with the Jew, and "*reasoned* out of his Scripture;" with the Greek, and argued out of his sacred writings of nature, conscience, history. Upon her converts she urged the noble duty, "Be always ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you." The divine Founder of our faith

gave no uncertain sound when he said, "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." To Christianity there is nothing ignoble and nothing insignificant in aught that touches or appertains to man. In her estimate he is of more value than many sparrows. His return to moral sanity, we are assured, moves the ranks of seraphim with strange joy. For his eternal weal the counsels of the Infinite planned when as yet nor light-ray traveled, nor force electric thrilled, nor mountain soared, nor ocean tossed, nor tempest marched, nor forest waved, nor landscape spread all dewy and all fragrant beneath the cloudless sun. To nothing human can Christianity be indifferent. Body, soul, and spirit have been redeemed and provided for by this divine system. As the Sabbath, so Christianity "is made for man;" and such is man's relation thereto that we may say, as of the sun in relation to our planet, "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof." *To* all that is profoundest in man the influence pierces; *over* all that is amplest in man the influence diffuses; and *on* all that is loftiest in man her inspiration breathes a benediction. Nor this alone: there are depths of our nature reached but by Christianity; chords of our hearts that refuse their harmonies to any touch but hers; and magnanimities, heroisms, martyrdoms, in life and in death, developed but by her plenipotence of holy love and blessed hope.

2. *Christianity provokes thought.* That the power of our holy religion may be experienced to the utter-

most, *faith* is essential. Faith demands *reason* for its exercise. And to meet this demand of our nature Christianity presents *credentials*. Belief is impossible, unless sufficient reason for belief be furnished. Here, then, the scope for intellectual action appears. What are the credentials accompanying Christianity? Are they such in quality and in number as to warrant our faith? The replies to those queries are given in the sumless writings called "the Evidences of Christianity." Certainly these are products of thought, scholarship, logic, philosophic investigation and discussion. Certainly these demonstrate the thought-compelling might of the Christian faith.

To a man possessed of an honest heart and quickened conscience, a system of truth and of religion professing to come from the Supreme One, with whom we have to do, cannot be treated with the slightest approach toward indifference. It *may be true*. If so, there is a duty corresponding to the bare probability of truthfulness—that duty, attention, audience, investigation. At once the mind assumes an attitude of earnest wakefulness. The substance of the message shall be weighed, compared, judged. The evidences attendant upon the message and messenger shall win sober, courteous, brave, and honest investigation. And thus, and only thus, shall the conscience of the man approve of his conduct. But in all this see we not the tremendous stimulus imparted to the *intellectual* as well as the moral forces of the soul? Name a mental faculty not called into play by such a professedly divine communication. Memory, compari-

son, judgment, imagination, reason, all mental instincts, intuitions, affinities, and proclivities, are in succession, or combinedly, in utmost vigor of action. A crisis in the intellectual life has arisen. The man dates a new birth, as a thinker, from the advent hour of such a system as our faith. Whether Christianity made him a saint, or, by reason of his perverse will failed in that great work, she made him a thinker. He became a foe of that which extorted from him the exclamation, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" And because a foe, a *thinker*—*irritated into thinking through hatred of Christianity*. Therefore, compose the treatise and the essay to prove it a myth; visit Orient lands to demonstrate it an imposture; compile a comparative theology to minify its rank in the presence of other systems! Therefore, see but its difficulties and ignore the possible explanations of its seeming contradictions with history or science! Yet in all this what see we but immense intellectual outgoing and energy, scholarship, science, philosophic subtlety and lore, esthetic culture, literary creativeness? And inasmuch as for this intellectual action Christianity is responsible, both as cause and occasion, do we behold evidence of her power to arouse and develop thought.

3. There is *antagonism* to Christianity in much of the *intellectual* life of our age. This does not surprise us. It was to have been anticipated. No student of the mission of Christianity, at all familiar with the moral condition of our race, should feel "as though some strange thing happened" if Christianity

developed hostility most bitter in the very ranks of those whom it came to woo and to save.

For it was in this very antagonism to its Author that the need for such a system obtained. But that man was a sinner, and that his depravity expressed itself in enmity to God, Christianity had been a superfluity of appliances and agencies. Its existence implies strife, and its career hitherto has been one of aggrandizement through struggle. Early in the history of man as the object of redeeming mercy, it was announced, "I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed." Subsequent ages but illustrated the truth of the announcement. The Founder himself gave utterance to the same great verity: "Think not that I am come to send peace upon earth: I am not come to send peace, but a sword." The last prophet of inspiration depicts, in symbols the most sublime and suggestive, the process of the struggle.

And to-day the battle waxes in vehemence of purpose and of passion; nor is there prospect of speedy termination of the conflict. Possibly, ay, probably, the future shall witness scenes of combat, compared with which the fiercest of the past shall seem but gala-day sports. Not with sound of clarion, or tramp of war-horse, or rush of scythed chariot, or thunder of ordnance, or with garments rolled in blood, shall the battle rage or the fight be fought. The weapons shall be of spiritual and ethereal temper and substance; of ore drawn from the mines of spirit and forged in the white heat of passion fires; wielded by the Titans of error, or dexterous and death-dealing

by reason of arms nerved with divine strength and fingers taught to fight by none other than the great Captain of the hosts of light himself.

Nor shall the struggle close until all the foes' resources shall have been drawn upon, applied, tested. Not until the last form and method of resistance to good shall have had scope for their endeavors and time for their display of skill and might, and shall have proved as impotent as are the birds of night to hinder the return of the daybreak and the noontide splendor of the regal sun—not until then shall discomfiture cover the emissaries of falsehood, and a ransomed world enter into “quietness and assurance forever.” And fear not, ye who read the times, and whose hearts sometimes fail! For He must reign until he hath put down all that exalteth itself against him. “And when he shall have put down all rule and all authority, then cometh the end.”

We confess our delight in this aspect of the age. Nothing is more to be deprecated than intellectual stolidity, than uninquiring acceptance of the Christian faith. This is a state not to be permitted, not to be tolerated. Better strife than stupor. Christianity can never win her way but as she compels or constrains men into moods of investigation. She courts this. It is essential to her very existence. She is willing to take all the risks arising from the awakening of thought and the scrutiny of thinkers. Doubt may challenge her, skepticism may assail her. She welcomes the *honest* doubter; she disdains not to debate with him who, fearlessly searching after the true,

sees not as yet evidence sufficient to warrant his assent and affiance. With tenderest solicitude she waits upon and ministers to such. Priests may scowl upon them, and churches threaten them with terror; but not so Christianity. Over the tortured toiler after truth she bends, with infinite compassion in her eye and solace on her lip; bares her bosom, and invites to shelter and repose there: "Come unto me, all—all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To the Master's treatment of Thomas Christianity points the bewildered, wondering doubters of all ages, as to Simon Peter and his Lord's treatment of the recreant apostle she points the penitent though desponding gaze of all who, under dreadful pressure, proved traitors to their divine Master's name and cause; and in his treatment of both proves that "Wisdom is justified of her children."

4. The action of Christianity through the *laws of heredity* deserves recognition and appreciation. Those laws have their expounders and illustrators in Galton and Ribot, in Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Bain. Darwin's "Descent of Man" is almost altogether dependent upon the factor of heredity. It is no less potent in the philosophy of Spencer. By this "heredity" principle, "like produces like." Sometimes, indeed, "like" seems capable of producing very "unlike;" but it is only seemingly so. The newborn immortal is, therefore, "the very image of his father," be the fact flattering to the parent or otherwise. Physical characteristics are thus transmissible. The past can be reproduced. Nothing is lost that can

serve the interests of the organization. Tendencies are "fixed," vicious proclivities descend, and disease becomes a legacy. Should "variety," by some inscrutable law, be introduced, and should that variety tend to secure the survival of the fittest, heredity seizes it, incorporates it, and secures its perpetuity through successive generations. The law of continuity sways it. To it, we are told, species owe their origin; and through it, we are assured, man has derived his finest sensibilities and his loftiest sentiments. From the dull oyster through the stupid donkey, up, still up, the germ of the coming man has never failed persistently to press, until at last the progression culminates in the creature whose *initial* condition proclaims him a little higher than the "missing link," and whose *perfectional* condition shall proclaim him "a little lower than the angels." There is no doubt that according to the laws of heredity the Eternal One has seen fit to act. The presence of the principle was not discovered yesterday. Jacob, in the days of his service between the rivers, caught sight of it and utilized it. To-day we have multiplied proof in its favor, and are not in extreme danger of depreciating its potency as an element in our civilization.

Has not Christianity availed herself of this subtile force? Are we not justified in attributing to her incalculable influence upon the mental capacity of our age along the lines of this authenticated principle of our complex being? For eighteen hundred years has Christianity been working on, working with,

working through, humanity. The physical nature of the race has thus been improved, and the moral nature has participated in the ennobling effects ; why not the intellectual ? Why not the mental aptitudes—why not the affinities with, the capacity for, intellectual pursuits and attainments, ameliorated, strengthened, refined, by reason of the action and interaction of the manifold appliances of Christianity ?

The greatest thinkers of our day (even when far other than the friends of our faith) are her legitimate *intellectual* offspring. John Stuart Mill came of Scottish Presbyterian ancestry. George Eliot descended from Christian parents, and grew up amid Christian influences. Christianity flowered in the genius of Walter Scott, and fruitens in the products of George Macdonald and William Black ; permeated the being of Macaulay, and possessed the soul of Thomas Carlyle ; inspired the splendid intellect of Sir William Hamilton, glowed in the poetic fires of Hugh Miller, and adorns the sanctified learning of our President M'Cosh. Professor J. W. Draper is the son of an English Wesleyan minister, and probably shared in the thorough training of a Wesleyan college, either as a " Woodhouse-Grove " or " Kingswood " boy. Your own Channing—calm, clear, comprehensive ; the philosopher, the humanitarian ; gentle as he was strong, and steeped both in " sweetness and light "—owed he not his intellectual manhood to Christianity ? Theodore Parker, the vehement iconoclast, the intense hater of injustice ; masculine in thought as poetic in sympathy and in imagination ;

he who speaks of the "iris that scarfs the shoulder of the thunder-cloud"—did not he inherit the vigor of his mind and the energy of his athletic spiritual nature from Puritan forefathers? And so of that other, upon whose head the snows of time are gathering, but all impotent to quench the fires of his transcendent genius; the old man eloquent; the clairvoyant of Concord; the high dreamer whose thoughts live, move, and have their being in the world of men around you; whose weird skill oft wove for him webs of gossamer, and of these fashioned chariots in which to float away and away into realms ethereal, whither the tempests of life had not wing to follow—is not he the intellectual culmination of generations of ancestors in the Christian faith and in the Christian ministry? The roots of these men's mental being are all in Christian soil, and thence drew nourishment and flavor. The tree-like life of these thinkers expanded in atmosphere surcharged with Christian ideas. Their ample and loaded branches ripened into tropic fullness in the solar floods of Christian culture and civilization; and I am not extravagant or unjust in pointing to them as splendid evidences of the power of our faith as the generator of intellectual life and activity.

Science tells me that all terrestrial light is from the sun, and that, though absent, the sun is still our light by night, be that night brief as midsummer's or prolonged as the six months' gloom of Arctic zones—light of pine-torch and of fire-fly, light of waxen taper and of oil and gas lamp, light upon ocean's

phosphorescent wave, and light of moonbeams braiding Niagara's brow with iridescent wreath. Directly and indirectly, the sun is the light of the world. And I dare assert the same of Christianity and the intellectual world of our age. I have tested this in imagination by conceiving the annihilation of that Book, so indissolubly, so essentially associated with Christianity. The Bible triumphs when and where Christianity triumphs. Let me be permitted to suppose somewhat, at least, of an approach toward the utter destruction of the Book. First, copies of the volume itself, in all shapes and sizes, in all tongues and versions, shall have been collected, heaped into pyramidal piles, and fired, until but dust and ashes remain. No Bible anywhere! This is but a very little thing, however, compared with that to be accomplished. Then all literature—prose, poetic, tome and folio, essay and sermon, drama and lyric, hymn and idyl—must be subjected to a process either of utter destruction or of perfect, absolutely perfect, expurgation, so that no grace of style, nor elegance of allusion, nor aptness of quotation, nor felicity of metaphor, suggestive of or derived from the Book, shall remain in such volumes. Then visit the galleries, private and public, devoted to the exhibition of art. Here are walls frescoed with the products of old masters and new; here are pedestals and niches crowned and crowded with the triumphs of the chisel and the sculptor. Blot from that canvas the Last Supper, the Transfiguration, the Ascension, the Light of the World; pluck from that pedestal and from yonder

niches the Moses and the David of Angelo, or such forms and expressions of majesty, tenderness, purity, and grace as their creators learned and caught from study of the teachings, or fellowship with the heroes of the Book. Then haste to the baptismal registries of the Church, and instead of Mary, write Cleopatra; of Rachel, Messalina; of John, Nero; and of Peter, Caligula. Erase whatever there reminds one of the Bible.

Then on to the libraries of law, and let all codes, statutes, enactments, constitutions, in which shall be found reverence for God, respect for liberty, protection for reputation, life, and person, defense of woman and of feebleness, and guarantee of equal and impartial justice for meanest plebeian as for meanest plutocrat; let all such as owe their humanity, their justice, their impartiality, to the genius and the teachings of the Book, vanish and be forgotten. Then, away to the cemeteries, urban and suburban, civic and rustic; to the crypts and vaults; to the stately minster and to the humble chapel, where sleep the dead, and on whose tombs Hope, Faith, and Love have carved the blessed texts in which the widow found a calm and the despairing consolation. See, see! 'Tis a November midnight. Nor star nor moon rides the cloud-draped heavens. No light, save the fitful flash from yonder moving form. *That* is one of the myriad conspirators against the human race, who on this grim night simultaneously visit the graveyards of the Christian world, that from the slab and obelisk they may blot out the Bible. See! he bends, and with

light of lantern reads : "I am the resurrection and the life;" "Blessed are the dead;" "In my Father's house are many mansions." Now he seizes chisel and mallet, and begins. Chip! chip! chip! The lone night-winds as they travel o'er the spot take up upon their dusky wings a burden sadder than they ever bore, the sob, the sigh, the low-toned throb of heart-chords snapping; for, henceforth, the chamber of the dying shall be one of horrors, death's rule a "reign of terror," and the graveyard "the abomination of desolation."

I need not imagine more, though the half is not yet pictured; for the fruits of Christianity in manners, in civilization, in treatment of criminals and of the insane; in homes for age, for orphans, for widows, for idiots, for outcast women; in popular education, and in kindred generous and gracious institutions, these all must also suffer destruction before we shall have by any means attained unto the extermination of either the Book or the Faith.

5. Is the mission of Christianity a superfluity by reason of the results of our intellectual age? Let human nature, let man, reply. Is there any change such as to render the further existence of our faith unnecessary? As generation after generation arises, see we not the past repeated? Hear we not the same queries voiced by human hearts, human memories, human consciences? Amid vast changes, if we go deep enough, shall we not find *man* unchanged?

(1.) Listen to the old, old question, and know that it is prompted by something in man other than acci-

dental in condition or circumstances. It is the question of "a conscience of sins," a sense of wrong-doing, and of guilt arising thence. You cannot bid down, so as to keep down, that question: "*How can man be just with his Maker?*" A homely question, indeed; ay, but one that can with earthquake might thrill the whole inner man, and in answering which man has steeped the earth in blood, bleached it with bones of weary pilgrims, and wrapped it in smoke of countless sacrificial altars. It must be answered. What hath modern science to say in response? Nothing that commands for one moment the acceptance of intelligent conscience. What has matter, as it rolls through space; marbles, though veined with beauty; gems, though aglow with fiery splendor; corals, though fashioned after the similitude of a palace; life, death, force, what have they to do with a query sighed forth by a self-conscious and self-convicted spirit? "'Tis not in us," the solemn heights reply. "'Tis not in us," the dark, mysterious caves of earth respond. Christianity has proven her power to meet the need. She owns that power to-day.

(2.) And *there is the demand for inner rectification of nature.* There is a deep-seated sore within. The ideal of right is there. The endeavor to realize it is made, but the failure is total. And this involves conflict the most stern and anguish the most bitter. "When I would do good, evil is present with me; the evil I *would* not, that I do." I pay a visit to the sages of physical and of transcendental wisdom, and with impassioned earnestness ask of their chief,

Can'st thou not minister to a *mind* diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And by some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Perhaps he will tell me that sin is a necessary stage in my moral development; and that wherever man is—in the brothel, in the gin-mill, on the gallows—he is on the way to God; and that the only possible error that can arise is this, that by lack of effort the man remains a little longer than he might in either one of the above-named localities. From such my inner being turns, as it utters, “Miserable comforters are ye all!” Christianity meets the want. It offers, and it has—yes, it has effected thorough renewal of the “hidden man of the heart.” It has brought a clean thing out of an unclean. It is doing so to-day: in some one spot of this old globe, day by day, it is transforming and emancipating and harmonizing the inner principles and powers of man; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

(3.) And man asks—as he looks up into the vastness of creation, and round upon the strangely checkered aspect of life, and on through the dim, trackless future; when woes fill his cup of life, and disaster crashes upon disaster, and helplessness is the o’ermastering feeling of his sinking heart—Is there One above all others to whom I may carry my load, pour forth my tale of desolation? Or is it indeed true that he heeds not, neither can help—as helpless as

The gods who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred, everlasting calm!

Vain to lead me to "an altar with this inscription, 'To an unknown God.'" Ay, and as vain to tell me of a "power that makes for righteousness." I want "the living God." I am a person, and my God must be a person. Out of the light, ye sages, Spencer, Arnold! Let me to His side in whom resides wisdom at least as great as yours, that in answer to my heart's longing cry, "Show me the Father!" I may from his own lips catch the words of strength and solace: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

(4.) And, once again, man asks for light. It is as he sits yonder in darkened chamber beside his dead. To her, in youth's jocund days, his heart went out, and round hers twined its tendrils. They were lovely and beautiful as they grew in wisdom, confidence, and love. But the ruthless blast swept o'er her, and in the very pride of motherhood she gave up the ghost: her sun went down while it was yet noon. And soon he must "bury his dead out of his sight." What is thy mission and what thy meaning, O Death? Dost thou, indeed, end all? or through thee pass we back again, as raindrops, into the vast immensity of THE ALL—individuality, personality, forever lost? or shall we live again? It is not sentimentalism that thus speaks. Strongest minds have heaved the lead in these

mysterious depths. Mightiest hearts have quaked with strange terror in presence of these problems. He who *is* Christianity himself replies. In *word* he answered; better far, in *work* he responded; best of all, in his *own person* he grappled with, wrested the scepter from, the king of terrors, and o'er his prostrate form marched forth from death's dominion with the note of triumph on his lip: "I am the resurrection and the life." "He brought back, not the shadow, but the substance of immortal man," as said Robert Hall. "For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep."

Friends, these are the truisms of our faith. Through these, attended by the grace of the Lord and Giver of life, Christianity hath won her way hitherto. Nor is there trace of feebleness or of age in her fair form to-day, nor hectic flush on her cheek, nor halt in her gait, nor haze in her eye. She is mighty as when she went forth to vanquish the Vandal, civilize the Celt, hallow the Hun, gather in the Goth, and win the worshippers of Woden from the fierceness of their temple worship and their forest sports. She is entering new regions, and intends to conquer; and they feel this, and are troubled. Hoary creeds and gory superstitions tremble at her approach. She comes to make men *think*, and thus to overturn. Revolutionist, indeed, she is! Monopoly of power, of thought, of joy in life, she comes to overturn. Her mission is race wide and is full of mercy, without partiality and without hypocrisy; knowing no man after the flesh, nor giving flattering titles unto any; her smile is hope,

her presence a benediction. Judging from former victories, and studying her in the light of prophecy, we look forward with assured confidence of ultimate, universal supremacy. Her Head "ascended that he might *fill all things*." And he is achieving his intent. His ideas, principles, are silently but surely permeating society—in commerce, honesty; in law, justice; in government, liberty; in art, purity; in society, gentleness, tenderness, mutual helpfulness, world-wide charity. As she advances in her career,

for Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
 And fragrance in her footing treads;
 She doth wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we any thing so fair
 As is the smile upon her face.

With full assurance of faith we anticipate the time when through her influences her Founder shall fulfill the glowing prophecy, "And on his head were many crowns." I see the grand procession gathering to the coronation. Yonder are Herschel and Kepler and Copernicus and Galileo, at the head of the astronomic sages. They draw nigh to crown him; and as he stoops to receive the gift I hear them exclaim: "The heavens are the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained." And yonder I see the great chiefs of geologic science, and their sunless followers: there are Hugh Miller and Buckland and Dana; and as he stoops to receive their offering thus they declare: "Of old didst thou lay the foundations

of the earth; the strength of the hills is thine also." And, see, yonder the great old masters lead up their ranks—Angelico, Angelo, Da Vinci; and as they present their tribute, I hear them say: "Blessed are our eyes, for we have seen the King in his beauty." And there is another, surpassing far all these in power to touch his heart. It is woman, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled" woman; and at the head of the illustrious throng there is the first mother of us all, and by her side *his own*. To them he stoops—is there not haze in his eye?—and as their gentle hands place in his their choicest diadem, thus they exclaim: "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb." It is enough. Let us conclude by chanting, in harmony with such a prospect,

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

II.

“OUR LIBRARY.”*

I CONGRATULATE the friends of this Institution upon the success which has marked the past year, and most sincerely do I pray that the coming year may prove the permanency of the revived interest taken in “Our Library.” In choosing the theme announced for this evening’s address, it is not from the slightest belief that it can receive from me the treatment to which it is justly entitled; for no one here can be more alive than am I to the wealth and splendor of the literary realms included in such a topic as “Our Library.” If my address have any merit, that consists in its suggestiveness; and if it have any special claim upon your acceptance, that shall rest upon the heartiness with which it is offered as an expression of my desire to aid in any effort the aim of which is the mental recreation and moral advance of our community. The subject chosen gives an opportunity for stringing together a few thoughts respecting books and their readers, what and how to read; the relation existing between mind and books; and our obligations to those who have transmitted through their writings their life thoughts to us and to all succeeding generations.

* A lecture delivered on behalf of the Graham’s Town (South Africa) Public Library on Oct. 3, 1864.

The relation which books sustain to the human mind must be the first thought suggested by "Our Library." Books supply the mind with material for thought. They are a necessity. As the mind is constituted it comes into existence with capacities, forms of thought, and laws of mental action. Its great sources of knowledge are twofold: observation through the senses, and reflection upon the sensations awakened and the facts obtained through observation. Sensation and reflection are the two chief fountains of ideas. The mind is qualified to receive from without, and fitted to elaborate, from what is thus received, systems and sciences in accordance with the immutable laws of its own constitution and the equally immutable laws of the outer world. That the mind may work, it must have material on which to work. If it grow, it must have food on which to banquet. If the mind be a field, it must have seed with which to sow it. If it be an artist's studio, it must have the block from which to strike out its statues and images, whose combined beauties call forth portraiture of all that can subliminate the taste, enchant the heart, and purify the life. If the mind may be compared to a silkworm, then books are its mulberry leaves, and "Our Library" a mulberry grove whereon, feeding, the working spirit may coil its cocoons and spin its silk; or if the mind may be deemed a manufactory, then books are the silkworm cocoons, with whose countless threads the mind-loom may weave its tapestry of poesy, of narrative, of history, or romance. Or if the mind be a builder and architect, then books supply the stones

from which to fashion a palace-temple within the spirit, truthfully transparent as a Crystal Palace, luxuriantly lovely as an Alhambra, and beautifully holy as Zion's sacred and God-honored fane. A palace and shrine like that of which the gifted but erring, genius sang :

In the greenest of our valleys, by good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and steady palace, radiant palace, reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion it stood there ;
Never seraph spread a pinion over fabric half so fair !
Banners—yellow, glorious, golden—on its roof did float and glow.
This, all this, was in the olden time—Long ago ;
And every gentle air that dallied in that sweet day,
Along the ramparts, plumed and pallid—a winged odor went away.
Wanderers in that happy valley, through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically, to a lute's well-tuned law ;
And all with pearl and ruby glowing was the fair palace door
Through which came flowing, flowing, and sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty, the wit and wisdom of their King.

Books are useless unless they provoke and stimulate thought. They give material for thought, for thinking. But of what good, what use, what bliss, unless we think ? Books were not written that we might think by proxy. The writers never dreamed of saving their readers the trouble of thinking. They should have felt saddened at the thought of such abuse of their labors and creations. They were sustained in their arduous, toilsome pleasure of conceiving and composing their productions by the knowledge of the fitness of their writings to generate ideas in future minds. Proportioned to the number of the ideas they felt they were capable of evoking did they exult in

their lamplight cogitations, and count it all joy to plod along the steep and flinty cliffs of literary discovery and conquest. Books are valueless if, with all their pregnant forces, they elicit no reproductive results within your spirit. They look for their own ideas, but with usury. They hold you responsible for the multiplication by your own exercise of mind of the original dowry they bestow. They would have you put their thoughts into the bank of your meditation, and into the exchequers of your manifold thinking faculties, fancy, attention, judgment, and analysis. Failing in this, they, as far as you are concerned, exist in vain. That is the most valuable book which contains the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and that book which has enkindled the strongest and steadiest flame of independent and truthful thinking is to the reader thereof the most estimable volume.

True, thinking in reading is but *co-operative* labor. The best author is he who enlists the deepest sympathy of his reader, and obtains the heartiest mental converse with him. The book should be read somewhat as we would converse with its author. We shall listen to him, we shall question him, we shall suggest to him, we shall contradict him, we shall supplement him, and we shall bring our personal contribution of knowledge to illustrate, confirm, or enlarge his offering. So shall we reap the wealthiest return from both the talker and the author.

That book is most valued which most frequently compels the reader to shut it, and shut his eyes and his ears as well, while in meditative posture, and in a

very rapture of wonder and delight, the roused and stimulated soul traverses the new light-bathed fields of earth and vaults of heaven, called out of gloom and non-existence into veritable loveliness by the touch of some thought-wand, as wielded by regal and cultured genius.

The best book invariably tasks the reader, challenges his attention, and calls out his force of concentrated application. The best book demands, as I have said, the action of the law of division and co-operation of labor, and having performed a certain amount of thinking leaves a margin for the exercise of the reader's powers. It hints, and tempts us to unfold the hint. It throws up a thought, and points to the hiding-place of ore, and dares us to the work of exploration. It moves in a region higher than our own, but to which it beckons us, and helps us as we strive with it. It moves the object into hazy visions, and bids us, by the force of our study, breathe on and disperse the mist which folds it, and heave it into luminous distinctness and measurable orbit.

Thinking is to truth what digestion is to food. Without the former you might as well hope to add mental power, or multiply intellectual manhood, as without the latter build up your wasted body and knit your loosely hung bony fabric, or nervous structure, into vigorous and graceful elasticity. To aid in this it were well to have a companion with whom to converse. The act of *communicating* invariably augments the original strength of the mind. Nor this alone—it must insensibly, even with the lowest order of mind,

develop some measure of its creative ability. It aids in mastication ; it helps in digestion ; it facilitates an assimilation to the soul's life. When we undertake to tell to another the results of our reading, some solitary, original thought must start into life—the very effort put forth in so remembering or conceiving of the author's thought, or argument, or plan, as to impart it luminously to another, brings into play a new order of faculties, gives a firmer grasp of the writer's meaning, condenses what had been but gaseous or nebulous haze into spherical solidity ; and in some degree, by such use of the author, a man stamping it with his own originality of mind, in his attempt to give it to another, passes from the meanness and dishonesty of plagiarism into the aristocracy of mental creatorship.

In this light we behold the value of clubs, or associations, or institutes, where essays, oral or written, are delivered by the members. This, certainly, if a pendant to "Our Library," must contribute vastly to its beneficial power. If young men were urged, not merely to read, but to produce the results of their reading, either in debating or essay writing, and if there were any thing resembling brains, there must be a large acquisition to their souls' strength by such a system of mental gymnastics. There would then be definiteness of object in reading. There would be a centralization of thought upon a given topic. There would be a completeness of investigation induced, there would be a transmutation of dead knowledge into pulsing, radiant, active thought ; and our future should be filled with men, in depth of refined sympathy,

breadth of sound information, refinement of taste, and aspiration after good more substantial and joys more exalted than can be gauged by draper's yardstick, or weighed in banker's balance, or locked within invulnerable or inconsumable Chubb's safes or Bramah locks. The law of co-operation pervades human life and penetrates the universe. Deity demands it, and we are urged by nature, Providence, and grace to become workers together with Him. Man demands it. Thus has he conquered nature, mastered science, multiplied comforts, vanquished despotism, diffused knowledge, and pressed forward his valorous cohorts of philanthropy upon the domains of misery, superstition, and heathendom. Steam, electricity, manufactures, all testify to the power of co-operation. The speaker, the orator, the teacher, all appeal to and are dependent for their sovereignty over mind upon co-operation. The author appeals to it, and *without* it flings his seed thoughts as upon the sea-sands' furrows; with it, casts his bread upon the peaceful flood, and comes again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Let this Library be deemed an intellectual gasometer—our invaluable Librarian the trusty keeper of the works, our Committee caterers of the fuel, and our subscribers the householders to whose apartments the pipes are laid down and the invisible fluid transmitted. But of what avail this furnace glow, and the conduits carrying their latent streams of fiery light, unless we strike the match and apply the taper of our own personal and studious application? There must be co-operation, else the mechanism and organization pro-

long their being but to perpetuate "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

How this links us with Time past, and tells us of the indissoluble connection existing between the successive generations of the human race.

For us of to-day the students of the past toiled, explored, remembered, and constructed. We are the heirs of all departed generations. Men have produced for us, but through what variety of processes and influences were they enabled to produce and provide for us! How manifold the education and the educational agencies conspiring to this result! Through poverty, through pain, amid scorn, and despite ingratitude; while sorrow shadowed their features, and solitude gloomed their hearts; though not an eye glanced sympathy, and not a lip whispered hope, or breathed "Well done!" Schooled by adversity, tutored by friendship, taught by disappointment, chastened by self-sacrifice, they became endowed with maturity of thought and tenderness of feeling and opulence of experience, whereby, "not unto themselves, but unto us," they might "minister of their royal benefactions." From the cold heights of the stellar heavens, and from the fiery depths of their impassioned hearts; from the walks of quiet life, and the broad highways of imperial struggle and advancement; from the mystic realms of mind, and the broad, bright regions of material law and order; from the traditions of vagrant tribes, and the storied chronicles graven on stone, or vellum, or papyrus; chanted by chorus, scald, or troubadour; clashed by cymbal,

pealed by trump, swelling from the cords of Celtic or Druidic harps! Here Egypt's wisdom, and Persia's lore, and Chaldean science. Here the speculation of Greece, and the legislation of Rome, and the chivalry of Norsemen. Homer's immortal melodies, and Demosthenes' musical thunder still murmur or reverberate. Here Plato theorizes, and Socrates cross-questions, and Aristotle propounds his science of man, of government, and of nature. Here are preserved the spoils of Saracenic sage and Mediæval sophist. Bacon is green with amarynth, and Shakspeare is wet with garlanded dew, and Milton's magnificent mantle waxes not old, and wears not out its sumptuous colors by rush of many generations. But the time would fail me to speak of those to whom we are indebted for our inheritance. Verily we dwell in a large and a wealthy place!

The past still lives. Not merely in their own writings do the old masters live, but as certainly they have their being perpetuated in the influences of their thoughts upon the literary processes of following ages. Not a singer since Homer but has owned his spell. Not a science since the days of Moses in Egypt but feels the potency of those who piled the Pyramids and carved the Sphinx. Not a painter since the great Apelles but has breathed his inspiration. Not a metaphysician since Zeno who has not been guided through the labyrinth of study by his torch. Not an orator in forum or in hall since Cicero who has not acknowledged the spell with which he thrall'd his hearers.

Nor is it thus alone that the thinkers of the past live in the present. They failed; we shun their perils. They guessed; we seize their clue and thread our maze the more securely. They scented the secret; we have been saved the trouble of aught save the excitement and success of the pursuit. They proved the usefulness of certain methods of discovery and forms of speculation. They have saved us the waste of time and delay of acquisition by their exemplary experience. They live in their sons, and are sure of immortality through their seed royal among the children of men. Thus it is that we think as we dwell within "Our Library."

Here, in the softly flowing waters of "Our Library," we read the story of the streams that have poured their tributaries therein. Look at some majestic river, and begin to trace its travel. Up its banks pursue your voyage; on either hand trickling drops melt into its floods; overhanging branches distil their dews; above, the weeping cloudlet floats its tears; cascades flash with rainbow beauty into the torrent; rivulets glide softly into the great arterial flood; branch rivers stretching on either hand far out into interior realms have collected from countless sources the waters of fountain and rivulet; down shallows and through gloomy dells, from dark tarn-lakes and ever-bubbling mountain wells, along the course of a million-acred basin land, has the imperial stream obtained its tribute. Snows have melted to feed it, and glaciers dissolved to charge its channels, and thunderstorms burst to fill its beds; within its sea-like waters, wherein the

sun glasses his cloudless form, and whereon argosies float in swanlike grace and beauty, we behold the consummated results of a myriad different agencies in ceaseless operation, amid the mystic stillness, solitude, and sublimity of earth and heaven, of mountain and of vale.

Then a fourth idea is suggested. “Our Library” is a representative of the highest form of power—Mind Power.

The highest power resides in mind. It is the parent of all power. The mightiest instruments of force are thoughts. Thoughts are mighty in essence and quality in proportion to their rank in the moral world, in proportion to their fitness to beget the highest moral principles, and to produce the worthiest moral character and conduct. The invisibility, the intangibleness of mind power may with some eclipse its glory and rob it of its meed of appreciation. We are so accustomed to measure might by palpable and material standards, and to deny it to aught not subject to this mode of estimate, that some degree of reflection is necessary ere we apprehend the majesty of force inherent in thought.

And yet nature’s study ought to teach us another lesson ; for the substances most potent in nature are those which defy our sense of sight, as wind ; or our sense of touch, as attraction ; or our sense of taste, as light ; or our sense of hearing, as heat, magnetism, and electricity. The imponderables are the most exalted in the scale of nature’s forces. The birth and growth power of life—insect, plant, or beast—who shall tell its magnitude ? For what so resistless as,

when winter's womb quickens, spring gives birth to being, and summer suns look down upon hosts called from slumber and stupor into active and exulting bliss by the life-spirit of the revolving seasons ; transforming a sterile hemisphere into laughing verdure, and peopling a vacant and somber atmosphere with tribes of swimming, soaring, and rejoicing life. The more a man is advanced in the path of civilization, the more will he seek companionship with and be prepared to render reverence to the "unseen and the eternal."

The might of thought may be inferred—as that of wind—from its effects. The history of man is crowded with evidence and illustration. Sometimes we behold its might embodied in conquering expeditions, again in political revolutions, again in moral reformations, again in social transformations. It is seen in sculpture, it is heard in eloquence, it is witnessed in architecture, it is incarnated in legislation, it is enthroned in state-craft. The sea has felt, the sun owns, and the winds acknowledge it. It has riven rocks, and ransacked forests, and tunneled mountains, and bridged gulfs. It has beaten back the ocean, raced with time, wrestled with gravitation, chained the lightning to its throne, and equipped it for missions of mercy, wisdom, and wealth. It has created, but it has conquered, hoary superstition ; it has consolidated, but it has overthrown, despotism ; it has entered the lists with priestcraft, Oriental and Western, and taken it by the throat and thrown it, and planted its foot upon the monster's neck ; nor

shall it be withdrawn until “the light Ithuriel lance of truth” shall have pierced it and hurled its carcass to its own place. It wrung Magna Charta from King John, and chased the crooked-minded Stuart from the British throne ; it struck the fetters from a million slaves ; secured emancipation for five million Irish Catholics ; called forth and clasped to its warm heart the Reform Bill of 1830 ; reasoned and debated with statesmen until the corn laws and other monopolies melted into nonentity ; and cannot, will not, tarry or weary or repose until, wherever ignorance broods, knowledge shall flourish ; wherever a wrong reigns, right shall rule ; wherever a slave cringes a freeman shall rise erect beneath God’s generous and impartial heavens, and from a soil prolific of lies it shall be said, from pole to pole, there “*truth springs out of the earth*” and there “*righteousness dwelleth.*”

Mean in birth, ignoble in person, and uncouth of speech may be the author and utterer of thought. These but create the deeper contrast and ennoble the triumph of the thinker ; for, stripped of all that is adventitious and sensuously imposing, thought has but the more developed her native and inherent might, and while the body wastes, the thought-life waxes ; and while the sensuous oldens, the thought-power reaches its youth ; and when the material encasement crumbles into native dust, the thought-energy but then begins to reveal the “hidings of its power,” and from the grassy grave or the marble cenotaph “goes forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber,” and as a strong man to run his race, bathed in the

dews of immortality and clad in the garments of eternal worth; nor time nor change nor empires' dissolution nor death's fell swoop can bind its action or destroy its rule. Of it, as of the Father of lights, it must be chanted, "Thy throne is for ever and ever, and of the increase of thy power there shall be no end."

"While the earth was resounding with Alexander's exploits, Aristotle, his tutor, was silently achieving the mightier conquest of the human mind. The Macedonian Empire was soon dismembered and extinct; but the mental empire of the philosopher continued vigorous and entire for more than two thousand years, molding opinions, affecting creeds, and indirectly guiding the popular intellect; nor is it any thing like destroyed yet."

Nay, here have we preserved for us the mind of departed days. Here have we the fossil thoughts of the different eras and ages of the world's mental and moral history. Here may we read the prominent features of each cycle of the literary and religious past. Here may we learn the degree of growth-power, the quantity and quality of light-power, under which thinkers were developed. Think of some of those masses of mind-power! What evidences of their forces in evoking passion, in calming fear, in rousing to courage! What mastery over imagination by Byron! What spell thrown around a wondering nation by the earliest novels of Scott, while he yet remained "The Great Unknown!" What superb specimens of the range of human thought, the

resources of human imagination, of the royalty of human speech, in those volumes of British eloquence enrolling the names of Fox and Sheridan, of Burke and Chatham ! What tales of intellectual prowess the story of Sir Isaac Newton hints ; or of educational advancement Arnold's life narrates ! what surging of feeling, what tension of thought, what play of fancy, what patience in application, what perseverance in peering, what concentration of faculties, before which darkness trembled into light, and mystery started into simplicity, and withered facts heaved with flushed and purpled life, and chaos put on shapes of comeliness, and Anarchy stooped from her ebon throne but to reveal Law reposing in serene and regal ease, as worlds revolved in homage and every thing breathed forth its adoration in melody of praise ! The power which drew out the secret from matter and extorted the principle from mind ; which subdued the weakness of flesh and defied the difficulties of friendless investigation ; which, as it passed through the hand, seizing the stylus or the pen, stamped its image upon the caligraphy of the writer in lines of hurried, blurred, and ragged contour ; power, which damped the author's brow with brain dew, and drew tears from many a reader's eye and sighs from many a student's heart ; power, which shook the prince beneath his robes and blanched the cheek of pontiff amid his parasites and palace pomps ; power, which roused peoples from lethargy into the frenzy of crusading zeal, chiseled the boulders of Vandal and Gothic ignorance into edifices of freedom and homes of

honesty and honor, and established and matured the grandest civil constitution that ever spread its protecting shadow over the races of men—at once the pride of Englishmen, the glory of time, and the wonder of the world!

May we not, then, look upon the Library as the concentration of power? Here we seem as if in a well-seamed coal mine. Look at that coal mine. Black, dead, inert, unsightly as it is, it once lived, it once grew, it once brought forth after its kind; in swamp and river-bed, in forest and morass, on moor and fen, in shapes of gracefulness, in forms of infinitely varied stature, structure, color—that dead thing lived. Fern, moss, and grass, stunted and stately, stout and stalwart—of brief existence, of prolonged duration. *Vegetation* lies there, untouched; but not less certainly **POWER** lies there: power, higher than mechanical, higher than chemical—even **LIFE POWER** to which the former two are inferior or subservient. Power, claiming life from the rain-drop and from the air vesicle and from the earth and from the sun-beam; power, changing death into life and dullness into motion and the servile atom into a seed-cell; power, to which gravitation bowed and electricity paid tribute and heat returned an unfailing response. And through cycles and voiceless ages this force-agent—Life—ruled. Plant and stalk and tree flourished, while the saurian plunged, swam, and crawled, and the lizard and the tortoise, the fish and the fowl, exhausted their plenitude of capacities. There convulsions upheaved and displaced and submerged; there

torrents rushed and streams o'erflowed their banks. The dynasty of death became a reality, and forest and grove and copse sank o'erwhelmed by earthquake, or cut off by torrent or ocean's inroad. Or gradually decay and death and subsidence took place; and layers spread the soft covering over decimated vegetation, forming the soil—the soil whereon new life should flourish and in turn decay. It is no figure of speech to say, therefore, that not only have we vegetation heaped in coal beds, but we have therein a light or sun-strength slumbering—not one ounce of power wasted, not one pound of leverage unreckonable. There it lies, confined, imprisoned, the sleeping giant of the enchanted castle of the earth. Science has stormed the stronghold and pealed the blast whose resurrection breath has called from its sepulchral vaults the Titan of the coal-fields; for not only is the power demonstrably existing, but it is power available. It can be recalled to action; it can be restored to veritable use. It lives again—it works right vigorously. It has gained by death. The law of progress is illustrated by its transformation. In vegetation power had a natural body. In gas, light, and steam it claims a spiritual body. The grossness first, the ethereality second—nevertheless, unaltered POWER.

The engineer Stephenson asked Buckland, “What drives that engine?” The doctor replied, “Of course, steam.” “Nay,” said George, “it is the light of the sun, first in plants, then in coal, then in heat, now in steam.” That bucket of coals can be measured; it can by steam perform the work of twenty

men. That stone of hay and those four pounds of oats can be measured—they represent power. They will feed a horse for a day, and supply him with nerve and muscle-strength for one day's labor. That ration, of meat three pounds, of bread two pounds, can be measured ; it represents POWER. Eaten by a Kafir, it passes through his system into LABOR—not all, perhaps, for, lazy fellow as he is, he may adopt other safety-valves through which to pass off, without toil, his meat-power. But the beef and bread represent POWER, and may, through a human being, pass into literal STRENGTH.

That waterfall can be measured ; it represents POWER. Falling a given distance it generates a certain heat. Measure the quantity of water, and measure the space through which it falls, and you arrive at the weight it can elevate and the distance whither it shall raise it. And men are busy to-day developing latent power either into ox-muscle, man-muscle, or engine-muscle. And if the coal-fields, as the treasure-house of sun-power and vegetation-power in years past, countless as the stars, represent the mind-force of departed writers as calmly reclining upon the shelves of "Our Library," so may we behold, in the development of the latent physical force by the use of coal, in factory and printing-press and locomotion, an illustration of our relation to the spiritual strength enthralled within the pages of "Our Library." That Library is to us our coal-mine ; your subscription entitles you to sink a shaft, to work a mine.

But it rests not here—there must be such a use

made of the thought-substance obtained as that there shall be a production of power. The power of mind inclosed within the walls of “Our Library” is measureless. Yet it is available—it is transferable.

The problem to be practically solved by readers is, how they may *transmute* that force into soul-life—how draw out the imperishable vitality of great authors. That will lead to the formation of the most prudent and efficient plan for the employment of the mental material. In three ways may a man make use of such material. He may speak it in conversation; he may write it on paper or canvas or stone; he may act it in a life which shall be itself a poem in its beauty and an anthem in its rhythm and concord. There must be study—consecutive, concentrated, and continuous. There must be memory of facts, persons, principles. There must be distinct apprehension of the gist of the author, the purport of the theme, the completeness of the structure. There must be the actual power to use this and render it into original and apprehensible ideas to yourself or to others.

Not the mere capacity of memory which can give out *verbatim* what has been absorbed; that is not the evidence of well-used mental resources. Such performance is as though what one had eaten, having passed through the crypts of his intestines, instead of living flesh and blood and bone, reappeared in its original form. Be it remembered that it is not by the act of acquisition that we most economically employ thoughts; but principally and pre-eminently—ay, and in accordance with the far-reaching law, “it

is more blessed to give than to receive"—by imparting. The book which asks us to give most of ourselves in order to possess what it offers is that which is the most valuable educator.

This idea suggests another principal thought, that a library should be endowed with material suited to every department of the complex natures of its students and patrons.

Should a youth ask me what books he ought to read, what selection he should make from a gathering so heterogeneous, I should reply, Act in the same manner as you would in selecting a friend or a number of companions. Let there be a high aim in view. It is to be supposed that you will choose moral, at least, and, at best, godly companions.

Then let your personal taste direct you. One with whom you can sympathize; one who perhaps has all you possess, and more; one who can reciprocate your individuality of genius, of reading, and pursuits, and who can bring his own independent contribution to supply that wherein by constitution or culture you may be wanting in order to full-orbed perfectness.

As there is in a man's companionship an index to his mental as well as moral and social habitudes, so in a man's books. The librarian has in the books chosen an infallible touch-stone, whereby to test the constituents of your soul and character. Near as the needle to the pole will your proclivities of taste move you to the department of the book—be it narrative, science, poetry, or fiction—be it trivial or solid—be it abstruse or superficial—be it enlarging to the mind's

grasp, or pampering to the emotion's morbid craving. As manifold as are the great divisions of the intellectual world should be the books in their classifications selected and mastered. Ever remember there are some to be tasted and laid down, some to be taken up in hours of idleness, and some to be the specific themes of most earnest and conscientious mastery.

History is well represented in “Our Library,” and cannot be omitted by the intelligent self-cultivator, especially the history of your own country. Of that you should be an earnest and an enthusiastic student. You cannot cherish affection too intense, veneration too profound, for your beloved mother-country.

History widens our survey of man; enriches our experience of the fundamental elements of human passion and motives; teaches philosophy by example; reveals the immutability of moral law; confirms our confidence in the existence and in the equity of providential government; assures us of the infallible connection between sin and suffering, between falsehood and anarchy, between virtue and permanent political well-being; from the failures and successes of the past derives warning and inspiring counsel for the present; gives us confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right; and warrants us in the belief of the gradual elevation of our race, and the final beautitude awaiting our vexed world, even a millennium of righteousness, wherein justice shall spread its palladium over all men, and charity, founded upon truth, bind up a torn and heal a bleeding world. Of Gibbon's magnificent story you cannot remain ignorant; Grote's

Grecian history shall soon enrich our stores; Bancroft's America has the fascination of a romance; the same must be said of Prescott; and one's soul must be dead to all that, from a brave and sturdy people struggling for religious and civil freedom, appeals to his deep-throned attachment to liberty, if Motley's Dutch Republic and Rise of the Netherlands fail to win his entranced study.

But O, let the story of Britain's history become your special occupation! Happily you are affluent in material. Each cycle in her chronicles has found a fitting scribe, drawn to it, I doubt not, by specialty of task. The Anglo-Saxons have Turner. The Normans have Palgrave. The Tudors have found their gifted painter in Froude. The Stuarts in Foster and Macaulay. The Georges in Lord Mahon and Massey. And then there is the equally beautiful and valuable history by Knight, where, far from partiality and with the labors of others at his command, he has added the sister art of engraving to textual narrative in the illustrations of the annals of our wondrous and wonder-working empire. From ballad-singer and from letter-writer, from state records and Parliamentary Acts—from monastic cell, and from ambassadorial correspondence—from national and foreign archives—from play of dramatist and journal of court sycophant—from gallery of portraits and cloister of university—with a patience that has never flagged, and a fervency of excitement ever at white heat, our historians have placed within our possession materials for a masterly and comprehensive

acquaintance with our own dear land—our lovely England, whose rights are firm as her rocks, whose liberties are sacred as her altars, whose throne is as firmly planted in a nation's heart as the noted cliffs which beat back the foam and spray and defy the tempests of revolving centuries.

The true historian will generalize from his facts. His science is an inductive one. His feet should rest upon a hill of vision sufficiently exalted to free him from the mists of prejudice and party, sufficiently exalted to survey the connection between the multitudinous facts which he has marshaled, and to trace the principle of the facts as they are successively and co-existently associated. He will seize epochs and mark the crises of principles. He will ponder profoundly upon the results of confluent streams of mental and moral influences, trace them to their fountains, and follow them to their united volume, reading the features of their compound actions upon human development and destiny with an acute and philosophic eye. He will recognize the variety of original temperament and of successive training upon nations. He will mark the action of climate and calling upon character. He will weigh the force of material laws, as well as mental, in the individuality of peoples. He will detect the impress their religions take from their dwelling-places. He will measure the power of the poet as of the philosopher, of the atmosphere as of the arts, of the landscapes as of the literature, in that momentous production, a Grecian or English nation. He will read the operations of commingled bloods in

refreshing and invigorating the material that men are made of; he will mark the part that each has played in the advancement of the race; how some have developed the physical, others the mental, others the moral, others the commercial, and others the ruling and obeying interests of humanity, and how each, ere it vanished, contributed some appreciable aid to the progress of the great family of man. He will discover the influence of war, the results of scientific discoveries, the consequences of colonization and of conquests, of the voyages and travels of explorers, of the birth of printing, the manufacture of paper and of gunpowder, the disuse of pike and bow, the employment of musket and cannon, as agents in the elevation of the race and the progress of nations. Above all, he will exult in beholding any and every proof of the growth of a capacity for liberty, and a power to wrest it from potentate and baron; he will rejoice in the rise of free cities, in the struggle of shackled men for freedom, and in the general assertion of the representation in government by the *masses* of mankind, and he shall become enthralled by the story of the battles fought and gained by all who have risen against the oppressor, whether he have been cased in knightly steel or folded in soft-ermined ecclesiastical garb. Then, if ever, we shall have eloquence in fiery torrent or in cataract sublimity.

Nor can the true student of history overlook the government of God over all that is permitted, prevented, and perpetuated in nations. His presence in the punishment of evil, in the checks placed around

its growth, and the certainty of its destruction by the action of its own properties. And the presence of the greatest event of time cannot be omitted without absolute confusion. The Christ who has come and will come again in the fullness of the future must be deemed the keystone to the arch of history, spanning the roaring and dark waters of time. The cross alone can shed light upon the mysteries of humanity, and the cross alone is the master-key whereby the else impenetrable darkness of life, personal or imperial, can be unlocked and opened to the invigorating and harmonizing light of philosophy.

Poetry is represented in “Our Library.”

Poetry meets a want of our nature. It has ever in spirit, and for ages in body, co-existed with the human race. It has never lacked themes to sing of, nor an audience before whom to chant. Its range is lofty as the throne of deity, profound as the depths of the unplummeted human spirit, and broad as the planet tenanted by civilized or savage men. The raptures and the martyrdoms of faith—the confidence and the tenderness of love—the charm of infancy and the promise of boyhood—the chivalry of youth and the autumnal glories, mellow and subdued, of hoary-headed goodness—are themes for poetry. Nature in all her voices, moods, and tenses—in all her concords, variations, and harmonies—when daylight dies and when morn is born—when spring-life bursts and summer ripens—storms in their terror and their decadence—flowers in their buds and blossoms—forests in mazy wanderings and cathedral melodies—sublimities of

night and her plentitude of stellar mysteries and beauties—pensive and melancholy eve—brilliant, glaring, and busy noon—ocean, in calmness and in storm, howling its hoarse chorus or booming its deep bass of alleluias—light, painting its ever-varying cartoon, calling forth a gladsome infinitude of life, and robing rugged and riven landscapes in a purple and aerial misty mantle—darkness, symbol of inner sorrow, of moral desolation and drear abandonment, of self-inflicted tortures and wild, bewildering imagination—are the themes for poetry.

Poetry! Frenzy in her eye—beauty on her brow—truth on her lip—grace in her movements—rhythm in her cadences—wealth in her conceptions—she holds a passport scroll from the lover of concord to all realms of past and present, all realms of mind, of matter, of morals—she makes her home amid “the precious things of the lasting hills and of the deep beneath,” of the moon and of the sisterhood of planets. It is her mission to soothe the unhappy and revive the hopeless—to brace the flagging and beatify the victorious in the battle of the true—to add elixir to the daily cup of troubled households—to welcome the babe into being, sing at her marriage festals, and on its lucent and mellifluous wave to float the dying spirit within the choral circles of the sons of God.

Man is poetry's grand theme—central and all-related man, in his own changing feelings and moods of passion. When peace enfolds her wings within the templed spirit, and when revenge broods in sullen and gloomy horror; when love spreads her pavilion of

satisfaction, and when grief sits shrouded amid sepulchral solitudes of a widowed heart. Hope, in its bright-visioned and vivacious fancyings, and despair, with torn and tortured visage, rent by the convulsive throes of memory and conscience, of good abandoned, virtue wildly cast away; heaven's starless arch the porch within and beyond which the suicidal spirit sweeps to outer darkness. Man, in all his relations to his fellow and his species—individual man—collective man—the home—the nation—the tribe—the race—wherever there is beauty in form or faith; wherever there is sublimity in heroism, in self-sacrifice, in martyrdom; wherever there is food for laughter or for tears; life in its exuberance, and death in its victory of faith, its termination of conflict and trial, and its introduction into scenes which painters may not delineate and even poetry attempts in vain to echo or transcribe. These are the poet's lawful subjects and inherited domain. From these, by his description, to produce harmonious and unconscious repose of spirit, which is but another name for happiness, is the prerogative and destiny of the God-gifted singer.

To the universe he himself is but a real, living Memnon, from whose many-chambered soul the light-beam of nature falling and striking draws out the melodies which tremble o'er and travel down the living waters of the Nile floods of successive generations, thence borne out into the infinite ocean of angelic and glorified intelligence; while to the human heart the poet is but as the ever-varying wind, blowing as

it listeth, but passing over the inner soul and evoking from its æolian depths the sweet, soft echoes, whereby life's toil is eased, and life's purpose is carried to its consummated bliss.

Man is an imitative being. From the cradle to the tomb he bows to this principle and is molded by it. Speech and habit are but its creatures. Piety is helped by it, and nobleness of character springs forth and flourishes under its protection. The child is thus fashioned by his parent, while the saint thus rises into and reflects the likeness of his Saviour. Its spell is thrown around the studious scholar and the stripling soldier. The lisping school-boy feels its potency while declaiming; nor is there an artist, be he singer or sculptor, from whose soul the charm hath been utterly expelled.

Hence there should be provision for this in the complete library. Here we may learn how to emulate the good, and tread the footsteps of the great. The tutor of youth may study Arnold, and the pastor or preacher Chalmers; the military cadet may breathe the duty-loving spirit of the Iron Duke from his dispatches, and the lawyer secure high notions of the dignity of his calling while conning Lord Jeffrey's life, or soaring through regions ruled by England's chancellors and judges. Statesmen yet to be may sit at the feet of Peel; and engineers learn how to vanquish poverty, ignorance, and low birth, as well as to subdue matter and levy tribute from the laws of nature, by Stephenson's career; and if the soul would rise and sing and soar in holy living and in heavenly

mindedness, then Henry Martyn’s “Journal” furnishes the suitable provisions for so high and laudable a calling. And if our ladies would behold how possible a thing it is to blend all that may become a woman—gentleness, and purity, and reticence—with all that is broad in thought and beautiful in taste, and subtle in philosophic study and converse, they have it all in Mrs. Schimmelpenineck’s fascinating life.

This class of reading must minister richly to the energy of the soul, the hopefulness of the heart, and essayings of the life after the just, the honest, and the lovely. These lives surprise us by their attainments; they shame us by their diligence; they stimulate us by their conquest of the foes which beleaguer us. They proclaim the possible, and point the pathway to its realization. They become “fire-pillars” to guide our journeys through peril and difficulty into the promised land of self-contained and self-supplied satisfaction and repose. They disabuse our minds of the fallacy of feeling by which so many gifted spirits have been deterred from progress, by proving that there is no royal road to knowledge—no charmed secrets whereby mysteries yield up their burdens—no need for patronage or birth in order to true greatness—that the true man is fashioned and benefited by reason of difficulties, rises in power as he sinks in humility, gains in influence as he sacrifices self, reaches to sovereignty over mind and conscience not alone by greatness of intellect but by greatness of heart—that diligence makes rich in thought, and perseverance removes mountains of ignorance—that prudence, and

foresight, and prayer have hitherto failed never to turn the base into the beautiful, and the mean into the noble, and the vile and despaired of into the cleansed and clothed and Christ-like "children of the light"—"and that no one can have shrines erected to his memory in the hearts of men of distant generations, unless his own heart was an altar on which daily sacrifices of fervent devotion and magnanimous self-denial were offered to the only true object of human worship." *

Again, man is related to nature—to the outer region of matter and to the inner realm of mind. The senses conduct to the one, and consciousness and reflection to the other. Both have been deemed legitimate fields of investigation, and over both the wing of speculative science has swept for many a generation.

Physical, mental, and moral sciences have tempted adventurers by the difficulties and the mysteries enshrouding them. Who can reckon up a fourth part of the results secured? From the hyssop and the moss, from the invisibles that brood in flower-cup and quaff honey-dew, from the tiny atom whirling through sunlight and that knows not rest nor weariness of motion, on through ascending ranks of moving, living, thinking being, has science urged her researches.

She has stayed the comet courier and heard his message—placed mind upon the rack and drawn forth its secrets; she hath dived beneath ocean's surface

* Sir J. Stephen.

and returned with pearl wonders from coral palace and sea-grove bowers; she hath peopled the dust of the earth with busy tribes, and turned the star-power of the heavens into revolving and resplendent worlds and systems. She has lit her lamp and descended to the catacombs of earth's old crust, and wandered through cities of the dead, and studied their histories, and marked the presence of our Lawgiver, both in their plentitude of life and in their laws of dissolution.

Science! She stands like the angel of the Revelation—one foot on sea, one on solid land—her head cinctured with a star turban, while her eye of flame pierces the past, reads the future, and scans the seed-soil of the wondrous present. Scholars are her servants, and the occupants of thrones are numbered among her devoted subjects. She scatters her benefactions with impartial hand, and shares her favors with the humblest homesteads as with the haughtiest; and draws forth gratitude from toiler and from thinker, from diseased and deformed humanity. And though to her mysteries the many must remain strangers, and to but a scanty circle of anointed and consecrated ones has it been given to guard and feed the altar-fires in nature's temple; nevertheless, by a beneficent arrangement, there are those who, if not qualified for the duties of high-priesthood, are dowered with a fitness to act as mediators between the highest thinkers and the lowest artisans—men capable of apprehending, though not of discovering, and capable also of translating into the vernacular of daily action the sublimest conceptions caught by direct contact with the universe.

Thus it is that the loftiest share with the lowliest. As the *débris* of the mountain range, though inaccessible and useless in its Himalayan heights, when triturated and commingled by the streams which bear it down into the valleys, is destined to form the fertile plains on whose produce nations live, so from the lone, bold peaks of speculation and study, by laws of social and mental might as certain in their action as material laws, the results of the most prolix calculations and the most profound analyses reach the lowest strata of life, if not in theorem and formula, certainly in their embodied and palpable form of science wedded to art—wielding the sledge, pointing the needle, printing the page, flinging the shuttle, battering the pile, heaving the granite, and propelling the engine of factory or locomotive.

To this study we are invited by the scientific volumes of “Our Library,” to which we have had a most valuable addition in the works of Darwin, Tyndall, and Grove, in physical sciences ; and the noble and thought-enriching volumes of Sir William Hamilton, confessedly the greatest metaphysician of Great Britain since John Locke. Let there be a union of the practical with the theoretic ; from Nichols and Herschel to the actual firmament ; from Hugh Miller, and Lyell, and Murchison to the veritable strata of the hills ; and from the subtleties of Hamilton to the workings of your own spirit. Thus take with your own eyes and genius from Nature’s cabinet of treasures. See God in all—in wisdom blending with goodness ; and beauty married to the bliss of being. And from the multiform

interweavings of the sciences, each playing into each, each explaining and supporting the other, ascend somewhat nigher to Him who has embodied His unity in the diversified but harmonious whole.

There is another department of “Our Library” which may not be omitted—that of “light literature.”

The mass of this article is indeed huge and heterogeneous, and looks as if it had been frequently resorted to. The volumes composing it have been well thumbed and well soiled. Are we to infer that this literature supplies a want of our mental nature? That there is a craving in man for something resembling the novel, cannot, I think, be denied.

The wide-spread presence of the novel—its antiquity—its perpetuity—are not to be overlooked. Arabian Tales are novels; “Henry, Earl of Moreland” is a novel; “Don Quixote” is a novel. The style of the novel is found in Holy Scripture. Bunyan used it, De Foe’s immortal Crusoe owes his renown and charm to the same principle. Truth taught through the imagination—what is novel literature but this? The heart reached through fictional tuition—human nature delineated by means of characters and individuals brought into such juxtaposition as to develop passion and sentiment—is not this the aim of the novelist?

Between the novel and novel reading there is a distinction. The one refers to the style of instruction, the other to a habit mental. That there is that in our nature which demands truth presented in some such form as that of a work of fiction I should be the last

to deny ; that it is not, absolutely and intrinsically, and under all forms, wrong, sinful, or immoral, or mentally injurious to read a novel or to study a drama, who with any common sense will attempt to deny ? John Wesley recommended Moreland, and had Shakspeare. Unfortunately one of his executors burned the latter, though enriched with many of the sage's criticisms and notes ; while Chalmers' favorite study was "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Dr. Clarke acknowledges his debt to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," and evidently admired Scott's historical novels.

The novel, as a mode of presenting truth or exhibiting human nature, cannot, therefore, upon religious grounds, be condemned. But the habit of novel reading is, of course, another thing. The surrender of the mind and of the life to this is what every moralist and Christian must condemn. There is an infallible softening of the brain and ossification of the heart attendant on novel reading. There is but little attention demanded, and thus mind is dwarfed. There is a perpetual appeal to emotion, which, as it expends itself in luxurious tears, produces no virtuous action. Is there no higher end for which to live ? Is there no more remunerative employment for mind and time ? Are self-respect, self-government, and self-improvement growing with the habit ? When "the Master" demands an account, what shall be the response for such a use of immortal energies and opportunities ? I deny not the might of the spell. To many, indeed, the novelist is a magician, and the novel a cup of sorcery ; the effort demanded to break loose from the

spell grows with each act of self-surrender to the familiar spirit, until at length the novel reader, intellectually and emotionally considered, is found as imbecile in will and emasculate in thought as ever opium-eater or serf of alcohol. “Temperance in all things” I would recommend, and this applied to “light literature.”

Ought not the well-established term which distinguishes the species lead to serious reflection upon the amount of mind devoted to communion with it? From “light literature” may we hope to gather strong thought? or, as men, weight of character? or acquire might of moral muscle? or grow more massive in principles of public and human importance? I trow not! Levity of life, of motive and feeling, must, by a natural and inflexible law, result therefrom; and what can proceed from this but a character, a manhood of which it shall be proclaimed, “Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.” It fits not for life. If life demand labor and toil and well-girded loins, then another class of mind-food must be partaken; but if life be a mere voyage through the air, and the man a mere aeronaut, then, of course, it is fitting that he should *balloon* it. If life be a vigorous pulling up the stream against tide, wind, and current, then other bone and nerve and flesh producing pabulum must be provided; but if it be unconscious, floating on the river and along the odorous banks of sentimentalism, then, of course, let us eat our lotus leaves, and dreamily, lazily glide on until startled by the rapids of approaching death, or fully roused by

the swift and arrowy plunge beyond the Niagara of the grave.

That truth has been taught by novel writers we rejoice to remember ; that evils have been lashed out of existence by the scourge of novel satirists, and tickled to death by the feathers and straws of humorists, we are bound to remember. "Punch" proves this—so does "Fun." Thackeray confirms this—and so does the genial humorist, Dickens. That scenes of history have been grouped and painted with grandeur and truth is sustained by "Ivanhoe," that gorgeous canvas of mediæval Crusades ; and by Kingsley in his thrilling tales of Queen Bess and of the early Christian Church—the one in his "Westward Ho!" and the other in his "Hypatia." And that taste should be regaled, and emotions moved, and imagination rendered auxiliary to recreative pleasures, both bracing and unbinding, we dare not question.

Nevertheless, there is now less need than ever of such modes of reading history or acquiring amusement. Why, is not the romance of natural history, the poetry of science, and the truth of chemistry and geology, "stranger" than all the records of grotesque fiction and Orient fable? Froude is a rival of Scott, and Faraday challenges George Eliot. Miller is a fit compeer for even Miss Braddon or Mrs. Norton.

But not to further trespass on your attention, I may conclude by reminding you of your accountability for the mental gifts bestowed, and the literary advantages available.

There is another division of our nature for which

provision has been made—*religion*. This once occupied a large proportionate position in “Our Library,” doubtless the produce of many generous donors as evidencing their sympathies with the institution. The greatest thing in mind is not knowledge, but *love*. That is the Great Spirit’s glory, his *goodness*.

There is one book in your Library surpassing far all others in its authorship, its substance, its history. Its age is hoary, its history checkered, its preservatino miraculous. Its range of subjects sweeps back to the world’s birth, and on to its hour of doom. It is an inimitably varied composition, and includes all grades of social ranks within its circle of authorship. The plowman and the prince, the priest and the historian, the physician and the tax-gatherer, have clasped hands in its authorship. It sheds light on human nature and destiny, snatches fragments from superhuman and miraculous story. It sings in poetry and speaks in drama. It has healed hearts and hallowed lives by its presence and purity. It has aided other writers, and enriched others’ lore, and diffused its influence through such a mass of literature that if it were annihilated it could be reproduced again, and not one thought would be missing. Its entrance among the nations has inaugurated the reign of mercy, peace, and truth. It has outlived dynasties and migrated with nations, and takes up its abode in marble city and in hut of straw. It has hushed the tempest of the heart, purged the pools of appetite, emancipated the captive will, and winged for higher soaring the eagle power of intellect.

Men by it have entered upon new paths of well being and well doing—they have blessed where they had blasted; they have beautified where they had deformed; and, dying, instead of Achan's epitaph, "This man perished not alone in his iniquity," have gained the good man's *in memoriam*, "He rests from his labors, and his works follow him."

It has charmed childhood, it has been shield and scimiter for safety and defense in middle-aged perils, it has been lamp-light for the valley of the shadow of death, and staff of strength to tottering and departing age. With purposes of mercy for the world, and a mission divine in its origin and sanctions, this volume pants for race-wide propagation, and yearns to witness the exalting virtue of its truths proven by all kindreds and tongues. To it we owe our civil freedom and our mental liberty and wealth. To it we owe our Bethesdas and asylums, our homes in this life and our "Father's house" in that which is to come.

To the throne of mind lift up that monarch volume; bow allegiance to its precepts and loyalty to its laws; help it in diffusing its influence by a daily exhibition of its beauty of holiness. In life realize its peace—in sorrow its solace—in bereavement its hope—in death its full assurance of faith—and while immortality endures, prove, by the deathlessness of its power to glorify, that "the Word of our God endureth forever."

III.

“WASTE.”*

AMID the multitude of laws pervading creation there is not one more prominent or more emphatic in its expression, or more constant in its operation, or more widespread in its range, than the law of utility. The more intimate our acquaintance with the plan of creation, the more clear our perception of the relation of its many parts to each other, the loftier the hill of vision from which we look out upon the immensity of being, the longer the periods of time through which we mark the process of the great purpose of the Creator, the more are we impressed with the conviction of the truth, that utility underlies and is interwoven with all to which the Eternal has given existence.

This thought is found in the realm of metaphysical philosophy. For of those who have attempted to define virtue, while some say it is the fitness of things, some the nature of things, some the beauty of things, some the equity of things, not a few most profound thinkers trace virtue up to *usefulness*. And although, by the force of an innate instinct, men perceive and feel the obligation of the virtue of gratitude and of

* A lecture first delivered at Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, a few weeks previous to the author's departure for San Francisco in April, 1875.

veracity and of reverence to parents, apart altogether from the consequences thereof in the shape of utility, nevertheless, when traced to its highest issue, such virtue is embraced in utility.

There is no reason to believe that below and outside the sphere in which free beings move and operate, there is such a thing as waste. Waste, as a possibility, begins with WILL, created. Waste, as a fact, is met with only in the natures of corrupt, perverted liberty. Hunt elsewhere widely as you choose, investigate carefully and observe accurately, as you progress in your march, you find every-where one fiat fulfilled, "*Let nothing be lost.*" The forces of nature march to that music. The laws of being conserve, combine, and control in accord with that intent. Sunbeams never forget it, winds never omit it, atoms never refuse it homage, planets incessantly obey it, comets tirelessly embody it, fountains flash to its music, rain-drops patter to its melody, rivulets flow on forever, glancing, prattling, moving responsive to its far-reaching whisper. Seasons hear and reverence it. Lightnings gleam and quiver with its vivid potency. Clouds float propelled by its mandate and the snowflake falls and melts before the soft breathing of this august behest. The insect and the vulture, the parasitic moss and the architectural ant—the crumbling granite of the hoary hill and the ceaseless evolutions of the unseen air, wafting vapor and winging fruitful seeds to fitting habitations of growth—all proclaim the sovereignty of this divine law! No waste of force—no waste of matter—no waste of life around, below

man. The end proposed fails not, whether in the spaces where systems revolve, where life swarms, where energies incessant play. Beauty adorns; bounty provides; strength upholds; skill guards; bliss overflows; being is wedded to well being; order is linked to obedience.

Just at this season * what an impression of profusion seizes our minds as we look forth upon creation! What an unlocking of her forces! What an unsealing of her springs! What an overflowing of her treasures! What throngs of moving, living things, above in the night air, below in the upturned and incense-breathing soil, around in the gleam of fairy wings, the dancings of enameled and many-colored insects! Hedge-rows ablaze—gardens aglow! Myriad leaves welcome the sunlight—myriad flowers unfold their petals. Life throngs upon us, carols around us. Every spot is a home; every blade a pasture-ground; every drop a palace of life—and all so gladsome. Care, there is none; sigh heaves not; tear falls not; nor fretfulness chafes. Motion is grace, and function is fullness of joy. Waters swarm; rivers and pools, lakes and oceans are tenanted by populations as vast in their numbers as they are varied in their forms and colors and habits and periods of growth, maturity, and decay.

Space is full. Bounds stretch beyond bounds. Mighty glasses swell the pomp of midnight skies. Stars move in double groups or binary. They move in masses defying sight to number them. Their beams

* April.

stain the dome and steep it in light. They still recede, they yet ascend! How they blaze! how they wheel! how they maintain their balance and sustain their flights! Now I am encompassed by, O how great a "cloud of witnesses!" Now I sail past a solitary islet in that vast ocean of space. Now I am in the midst of an archipelago of suns. Their splendors blind me. Their pomp oppresses me! And they are the abodes of *life*. They teem with life. Hark! they are glad with life. What is the thought, the overmastering thought, pressed in upon my spirit by all this? Profusion, sumptuousness, munificence, opulence of resources. His riches in glory.

There is opulence of odor and of sound. There is opulence of color and of bliss. There is opulence of energy and of vitality. There is opulence of complex forms and conditions of existence. No stint shocks us—no parsimony stares upon us. Amplitude! Affluence! These confront us "behind and before." These compass our path and our "lying down." "The wings of the morning" cannot bear me where they are not. And "to the uttermost parts of the sea," behold their royalty and rapturous rule. No eye created ever swept the whole; no ear created ever choired with the many-voiced acclaim ascending from them; no heart created ever heaved responsive to the magnificence of their great argument. Yet we dare not mention waste. Though no human eye caught the splendor, the divine one did. Though no human spirit exulted in the contemplation, the divine is rejoiced in His handiwork. He looked upon the modest

flower with complaisant delight. He marked the power of the sunbeam as it suffused the cloudlet with sapphire hue. He drank in the melody of brooklet and of bulbul as they floated and echoed through tangled and interlacing foliage and branchlet. And as in the beauty wherein the whole reposed He beheld the shadow of His own eternal delectation, even to His heart, “*behold it was very good!*”

There is no waste in the realm of the beautiful. That there is beauty in this fair world who denies? That there is beauty every-where closer acquaintance with nature but confirms. It is found in places most unlikely. It is found in objects most unpromising. It is found in stem and leaf. It is found in shell and in insect. It is found in creeping and winged life. It is found in limb and in feather. It is found in form and in color. It is seen in motion and in mass. It is heard in the hum of the bee and in murmur of dove. It breathes in the zephyr and speaks in the flashing fountain. It sighs through the forest and it claps its hands in exhilarant billow. It looks out from the eyelids of the morning and globes its form in the mellow starlight of the evening. It molds the undulations of the landscape and weaves the many-tinted robes wherewith the seasons vesture the old earth. It lurks in the eye of the gazelle and in the graceful contour of the antelope. Its footfalls are heard in the echo, and its footprints impressed upon the fields where daisies cluster and the hills where eagles nurse their callow broods. Children feel its spell. Maidens inhale its inspiration. Sorrow forgets to weep in its

presence. Age renews its youth amid its sweet serenities. It refines the vulgar. It spiritualizes the gross. Painters reflect it from the canvas. Poets are but interpreters of its mystery and meaning. All beings yield it homage, and all true hearts long to wear its livery !

Let us now talk of, first, waste intellect. The quantity of this order of waste will not at once strike us. But the longer we investigate the more depressing must be the impression made by the reality. I talk not now of deficient education—of half-developed minds—of inharmoniously unfolded minds—of stunted, shriveled minds—of minds whose memory has been cultivated at the expense of their judgment ; whose sense of the beautiful has never been wooed into the service of the perception of the true ; whose sympathies have never been enlisted in the service of their reason ; who have no knowledge of the intellectual tools where-with they are to quarry and carve for themselves the solid blocks of truth out of which they are to fashion a temple of truth within their deathless souls.

I talk rather of that other education with which a man has himself personally to do. Every educated man is a debtor to his tutors, and much more a debtor to himself, after having passed from the guardianship of such masters. It is what we do with ourselves in the years revolving subsequent to our school life. It is this which solicits our notice. Having found out the number of our senses and powers—their duties, relations, and functions ; having laid in a fair store of the first principles—the rudiments of knowledge ;

then, in the noble exercise of self-reliance, to move forth fronting life, man, nature, and from all learning, and by all gaining truth, wisdom, power—this is the problem of life.

The books which form my library are to become the chief educators of my mental being. Reading is to be my great chief factor. What I am may be as speedily inferred from my books as from my companions. My mental tastes incline me—dispose me—control me in the one as in the other.

The reading of the day is not very much more than waste! No reading is worthy of a man which does not command attention, compel earnestness, and constrain to persevering fixedness of thought. The majority of books to-day are but “thinking-made-easy” volumes. Their authors perform the vicarious work of thinking for us. They chew the food which we then masticate. They dilute the milk of life. Coming from them it is such milk of thought as Tom Sheridan wrote about to his mother that the London lodging-house keepers had furnished him, “thrice-skimmed and sky-blue.” Over these volumes no brow is corrugated with thought. Reading these pages you are never compelled to close the book upon your finger and thumb while you engage in carrying out the thought suggested by the writer to some of his wider and remoter issues and ultimates. He digs not in gold mines. No, he merely remelts old, worn-out, clipped and sweated coin, and remolds and restamps it, after having sadly deteriorated its value by alloy of baser metal. The newspaper has emasculated thought. The

magazine has enervated mind. Feebleness, superficiality, and enormous pretentiousness of universal knowledge prevail. Men have no time to think. Youths are impatient of the sobriety of truth. Glitter and glare, blaze and brilliancy, sparkling antithesis and startling asseveration—these win attention, bear their producer high to fame, and speed on the decomposition of the mental life of the age. Every man must know every thing. No one ever confesses ignorance upon any theme or topic. Each man is a locomotive “Appleton’s Encyclopedia.” Who could survive the disgrace of confessing non-acquaintance with the last utterances of Spencer, and the final result of Tyndall’s most recent analysis? No one is hero enough to acknowledge that he does not know every thing. And thus the multitude walk in a vain show. They are fed on ashes and banquet on husks.

Read the best books. Read them until you have mastered them. Read them until you can give an outline or analysis of their argument. Read them until they have become incorporated with your soul’s essence, so that, if you could bleed soul, from the lance-wound there should leap out the distilled quintessence of the mastered volume.

Select a topic for study and reading. Fix yourself upon it. Talk about it; write about it. Concentrate all available light of information upon it. Make it your own by such processes. Not till then turn from it to another. Thus you win ample territory in the immense domain of knowledge, and climb to right royal rank in the noblest of all sovereignties.

Aim at perfect mastery over your faculties of thinking. Seek accuracy of observation, clearness of conception. Bring the fancy into complete obedience to the reason, and prove ambitious of the might of abstraction by whose magic influence you may think on without distraction, though winds howl and lightnings gleam, and servants sweep, and children tumble and toss and scream and yell around your blissfully serene spirit.

One great cause of waste intellect is to be found in desultory reading. Reading whatever comes up—the scrap of gossip, the paragraph of fashion, the essay on base-ball, the article upon culture of fish, the last new novel or tale. Nothing of this sort can stir the spirit, challenge its forces, bid forth its sinewy energies, or nurture other than a flabby, flimsy and filmy falsehood in the shape of man.

There is waste in the realm of emotion. Man is not solely intellect, nor purely will. He is as rich in emotion as in either of the former endowments. Feeling finds its center in his heart as intellect in his head. In popular language, feeling lies midway between thought and will. Thought is to arouse feeling. Feeling is to move will. The truly greatest men in the broadest sense have ever been opulent in feeling. High as their intellects soared, so ample and profound their hearts dispread out and beneath. The emotions are varied, complex. They are forces, but ever subject to the bidding of intellect and conscience.

Doubtless there is not an emotion of the heart for

whose gratification there is not an object in nature, or a principle and property in God. From gratitude up to reverence, from pity up to admiration, from fear up to the love which casteth out fear, from tenderness to terror, from beauty to sublimity, from pensive resignation up to exultant and triumphant fruition "where there are pleasures for evermore," from forgiveness down to never-dying revenge; and o'er the dread and dreary range of the malignant and vindictive and retaliative and avenging passions, what a mysterious region is all this of our wonder-breeding nature!

Our emotions exist in us as latent potentialities. They are the great levers and motive forces of our being. They are not in us merely as susceptibilities of and capacities for luxurious living. To excite feeling is not the ultimate end of truth—of any truth; but to move will into vigorous action through the intervention of emotion. For this end truth appeals to the heart. Rarely are men impelled to any action, borne into any enterprise, by the force or impetus of pure logic. Enthusiasm there must be to effect any noble work. Perhaps there are beings so superbly lofty in their loyalty to truth and duty and God, that on their tranquil spirits no rushing, mighty wind need play to impel them to the discharge of duty the most arduous and enterprises the most heroic. Certainly such is not the nature we call human. Both wind and wave must help us on the great main of honorable and holy toil.

Who can estimate the mechanical energy latent in

the rivulets and rivers, in the cataracts and cascades, in the currents and Gulf Streams of our globe? What engines could be propelled—what levers plied—what hammers heaved—what blocks hurled—what spindles whirled, by the developed and applied force now lurking in every pool and pond—in every lake and torrent, in every estuary and bog, in every billow that breaks, and in every foam-bubble that bursts within the circumference of the waters of our planet! All that but symbolizes the unwrought might reposing in the emotion depths of human hearts.

The countless activities of the human world to-day are all attributable immediately to the force of feeling. The activities of the scientist in his scrutiny of nature; the activities of the philosopher in his search after first principles; the activities of the artist in his reach after ideal perfection in sound, form, color; the activities of the merchant in his pursuit of wealth; the activities of the traveler in his explorations of untracked forests and north-west passages; the activities of the warrior in his quest of empire; the activities of the philanthropist in his search after and mitigation of woe; the activities of statesmen in their endeavor to uplift nations and conserve peace and freedom; the activities of the missionary in his pursuit of the weary wanderers from God; the activities of the saint in his panting after fuller love and riper fitness for the eternal services of heaven—all these, and more, are to-day the immediate results of emotion. Sometimes it is gentle; sometimes torrent-like; now without a ripple; now impetuous as the dash of cata-

ract—here vast in volume, yonder narrow, shallow in channel and in bed.

And yet there is an untold quantity of feeling-force running to waste, evaporated or dissipated.

The emotion which works not to wise ends is wasted. The emotion evoked in the presence of wrong-doing, and which expends itself rather in terms of denunciation around the coffee-urn than in prompt effort to uproot the wrong, is “waste.” The emotion which dims the eye and flushes the cheek, and makes tremulous the voice while a tale of veritable social woe is read or repeated, and expends itself in tears of commiseration or feeble resolution to alleviate the distress; yet pays no visit to the house of sorrow, nor sacrifices a single luxury to allay the agony, is “waste,” and something worse.

The emotion which floods to overflowing the heart of the parent who has heard of the initiatory steps of his son in ways of evil, and leads but to a simpering expression and a vacillating exercise of parental authority in checking the incipient vices of his boy—like old Eli’s—is not merely waste, but is sure to result in disaster of fortune to the child, and perhaps ignoble and untimely death by broken-heartedness to the weak-willed father.

The emotion aroused by faithful, pungent, loving appeal from Christian pulpit and pastors, confronting the soul with its own sins, and encompassing the spirit with the consequences of its own iniquities here and hereafter; emotions of dread and of remorse, of self recrimination and deep contrition; emotions awakened

by a sense of ingratitude, meanness, baseness, wrongdoing, but which lead not to instant separation from the accursed thing and accursed companions, and prompt and persevering pursuit after that mercy which abundantly pardons and that grace which gives dominion over every damning habit, reaching no further than to temporary change of conduct and transient abstinence from forbidden ground, is waste, and more than waste.

That emotion which, under varied appliances of religion, leaps forth and runs over in means of grace and grand gatherings of religion, when noble views of truth are presented, and lofty types of goodness set forth, and worthy possibilities of holiness are held out, and mighty appeals are pressed home upon reason, heart, and conscience, but which reach no further than an alleluia shout, is waste. I fear the alleluia shout too often, instead of turning the steam upon the engine to move it forward, merely—like the letting off of steam from the steam-pipe of a locomotive—lets loose into thin air the struggling, pent-up, but evanescent energy, and by so much expends for nought the water and the fuel employed for generating the force.

And alas! to-day too much of this form of “waste” meets our eye.

Sentimentalism is an utterable curse. It strangles no vice, chastens no haughtiness, curbs no desire, breeds no charity, infuses no gentleness, makes no sacrifices, lifts no heavy burdens, binds up no broken hearts, plucks up no root of bitterness, cheers no desolate life, distills no anodyne over fretted and chafed

spirits, endures no hardness in battling with wrong, risks no delicate sensibility in contact with coarse selfishness—feeds on sighs, exhausts itself in the tears with which its perfumed handkerchief is slightly, delicately moistened, and leaves the world to wail its dirges to the stars, and forget its anguish in the oblivion of the tomb.

To *work up feeling* into fixed habits of earnest, vigorous, self-denying goodness, so that, whether the commiseration be strong or feeble, the known suffering shall win regard and secure relief—so that whether there be rapture and ecstasy of experience in Christian life, the enthroned force of settled principles of duty shall impel the humble one, without faltering, without fainting, up the steep cliffs of duty and o'er the hot sands and through the stern and threatening defiles of self-conquering endeavor after all that may become a follower of Christ; until to *see* the right is to *do* it; to know the wrong is to crush it; to hear the call for help is to respond to it without delay, hesitation, or languidness—this is the end to be sought after by all such as would not, in the realm of motion, suffer waste.

That very brilliant expositor of science, that very successful discoverer of not a few of nature's secrets—that very daring knight in the tournament so characteristic of our age—the conflict between science and religion—Dr. Tyndall, in his now celebrated address before the Association for the Promotion of Science, has declared it to be his opinion that the fitting region in which religion should expatiate and dispense its benefactions is the realm of the feelings.

One would like to know from my brilliant fellow-countryman what he means by religion, so that we may test the soundness or the fallacy of his statement. That religion has to do with the feelings every one knows. That our holy religion has to do with the feelings needs not to be demonstrated to you. Its central virtue is love, both Godward and manward; and love is the noblest of the feelings. But one would like to know from Dr. Tyndall how can love exist and act except in the presence of a known object fitted to beget the emotion? How love that of which you are ignorant, of whose qualities of character you are ignorant, of whose deeds of goodness you are ignorant? But if to love we must *know*, then at once religion is seen embracing the region of the understanding as certainly as the region of the feelings.

Religion is reverence and adoration. But how feel reverence for Him of whose existence I am ignorant, or of whose sublime perfections I am ignorant, or of whose operations as creator, ruler, I am ignorant? And if there be no religion where there is no reverence and no reverence where there is no perception of peerless perfection, and no perception of excellence where there is no exercise of the understanding in searching after and studying God, then once more do we perceive that religion of necessity embraces the realm of reason as certainly as that of the feelings.

Religion is profound resignation and submission to and acquiescence in the rule and dispensation of God. But how submit or acquiesce, except as I perceive the rectitude of the character, the wisdom of the rule, and

the beneficence and faithfulness of Deity concerning and over me? How perceive all this except as I shall have studied his character, pondered his plans, surveyed his method of rule as it extends over the domain of human history? Without these my very action is fatalism, my submission is stolid stupidity, my tranquillity the repose of mental stagnancy. If, then, there cannot be religion where there is not submission, nor submission where there is not intelligent knowledge of the will and purpose of Jehovah, and if this demands the utmost exercise of mental might, then once more do we see how religion must of necessity embrace the vast region of the reason as entirely as that of feeling. And hence our religion is as certainly *truth* as it is *love*; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

Dr. Tyndall is more at home in descanting upon the laws of light, the formation of glaciers, the action of water, the properties of gases, the principles of sound, heat, and motion, in fact more at home in the regions of mere matter than in those of spirit; and were he as feeble an expounder of these as of the elements of man's inner life and nobler being, then his name would never have been caligraphed upon the scroll of modern science.

Human life, apart from immortality, is *waste*. Look at humanity in this light: Man starts from a low level. He begins life a very feeble thing. He enters upon life with but a minimum capital. He is the extreme of helplessness. His instincts are few and they are narrow in their range. Upon others he is largely de-

pendent. He is to acquire the use of his bodily powers and gain the first elements of knowledge through experiment and toil. Gradually his mind unfolds and his faculties quicken. He fails and learns from failure. He wins and moves forth to fairer acquisitions. Nature woos him to study her. Art invites him to sit at her feet. Virtue persuades him to accept her friendship and her guardianship. Habits of goodness are contracted. Elements of nobleness are amassed. Character assumes definiteness of shape and begins its all-controlling operations. Sorrows chasten and refine it. Joys expand and enrich it. Struggle nerves and consolidates it. Temptation develops and compacts it. Time sees it grow in unity, in symmetry, in permanence. Trials but prove it strong. Assaults, human and demoniac, declare it likely to become one of the immutabilities of the universe. And with this intellect grows as well. Truth is loved and gained, knowledge accumulates, and wisdom grows. The inner eye waxes keen, the inner ear acute, to detect subtle beauties of color and of sound. The mysteries of being are explored, the problems of life grappled with; great principles are grasped; vast glimpses of the domain of science are attained; the hidden springs of philosophic thought are touched. The soul expatiates in the boundless realm of reality and feels the nobleness, the glory of life. Bolder speculation is dared; fresh schemes are sketched; profounder possibilities are discovered. The crust and shell of things are broken; the deep places of existence are looked down into and shall give up their secrets. Mind is stronger in limb

to climb, in wing to soar, in vision to scan, in vigor to utilize, in susceptibility to enjoy. Virtue aids on the intellect in its endeavors. Crudity is becoming mature. Dimness is yielding to vividness of conception. The soul knows and can control its powers. Fickleness of thought gives ways to fixedness. Vaster generalizations become facilities of thinking. The basis is laid for an edifice superb in its proportion, magnitude, and embellishments. The man lives in every nerve, lives in every pore, lives in every atom, lives in every cell of his complex being. Life is his in its intensity and avidity. Deep is the craving of the spirit. From every banqueting board it retires hungry. All gained has but enlarged its capacity. Never did it seem an object of such ambition to live as now. And lo! when the lesson has been mastered, and the training and drill have gained completeness, and the man is fittingly equipped for virtuous career and intellectual enterprise—in the prime of his manhood—when at the starting-post for an unlimited race—ho! he falters, faints, falls! *Life is no more.* With a breath he enters the dusky realms of *non-existence*.

Bury the dust. Scatter the lilies. Heap high the marble. Carve the epitaph. Record the tale of his achievements. But stoop lower, and in deeper, darker lines write upon the marble, less perishable than he,

WASTE.

Wherefore hast thou, O God, made all men in vain?

Why endow man with such a prodigious capacity?
Why give him such a range of emotions? Why plant

in him such instinctive, insatiate cravings? Why bestow on him such a reach of imagination? Why make him capable of such a measure of progressiveness? Why sow in his soul the seed-thought of immortality? Why haunt him with the august visions of immortality? Why permit the glamour of such a splendid myth to enwrap him? Why dig within his nature fountain-like possibilities but to deceive him? In every other department of being we behold congruity, becomingness, adaptation. Wherefore meet we here, O great eternal One, the only terrible reversal of all this fitness and proportion?

It cannot be! No; we will not believe it. Man shall live forever; not the race—but the person, the individual. He shall live longer than the ancient hills and the old heavens. He shall live beyond the ages of those stars and globes of aged splendor. He shall outlive the hoary ocean. Time is but his infancy. Death but ushers him into broader, fuller, freer life. Eternity claims him as her chief joy, her solemn care. On he shall grow. Up he shall press. Out he shall expand. Forever young, he shall feel himself to dwell in immortal youth. For with him God, his father, has shared *his own immortality of being*.

I see, the more carefully I examine, that every detail of life is part of a plan—that plan none other than the formation and education of moral character. The moral is the ultimate end and aim of all things. It is rightly so. If we accept the existence of a God, his pre-eminence must be not that he is the strong God, the wise God, the bountiful God, the governing God,

but the righteous God. Hence, then, the ultimate end of all things must be perfect morality, perfect holiness. And all life is ordained to this end—not to cultivate man as an animal, though he need not starve nor perish by nakedness in this fair world; not to cultivate man as an intellectuality, though there is affluent provision for the nourishment and delectation of the understanding in the world; not for the education of his æsthetic being, though he need not perish for lack of whatsoever things are lovely in this world; but life is *pre-eminently moral*. This is its aim. This is its mission. This is its glory. All things are so ordered, balanced, measured, weighed, that if any man desires a place and sphere the best fitted to aid him in educating himself into the very loftiest rank of moral greatness, he will find it in the daily round, the common task, the normal responsibilities of his physical and mental nature. Here, then, is the world wherein he may safely graduate, and from whose university go forth fitted for any service, ready for any office, worthy of any society whose prime demand shall be *moral excellence*.

Whatever can train, whatever can test, moral principle, whatever can knit it into hardihood, is *here*. The malice and the meanness of men, the purity and the faithfulness of friendship, the competition and the rivalries of life, the disasters and the victories of endeavor, the honor and the scorn of partisans, the pinchings of penury and the relaxing felicities of opulence, the burdens of domestic care and the soft amenities of chosen and cultivated society; the mighty struggle

between flesh and spirit, between sense and faith, between present gratification and future delectation, between personal aggrandizement and public, patriotic good—these all bear a commission from the great God to “help the good, counsel the loving, uphold the battle for the right, camp about him, waft invigorating breezes o’er him, nerve him with sudden gush of inspiration, pour balm into his wounds, whisper ‘Well done!’ into his lonely spirit, impel him, inspire him, make him strong, make him gentle, make him true, make him noble, make him humble—in one word, educate him as becomes a son—an heir of God!”

And when I see a man ushered into such a world and such a state of things as obtains here, who yet fails to apprehend his position and his relation thereto, resists their influences, antagonizes their purposes, perverts their missions, cherishes selfishness, yields to sensualism, ignores conscience, and lives without God; when in him I see sense ruling, flesh dominant; when tenderness cannot melt him, nor truth charm him, nor purity win him, nor goodness constrain him nor God attract him; when through all this vast and complicated system of aids and helps to moral dominance, I see him pass defiant of their power to control him, their skill to master him, so that by reason of his resistance to them he waxes coarser, ruder, baser—becomes bereft of all the fine feelings which once he owned, and the lofty aspirations which once heaved his spirit; his career one unbroken course of squandered *forces, opportunities, appliances*, until from earth and from time he passes, bankrupt in all that befits a

moral being, and freighted with all that fits him for the companionship of the ruined and qualify him for eminence in perdition, then I look upon the saddest specimen of *waste*.

If any thing said to-night should be so far blessed by God as to save one soul here from such a result, then my effort shall not have proved absolute, irreparable, eternal "waste."

IV.

WESLEY AND HIS HELPERS.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the fascination of such a theme as the history of Methodism. I confess that I feel its enthrallment ; and I am happy to assert the ever-fresh delight with which its study fills my heart, as well as the ever-forceful stimulus which it imparts to my being, urging me to a nobler life, and impelling me to a bolder endeavor after the lofty models of greatness, heroism, and holiness which it presents for my admiring emulation.

To read of what my forefathers in this Church did, endured, and sacrificed for their Master, that they might win souls from death and fill our world with purity, not merely brims my eyes and nerves my spirit, but covers me with humiliation and scorches me with shame. For I feel, I know, how unworthily I have attempted to prosecute the labors assigned me, and how feebly I have sought to enlarge and complete the work in whose initial stages they displayed a devotion so martyr-like and a faith in God so child-like and so unwavering. To me the best preparation for my Sabbath labors has ever been a Saturday evening communion with the early Methodist preachers through the media of their autobiographies and the tales of their prowess as rehearsed by the historians of our Church. And well do I remember seeing my

own father—himself one of the second generation—spell-bound by those simple annals; and have often marked the strange light which stole o'er his features, and the rivulets of tears coursing down his cheeks and damping the holy pages, as he forgot all else save the trust and the trials and the triumphs of those brawny and bronzed, yet gentle-hearted, giants of departed days.

O'er how many young and chivalrous spirits these heroes wielded their wizard wand, who dare say? In how many drooping hearts they distilled a healing balm, from how many they expelled demons of despair, eternity alone will declare!

Were they not heroes, though a Carlyle heeded them not, neither hath a Ralph Waldo Emerson assigned them a fresco in his galleries of "Representative Men"? When another artist, such as he whose portraits adorn the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, shall arise, we may well believe that from the ranks of our gray fathers not a few shall be selected to embellish and enrich the sacred halls.

What did they not dare? What did they not sacrifice? I see them hunted and hooted by brutal mobs. I see them pelted with filth and driven from judgment-seats by faithless magistrates. I see them branded with vile epithets and endungedoned in vile prisons. I see them plunged in horse-ponds and impressed by recruiting-sergeants for foreign war. I see them feeding on all sorts of fare, and famishing with hunger and relieved by blackberries. I see them braving the rigors of severe winters and the perils

of flood and forest. I see them slumbering on hardest pillows and housed in lowliest hovels. I see them with "threadbare coats that once were black," and remember how often those coats had their fading color restored by log-wood dye; and how often their fairest sides were turned to the sun, if haply decency of aspect might be attained. I see them in their work, and they are joyous; in their trials, and they are patient; in their homes, and they are contented; in their journeyings, and the woods echo their songs; in their closets, and they have power with God; in their pulpits, and they have power with man; in their persecutions, and they pray for their enemies; in their old age, and they tell me they have not followed "cunningly devised fables;" in their death-hour, and they are borne up on their shields—"where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" in their final home, and, as I ask, "Who are they, and whence came they?" lo! as the swell of many waters the response: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; thenceforth they are before the throne!"

All hail! All hail! ye conquerors of earth and hell! War-notes shall not disturb you, nor clarion's voice summon you again to battle! Rest, warrior, rest! Ye seed-sowers of imperishable germs! the biting winds of spring no longer smite; the toil of breaking up the arid soil shall no more waste or make you faint! Rest! for the harvest-time shall be your

great reward ! Ye benefactors of your species ! the malice and the scorn of men cannot molest you ; nor the insult and the strife of tongues enshadow your serene spirits ; men shall yet rise up to call you blessed, and to build monuments in their transformed and hallowed lives commemorative of your holy deeds ! May your heroism inspire us—your zeal glow upon our hearts—your deeds rouse us from languor and cowardice into fair and faithful emulation of the spirit which nerved your hearts and lifted you from feebleness and obscurity into peerless and unwasting renown !

The study of Methodistic history confirms our faith in God's providential regard for and rule over our world and our race. To me this lesson is as powerfully taught by it as by the history of the Jewish nation.

I thank God for my faith in his personal administration of the affairs of our planet and its inhabitants. My faith rests upon the sure sayings of God's word, and is liberally strengthened by a study of the history of mankind, but especially by the history of the Church of Christ.

But for faith in this fact we would be, of all men, most miserable. Terrible, were it true, to be compelled to accept it as an established fact : God rules not over, cares not for, takes no interest in, is indifferent to, the fate, the lot, the destiny of this orb and its teeming population ! Dreadful should be our state of feeling were we driven to accept the last results of so-called scientific investigation and induction, that

Deity may have made and ordered all things, or may not ; that if he did, he interferes not with the course of nature ; that ages beyond number he, perhaps, impressed or inwrought certain forces and modes of action upon all that then was ; and, having wound up the mechanism and touched into oscillation its pendulum, and let loose its wheels and springs, since then he has retired within himself—heedless of the evolutions of the gigantic machine ; beyond the reach of creature's cry, of spirit's song, of man's appeal ; self-absorbed and impassive ; a slave fettered by his own hands, gyved by his own laws ; a captive imprisoned within the walls “ great and high ” of nature and of force—walls whose foundation his own power laid, whose glittering turrets his own skill piled, whose immovable buttresses and battlements his own right arm upheaved, and whose perpetuated endurance dates back to the omnific fiat of his own decrees ; that not only can he not add a new law or suspend an old one, but that he is even denied the right to modify the action and effects of olden laws by special combination of two or more of them, so as to further an end grander, holier, than any effected by their un-deviating or their remorseless and indiscriminating revolution !

No truth of inspiration is more clearly, more fully, more frequently taught than the special interest felt in the world's weal by its Maker and Builder. The cross sums up all other arguments into concentrated might, and renders the demonstration irrefutable and the fact indubitable. That cannot be a forgotten race

for whose redemption divine tears fell, divine blood flowed. Nothing that appertains to the interests of such a race is unworthy the notice or beneath the overruling sovereignty of Him who "so loved" it. That gift is the pledge of all others necessary to the consummation of the design for which it was bestowed. It includes all others necessary to this end. That end is none other than the moral and spiritual redemption of our humanity, its elevation, purification, civilization up into God's ideal of what a race may and ought to be.

And just when his special interference is demanded by the condition of mankind does he move forth from behind the mysterious drapery in which he is enfolded, and furnish the needed and the fitting help for the emergency. The First Promise, the Flood, the Calling of Abraham, the Mission of Moses, the Advent of the Messiah, the Uprising of Luther and his compeers, and the Birth of Methodism are illustrations of the law of the benevolent plan of Deity.

Wesley was born while Anne reigned. He died when the third George ruled o'er the destinies of Britain.

During his life-time Addison issued his inimitable "Spectator," and Johnson compiled his dictionary. While he lived Reynolds caught, transfixed, and immortalized the beauty, grace, and dignity of England's fairest, noblest, and most gifted sons and daughters, by the sorcery of his unequalled, fresh, and time-defying colors; Cook circumnavigated the globe; and Wolfe, having conquered the French upon the height

of Montmorency, won for Britain the grandest of her colonial possessions. During his life, England planted her foot and flag beneath the Himalayas; and Clive and Hastings climbed to immortality of fame or infamy.

While Wesley lived, Washington saw the light of life, learned obedience by things which he suffered in colonial struggles with the French and Indians, and, though he knew it not, gained the necessary training fitting him for the solemn, sacred and sublime trust to be committed to his hands and head and heart, by his confiding fellows in the struggle for the independence of the thirteen States of America.

While Wesley moved thousands by his calm but mighty eloquence, Burke spell-bound the most critical and exacting audience in the Old World by the splendor of his imagination, the opulence of his learning, the breadth of his philosophic reach, and the classical finish of his imperishable oratorical essays. Garrick was the prince of actors; Hogarth the prince of caricaturists; Brummel the prince of fashion; Handel the prince of musicians.

When Wesley was in the zenith of his power and in the fullness of his vigorous life, two of the greatest generals of their age were born. These two were islanders by birth, and entered upon their splendid careers in the same year, 1769. One was a Corsican; the other—though he cared not to own it—an Irishman. Both were of small stature, and both were of capacious intellectual power. The one sought to establish a colossal military tyranny that should bestride the con-

continent of Europe ; to the other it was given to shatter the policy of the tyrant by a series of splendid battles which reached their fitting climax in the sublime struggle of June 18, 1815, when the lurid star of tyranny went down in blood, and the Corsican was swept from the height of Waterloo to his prison and his sepulcher upon the lone volcanic cinder called St. Helena, where the ever-surging sea chanted his dirge and the rushing winds rehearsed the refrain : "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity."

When Methodism was but thirty years old, Scotland's most famous literary son saw the light of life, for in 1771 was born the author of "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian ;" the creator of Meg Merrilies, of Jeannie Deans, of Rebecca the Jewess, of Dominie Sampson ; the genius, which, in the width of his range of subject, his subtle knowledge of human nature, his power over the passions of the human heart, his mastery over the emotions of wonder and reverence, his wealth of antique lore, and his prodigality of productiveness, claims rank but one step below that of Shakspeare—Sir Walter Scott.

In 1752, when Wesley was approaching his fiftieth year, a serious-looking man of vigorous frame and gray eyes might have been seen in one of the fields in the vicinity of Philadelphia, flying a kite. It is not a very manlike sport. There is a storm overhead, too. The dark clouds are letting loose their pent-up forces. Thunder-peals, preceded by lighting flashes, startle the citizens, but wake no terror in the kite-flyer's spirit. The cord of the kite is half silk, half

hempe; and where the two meet a key is fastened. The kite has an iron point; and see! the lightning plays around it, aye, strikes and travels down it; until, when the kite-flyer's knuckles touch the key, a shock thrills his frame, while a strange gleam of wonder and satisfaction lights the eye of the sage. It is Benjamin Franklin seeking to prove the identity of lightning and electricity.

What an era in physical science! What an era in human speculation! What an era in the history of human civilization! It was the dawn of that period within whose brilliant noon the electric telegraph proclaims its victories; winging thought over continent and under ocean; defiant of storm above and wild waves' dash below; binding distant nations into brotherhood; furthering the enterprises of commerce, the purposes of philanthropy, the ends of justice, and the designs of statesmanship; and giving man a hint of the possibilities for the facility of locomotion yet to be developed when man's gross body shall have given place to the body splendid and celestial in a higher sphere of life.

A wonderful century was that in which Wesley worked! filled with wonderful men and wonderful deeds!

As to the *need* of Wesley and his work, who can question who reads the records of the reception accorded Wesley and his helpers? Remember he was a clergyman of the Established Church; that there was nothing coarse, rude, vulgar in his spirit, speech, bearing; that when he preached in the open air he

did so in the full dress of a clergyman with gown and bands; that his looks, his manner, his message, all gave evidence of his impassioned longing to save men from their lives of vice, their deeds of crime. Remember he went not forth as a controversialist; not to change men from one creed to another; not to make heretics orthodox; not to create a spirit of bitterness between the classes of society; not to hound on brutal, ignorant men against men of culture, of position, of wealth; not to fling firebrands of vile epithets and vituperation against monopolists and aristocracies—but to save men from drunkenness, from blasphemy, from bull-baiting, from theft, from licentiousness, from ignorance, from poverty, from lives of debauchery, from homes of strife and hate, and to turn men from sin and Satan to holiness and God! Then, what think you of the state of society when such a man met, in return for his noble and Christlike efforts, slander and scurrility from the press, the ribaldry of the ballad-singer and the sneer of the witling, the cruel mockings of magistrates and the base tauntings of the play-actor? When he stands up to preach the air is thick with stones and tremulous with the furious shoutings of blood-thirsty crowds; and when he retires for shelter the house is assaulted by the same mobs; windows smashed; doors broken through; roofs pulled off; friends trampled into the dust and gutter; women brutally insulted; men haled to and plunged into horse-ponds and rivers; some of his helpers compelled to enlist in the army; others shut up in jail as disturbers of the

peace. Church clerks are the ringleaders, under the commands of the parish rectors; towns are given up to the rioters for days, as in Cork city; the appearance of a Methodist in the street is a signal for a general "turn out" of all the ruffianism of alley and court, hooting, yelling, cursing, as though hell had been let loose and every jail had been emptied of its scoundrelism. Such scenes as these were of repeated occurrence in Christian England!

Wesley came of a good and godly stock. This is not to be overlooked in our study and estimate of a great man. It is a cause for thankfulness. It is a special vantage ground. It implies noble possibilities and involves weighty responsibilities. He who is so favored is the steward of *five* talents rather than of *one*. He may become a greater benefactor of his race. He may scale bolder peaks of science. He may do business in deeper waters of philosophic truth. He may create a crisis in human history as a reformer, a revolutionist, discoverer, and inventor. It does not infallibly secure well being or well doing; but it renders such more likely.

Wesley's father was a scholar, a theologian, and a poet; and inherited from father and grandfather a nature and spirit fearless in the maintenance of truth and heroic in the defense of liberty. For each had suffered for Christ's and conscience' sake under the tyranny both of Church and State.

Wesley's mother even eclipses the fame of his father. The daughter of a Puritan clergyman distinguished for his learning, his pulpit power, and his

profound piety. She herself evinced the possession of a spirit unquailing in its loyalty to duty, and of an intellect fit to grapple with the problems of theology as might have become one of the giants of the Church in her own or in other ages. The mother of nineteen children and the wife of an underpaid clergyman, she trained her children in the principles of piety, in the elements of learning, and in habits of firm self-reliance and mutual helpfulness, with an unfaltering purpose and an un murmuring assiduity; combining firmness with gentleness, and freedom with order, in her administration, so as to command the esteem, confidence, and admiration of her sons and daughters, and secure for her memory a sacred enshrinement in their affections amid the vicissitudes of their strangely checkered lives.

Beautiful in person and queenly in visage, she was a counselor of her boys when students at the University, and an adviser of her illustrious son in circumstances of novelty and perplexity. With a heart as tender as her intellect was clear; quick to interpret character, and prompt in her apprehension of the will and ways of Providence; calm amid scenes of perturbation, and firm in her adherence to the dictates of a finely educated conscience; never forgetting her duties as a wife, and never ignoring her responsibilities to her own soul; she lived beloved; she died honored. And though sainthood bound no halo round her brow, yet in the halls erected to perpetuate the fame of all those who served their species by the will of God, no holier niche is filled with a spotless marble than that

wherein reposes the bust of Susanna, "the mother of the Wesleys."

Yes, John Wesley had never been but for such a mother. Like many another eminent benefactor of his race, he never forgot to acknowledge his obligations to her. To him she ministered the sagest counsel, and by her judgment and advice John Wesley delighted to be controlled. To her he was indebted for many a judicious suggestion. She it was who persuaded John to the surrender of his High-Church ideas regarding preachers and preaching. She heard Thomas Maxfield preach, and told Wesley he was as certainly called to preach the Gospel as was any ordained and gowned minister of the National Church. She is the patron saint of "local preachers." To her we owe the "lay ministry" of Methodism. And Adam Clarke, the sturdy commentator, in his notes upon the description of a perfect woman in the Book of Proverbs, declares that he knew of none in ancient or in modern times who might with such propriety have sat for that portrait as Susanna Wesley.

To no *one* man is any great work of reformation or revolution assigned by Providence. Christianity itself, when a completed edifice, shall be found reposing upon "the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone." When God engages in any such work he calls upon men to become "workers together with God." "One soweth and another reapeth." The Reformation exemplifies the same principle. Luther needs Melanchthon; Flavel needs Calvin; the thinker needs the preacher; the

scholar needs the organizer; the timid and sensitive needs the bold and dauntless. And so Latimer's sturdy common sense and mother wit, and John Knox's impetuous spirit and indomitable will, his rugged and unquailing nature—these all contributed to the success of the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

It was even so in Wesley's days, in Wesley's work. Wesley's greatness was seen not merely in the work he himself performed, but in the might with which he persuaded others to unite with him in the execution of his plans. He attracted others, and assigned them their spheres of labor; and then, like a central sun, maintained them in undeviating march and in balanced order during the blessed period of his earthly life.

One of the most trusted, most honored, and most useful co-laborers with Wesley was a brother clergyman. A Swiss by birth, of noble family, he studied for the ministry; but, unable to accept the Genevan Creed, he chose a military life. Failing, both in Germany and Portugal, to realize his purpose, he visited England, where he became a tutor in the "Hill family." While there he heard of Wesley, sought and found religion, received ordination in the National Church, and at once joined Wesley, to become afterward his dearest friend, his confidential adviser, and the most eloquent and powerful expounder of the Evangelical Arminianism of Methodism.

To a nimble fancy and a vigorous imagination he added the breadth of a philosopher's intellect and the

clearness of a logician's. When the great verities of Methodistic Arminianism needed a defender, in John Fletcher a controversialist was found who never lost his temper; and when the utmost power of Christ to save, and the fullest power of the Gospel to beautify fallen humanity demanded a living exhibitor, lo! in the spirit and speech, in the bearing and countenance of Fletcher, the fairest embodiment of both on which our modern ages have been permitted to gaze.

He was an incarnation of love. He trod the earth as a celestial visitant. His face was a doxology. Purity beamed from his seraphic features, and holiness. No one could be in his company but to breathe its atmosphere and catch its inspiration. Wherever he went, whatever he did, heaven encompassed him. And when he died, men, as they followed the soaring spirit, woke up to the assurance that they had entertained an angel unawares.

Of the many of John Wesley's helpers, none seems to have so won the confidence, the admiration, and the love of Wesley, as the Irishman, Thomas Walsh. During the preaching of Robert Swindells on the parade-ground of Limerick, 1749, a young man of solemn and serious aspect formed one of the congregation who listened to a sermon on the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The words at once won his ear and possessed his heart. Rest had he been in search of for years past. Listening to these words, the path to grace opened before him as in perfect day; and, on Christ believing, he "entered into rest." Born a

Romanist, through the influence of his brother, a converted Romanist, he had left Popery and entered the Established Church, still seeking for his soul what Christ alone could give. Through the humble preacher's instrumentality, the gifted youth felt the power of the glorious Gospel, and at once became a member of the Methodist Society. Soon he began to preach, and speedily followed marvelous results. He spoke his native tongue with great fluency. He acquired the English, the Latin, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. With all but inspired facility he mastered the Bible in its original tongues, spending hours on his knees in the entrancing study. His familiarity with the book was such that Wesley said, in a few moments Walsh could say how often any word occurred in the Old or New Testament, and its meaning in each place.

He began to preach when twenty, and ceased at once to preach and to live when twenty-eight. He traveled through Ireland—north and south—preaching in markets and fairs, within doors and without, with overwhelming power. His own countrymen looked upon him as a saint; his look was seraphic; his bearing was of moral majesty; his speech, as of one who had for an hour left the better land to minister to the souls of men in this one.

With God he held absorbing fellowship, passing through life as though but the "vision splendid" won his notice. Priests railed at him; mobs roughly handled him. In jail for Christ's sake, he was still unflinching and fearless. The people crowded to the

jail window to hear him, to look upon him ; while, far as his voice could reach, he preached to them the glad tidings.

Often five times a day he preached, fasting frequently ; rising at four o'clock in the morning, even while sick and dying, and into latest hours of night prosecuting his laborious studies. Nature could not endure it. He was old—exceeding old—at twenty-six ; wasted, wan, yet still exultant in his work, triumphant in his success. Of nervous temperament, of ardent spirit, and of intense purpose, the frail tenement at last gave way. And when but twenty-eight, a worn-out man, he passed to a sphere of light and love altogether congenial to his hallowed nature and his cultivated tastes.

WESLEY'S INTELLECTUAL RANK.

Wesley's intellectual rank may be thought of for a little. He was, without doubt, a philosopher by nature and by disposition. He loved to reason and he delighted to speculate. His logical power was prominently developed and called into incessant play by the defenses of his conduct and position demanded by his numerous, and often bitter, foes. He was quick to detect a fallacy, and swift to expose a false premise or conclusion. To study him is to pass through a course of lectures on logic. He demanded a reason for every thing believed in and advocated by him.

Physical science found in him an ardent admirer and a fervent student. He saw the potencies lurking

in electricity, and especially the services likely to be rendered to diseased humanity by that subtle and mysterious force.

Art won his regards and elicited his criticism; whether it were the hoary pile of architecture, the chiseled and all but breathing bust, the glowing and well-nigh speaking canvas, or the melodies and symphonies drawn forth from pipe and string by the mighty masters of harmony and concord.

In the immortal creations of the bards of Greece and Rome, Wesley dwelt as in a realm all his own. Their sublimities awed him; their beauties, their felicities of metaphor, their description both of character and incident, found in him an enthusiastic appreciator; one ever ready to enrich and embellish his own productions by the verse, the stanza borrowed from the crowned monarchs,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

His power as a preacher must have been immense. Not that he had the passionate, weeping persuasiveness of his brother Charles; rather he seemed to be ever the reasoner; calm, commanding, clear, self-possessed, he spoke as one having authority and as though commissioned to act and appeal as the ambassador of the King of kings. With but little gesture, and free from all that would savor of dramatic manner, with a voice capable of reaching twenty thousand people in the open air, when he preached breathless attention proved the interest he awaked, while an over-

whelming solemnity descended upon the audience as though one, a herald from the skies, stood forth to reason and persuade. Fearless in denunciation of sin, he was tender even to tears with seeking sinners. Those who came to mock remained to pray. Persecutors of fiercest spirit had but to listen and their purpose forsook them, as they seized his hand as he descended from his pulpit, and became his protectors against the outlying mobs.

True, he was not the orator that Whitefield was. God does not often make such men as George Whitefield. As godly, as evangelical, and as consecrated to one work as Wesley, he excelled in what may be termed popular and effective oratory. With a voice of matchless compass and flexibility, and with a face radiant with love and rendered even rather fascinating by the squint of one eye; with a dramatic genius which Garrick might have envied; with a soul tuned to the most exquisite sensibility; with a burning passion for saving souls; full of tact; ever self-possessed; quick to seize and utilize every passing event and every sudden emergency; apt in his use of illustration; he at once compelled the most unlettered to melt under his appeals, and extorted the most flattering attention from the skeptic Hume, the courtier Chesterfield, the man of practical common sense, Franklin.

• Whether on the open common, surrounded by mobs and rioters; or in the saloon of the Countess of Huntingdon, enzoned by the *élite* of British birth, grace, and beauty; or amid the hard-headed and logical sons

and fathers of Scotland's kirk ; or when sweeping down with eagle-like majesty and might upon the throngs of Philadelphia and New England ; Whitefield is confessedly one of the foremost of effective pulpit orators since the days when Paul magnetized the sons of Athens, and Apollos spell-bound the churches of Corinth and of Macedonia by his Alexandrian eloquence.

WESLEY AS A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH.

In no other pursuit than in the search after truth is man so nobly employed, except it be in imparting to others that which he may have discovered.

It is obedience to one of the most imperative of the instincts of the human soul. For, if man be made for any end, he is made for *the acquisition of truth*. The sublimity of human nature bursts upon our view when we witness the efforts put forth by some of our fellows to attain this pearl of great price. What perils they have braved ! What foes they have aroused and battled with ! What agonies of soul they have experienced ! What sacrifices they have made ! Pilgrimages to distant oracles have been taken. Seclusion from the felicities of social life has been submitted to. Scorn, doubt, opprobrium, outlawry, imprisonment, horrid and ignominious death—all have been endured by the noble army of truth-seekers. Often have such truth-seekers been looked on as in league with the powers of darkness—as having pawned away their souls for a ray of revelation upon some subtle but potent problem. They have

been looked at with terror, shunned as lepers, hunted as wolves, cried down as doomed by heaven and by the Church to hell's darkest and dreariest pit.

To none was Wesley second in his belief in truth, and in his unabated zeal in pursuit of it. The truth might have reference to God's method of forgiving sin and bestowing rest and purity upon man's weary spirit. The truth might have reference to church government and the scriptural authority for episcopal ordination as necessary to a true ministry. The truth might have reference to doctrine, such as Calvinism *versus* Arminianism, or "the witness of the Spirit" to man's adoption, or the nature and attainableness of Christian holiness. The truth might have reference to the rightfulness or expediency of the separation of the Methodist societies from the Church of England, and their independence as a duly-organized Christian Church.

The truth might have reference to any one of the sciences of his day, either that which weighed the stars, or that which numbered the primary elements of matter, or that which studied the properties of a sun-beam, or that which sought to grapple with the mysteries of electricity, or that which sought to answer the question by self-study—What is man? It mattered not; to all truth he turned a reverent gaze. With all truth he desired to win acquaintance and familiarity.

With what avidity he read; with what care he criticised; with what caution he accepted; with what faithful accuracy he recorded statements made to him,

and sifted the evidence offered for their support, his Journals bear ample testimony.

The impulse to establish good is not more constant in its activity than the desire to find out the true. And in Wesley's case it resulted in growth of thought, rectification and enlargement of opinion, together with increasing respect for and toleration of all such as differed from him.

How he ever welcomed suggestions from others, and with genial courtesy acknowledged the letters of those who wrote him their objections to his creed or conduct, his correspondence bears ever-recurring evidence.

In matters of religion he ever turns to the Bible. Nothing binds his conscience but as it may be found in, or proved by, the Book. "O give me," he exclaims, "give me that Book." Satisfied of its divinity, his only care is to know what it teaches, enforces, warrants; and then, how dear soever the fond opinion or long-cherished prejudice, both must yield to the truth of the divine oracle.

Now, as a truth-seeker, Wesley was progressive. He made what was, in the broadest sense, a "new departure." He had no chart by which to steer his adventurous bark over the mysterious waters of his evangelist life. What could he do but make experiments; welcome light from whatever point it streamed upon his course; and, as the facts or principles warranted him, push his keel onward, outward, into yet deeper waters, if by any means he might "catch men"?

Hence we find him growing a wiser man "with

the process of the sun." He knows more to-day than yesterday, hence he changes his action. This exposed him to the charge of inconsistency. But it was the inconsistency of a noble heart and of a creature to whom the future is not revealed—whose knowledge, as it grows, proves him to have been wrong yesterday, and whose change of course is the evidence, not of folly, but of wisdom; not of vacillation of purpose, but of fixedness of principle—that principle none other than this: Let me know what *is right*, and *I'll dare to do it*.

I ought to know more next year than I do this year. I ought to have an ampler experience next week than I had last. I ought, therefore, to be a wiser man than now; and I ought, therefore, to have sufficient courage to confess the same both by practice and by word. The mortal who never changes is very nearly an idiot. Infallibility is not the gift of humanity, and, therefore, immutability should not be the conduct of reasonable men. "When I was young I believed every thing," said Wesley; "when I grew older I believed less. *Now*, I am not quite sure of any thing not revealed in God's Word."

Hence his High-Church notions, one by one, melted into thin air; and with growth of experience there came growth of liberality in opinion and expansion of polity and practice. In one thing he was unalterable—to do the will of God. Let that will be made known by the word of God, or by the providence of God, or by the experimental knowledge of life and men—he had but to see it to be God's will,

and then let men oppose, let friends forsake, let his brother Charles object, and grow cold and suspicious, it mattered not to Wesley. He dared to venture, he dared to brave, he dared to make his own road and then to tread it with faith in Providence, with foot unfaltering, and with heart calm in the peace of God, and conduct undeviating as the march of nature's most august and far-reaching laws. Stars cannot surpass him in the firmness of obedience, seraphs cannot shame him by the cheerfulness with which they obey the fiat of their Maker and their King. If this be not greatness, then tell us what is !

Did he never err ? Did he never make a mistake ? Yes, he erred—he made a mistake. But it was where the best and the greatest men before and since have erred and made mistakes.

Wesley married ; that was his one great mistake. He should never have married. His itinerant life, like Paul's, could never have co-existed with married life ; and it did not. Bishop Asbury, the apostle and founder of Methodism in America, was right : he never married.

Had Wesley a heart ? Some will ask : Could he love ? He had a heart, the tenderest. He could love the most intensely. He was altogether human. His affections were as rich, as deep, as warm, as strong as ever beat in human bosom.

But never man entered into married life so blindfolded, and never man paid a heavier penalty for his act of error. He married when nearly fifty. If he married at all it should have been before his habits

had become rigidly fixed—say before or about thirty—and one of age not more than his own. He married a wealthy widow, but before marriage all her money was settled on herself. Not a penny would Wesley touch or use. But he married *jealousy incarnate*, and he married one by no means his equal in education. Her jealousy was a disease the most virulent, and the life he lived was a petty hell. Poor man! that she taunted him and tantalized him, watched him, suspected him, railed at him, and let him feel the power of her strong arm, evidence copious exists to prove.

Yet John Wesley's wife was one of his helpers. She helped him in that she "stirred up his nest" for him with a vengeance, with a purpose relentless and resolve invincible. She threw him out from the repose of domestic luxury. Charles Wesley all but ceased to be an itinerant after his marriage. John Wesley was not designed for such a mode of life. He was called to be the itinerant. This could scarce co-exist with wedded life; hence we might think, with all propriety, that his was not a wise step when he married. But even this was overruled. He was called to exercise new virtues and develop new graces and bear new trials. He was taught that he might better sympathize with and succor all so tried and tempted. Difficulties developed him. Fresh resolve inspired and braced him. New consecration to his work impelled him to his unremitting course. Yes, John Wesley's wife helped him!

Wesley aimed at the education and the elevation of

the masses of English life. Hence he availed himself of the press as few men have done before or since. He sought to scatter the seeds of truth, thus to secure correct opinions and beliefs respecting all subjects of importance, both secular and religious.

Fortunately, as I have often thought, in selecting the leader of this great reformation God chose an educated and a scholarly man; one well trained by the best education of his age and country, and, therefore, one capable of appreciating the benefits of education to others. No one questions Wesley's rank as a scholar. He won a fellowship in Oxford by right of scholarship, as well as an appointment as Greek lecturer. Wesley was eminently a Protestant in this particular. He would have men think, and thus give a reason for their conduct as well as for their beliefs and hopes. He recognizes the rank of man as founded upon this faculty; hence his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion" in expounding and defending the principles and mission of Methodism.

Many of his followers have been exceedingly ignorant; but this was not Wesley's fault, and this is no evidence of their consistency as followers and disciples of Wesley.

Certainly, whatever a scholarly man could do to cultivate a love of knowledge in the minds of his converts Wesley attempted and performed. Recognizing the disadvantages of many of those saved through his efforts, he at once placed his literary power at their service, and by a constant use of the press effected a circulation of literature most marvelous in his day.

Tracts, letters, essays, compilations, compendiums, treatises, poured forth in continuous stream to irrigate and fructify the else sterile and desert regions of the common people of old Britain. Wherever his preachers went they carried Wesley's books; thus they were itinerant booksellers and venders of the elements of wisdom, knowledge, and joy.

The amount of mind saved from ignorance and its dire evils by Wesley has not yet had its due appreciation. Men who never thought began to feel the pleasures of knowledge. Minds dormant felt the breath of life passing over and through them. Torpor yielded to vigor. The germs of knowledge found a fitting soil in the nature of men arrested from the error of their vicious ways. For the first time men opened their eyes upon the glories of existence and the possibilities of being; "all things" had "become new." Great, indeed, was the amount of mind force Wesley helped to develop and utilize!

The course Wesley adopted at length developed and brought into play powers of mind and of speech in the persons of his helpers perfectly startling in their strength, their brilliancy, and their effects.

There was Bradburn, the shoemaker; than whom no greater orator spoke the English language or swayed Christian audiences during the earlier portion of the nineteenth century.

There was Thomas Olivers, also a shoemaker, Wesley's assistant editor; a controversialist of the keenest logical powers; and, as the author of "The God of Abraham praise," a poet of the loftiest lyric order.

There was Adam Clarke, a very prodigy of learning, a scholar of European fame, a preacher of overwhelming power and of peerless popularity.

There was Samuel Drew, the shoemaker of Cornwall, a metaphysician with whom Sir William Hamilton would have delighted to converse and argue.

No adaptation for usefulness was permitted to slumber. Thoughtfulness became the habit and mood of the workers. From the realms of nature; from the pages of biography; from the annals of history; from the hoarded treasures of the great theological fathers of the Church; from the exhaustless mines of Holy Writ, were these active thinkers and speakers drawing nourishment for their understandings, material for their sermons, illustrations to win the most stupid, and arguments to convince the most resolute hearer.

But for Methodism what an amount of mind had remained undeveloped? Think of the hundreds of thousands who owe their mental being to its moral awakening power. How multitudinous the host upon which it laid its apprehending hand! upon whose head it poured its benediction as it sent them forth to bless their species by their messages of truth! Think of its ministry; they number thousands. They have been lifted, the majority of them, from social conditions altogether unfavorable to intellectual development and refinement. But for Methodism they had remained encased in flesh-and-blood frames, bound to the plow-shafts, harnessed to the sledge. Methodism visited them, and with it the peace of God. They accepted both. And then—aye! what then?

Methodism found gems which, but for it, had never flashed their luminous light. Behind the plow and flinging the weaver's shuttle; plying the tailor's needle and urging the carpenter's plane; measuring ribbons and forging horse-shoes; splitting rails and herding flocks; wielding the trowel and heating the baker's oven; Methodism found some of the rarest jewels set in and flashing from the coronet of which it is said, "Thou art a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

WESLEY AS A WORKER.

Wesley was pre-eminently a worker; not a speculator; not a theorist; not a transcendental dreamer; not a weaver of gossamer webs upon which to float away into regions of self-absorbing study, whither the grim monsters of human sin and anguish cannot intrude, and whither the dusky-winged specters of want and crime cannot roam. He was not born for the closet of the sage, with its atmosphere thronged with the dancing atomies of dry-as-dust antiquarianism; nor was he born for the cell of the metaphysical wrangler, whose huge strugglings seek to wrest from the mysterious entity called Being the secret things which Plato longed to see, and Pascal sighed to own.

No; Wesley was not to shine as a bright particular star in the galaxy of so-called philosophic sages; though to deem him unequal to the pursuit and unfitted for the acquisition of such truths were to do him grievous wrong. His calling demanded from him the sternest self-denial in the surrender of pursuits altogether classic and sage-like in their qualities and results. But

he lived to work—not to theorize, or dream, or speculate. To save men—this was the purpose of his life. And by its fitness to further this end, every study, every friendship, every recreation, was at once tested as to its intrinsic value. He was, in this respect, eminently a utilitarian.

To turn wasteful lives into useful ones; to transform semi-savage dwellings into Christian homesteads; to lift debauchery from its mire and filth and bestialism into honor, self-respect, and manhood; to pour the light-rays of knowledge athwart the thick darkness of untrained broods of grimy, swarthy, factory and mining families, and thus fit them for the duties of life, the service of God, and the pure joys of heaven; to win the ruffian from his life of crime; to turn the drunkard from his swine-like habits; to lift his dear Old England into the healthful, honorable, blessed place of Sabbath keeping, of home piety, of manly uprightness, of gentle manners, of loving tempers, and of generous sympathies and deeds—this was Wesley's aim and mission.

A quenchless passion for saving souls burned upon the altar of his spirit. A consecration, all but se-raphic, impelled him along his flinty, arduous career. Only such a love for men as Christianity can inspire could have sustained him in his never-halting, never-wearying, never-murmuring course. Only the glad-ness of spirit begotten of devotion to such a Master as Christ could have flung its lustrous and exhilarant light across his nature and along his path; rendering him ever a center of repose to vexed hearts, and a

fount of peace to such as had felt the irritations of a world of endless chafing, and of ceaseless strife.

I am amazed as I contemplate the man's power of work. Rest he scarce ever dreamed of. He economized time as with a miser's parsimoniousness. He experimented upon his need of sleep, and finally discovered the art of going to bed but to sleep, and waking but to rise.

Like Wellington who, when asked why, in Walmer Castle, he slept upon a couch so narrow that he had scarce room to turn on it, replied, "When I turn, it is only to turn out." So with Wesley. At ten o'clock he went to sleep; at four o'clock he woke and rose. At five o'clock he was in his pulpit, beginning the first sermon of the day; before that day closed he had preached three times, and ridden on horseback sixty miles.

Traveling then was not the sumptuous luxury it is to-day, in this highly favored locomotive age and country, with its palace cars, its sleeping-berths, its glowing stoves, its cushioned seats. Roads in England had not yet been macadamized. This man rode on horseback in all weathers; frequently setting out from London for the North in winter, amid snow-storms and pelting rains, undeterred and undismayed—cheerful as a lark in summer morn, and brave as a Spartan hero on his way to crush his Persian foes. And this all the year round! Eighteen hours work and six hours slumber!

He visits the Societies of London from house to house. He meets his class on Thursday for counsel.

and encouragement. He corresponds with his converts and preachers throughout the United Kingdom. He reads all the literature of the day. He publishes a "monthly magazine." He writes and issues tracts on popular duties or sins or needs. He is sick in Bristol and confined to his room; but, with such strength as remains, he translates a commentary on the New Testament, from the Latin of the famous Bengel, upon which is based "Wesley's Notes on the New Testament."

He writes four volumes upon Natural Philosophy, for some time a class-book in Trinity College, Dublin. He translates hymns for his congregations, and corrects, with chastened skill and care, the exuberant poems of his brother Charles. He compiles histories of Greece and Rome for his school at Kingswood. He compiles and publishes English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars. He issues an edition of eminent Christian authors, consisting of some sixty volumes, containing the marrow of English divinity and the strength of English composition.

He meets his preachers for instruction and sympathy, not only in annual, but also in monthly conferences. He is alive to all that can affect or interest humanity—politically, benevolently, religiously. He writes replies to the many and manifold charges hurled at him by bishops, rectors, editors, and non-descript critics afflicted with the disease of scribbling.

Riding on horseback or in chaise, his book is ever in his hand; or, if the scenery and spot be historic, his eye is wakeful to detect the glories of landscape,

the beauties of mansions, or the site of battles fought by warriors or by freemen.

I am terrified by the quantity of labor performed by this small man. One cannot imagine more work squeezed and packed into a human life than he compressed into his. There was orderliness and system, even to the extreme of stern rigidity. He planned with a luminous and far-reaching ken. Men had learned to rely upon his engagements. They looked for him even as the astronomer for the precise return of a planet.

Such was his perfection of system, there were no fag-ends of time, here and there, scattered through his days and weeks. Every hour had its assigned duty; and every duty found him prompt and equipped for its discharge. He was always in haste; but he was never in a hurry. He saw the awful grandeur of time; he felt the august greatness of life. He lived as ever under the inspiration of the judgment day. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. But that his life was uninterrupted in its flow, it must have seemed a very torrent in its force. Dare to arrest it, and you shall prove that its measure of rush resembles that of a planet round its orbit. Break up his life into days, and you have in each the plunge of a cataract—the leap of a Niagara.

Keenly susceptible to the fascinations of social life, and exquisite in his sensibilities as a lover of the fine arts, yet from the one he must tear himself away, and through the other pass with a half smile, half sigh, deferring the enjoyments of such luxuries of life

until life's stern, imperative demands shall have been fulfilled.

With an immutable calmness of spirit, there was associated a passionate intensity of resolve, which rose in the presence of difficulty and waxed sublime in its invincible courage in the midst of antagonism the most threatening and malignant. And perhaps since his Master said it, no disciple of that Master could have ventured with more honesty to assert: "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

Think of the demands upon Wesley's time, thoughts, prudence, wisdom, charity, long-suffering, by the supervision of his preachers and societies. He visited them once a year—from Cornwall to Aberdeen—from London to Bristol—from Cork to Derry; he founded schools; he appointed the fields of labor for his helpers; he corresponded with friends and with foes; his correspondence alone would have filled up his time and taxed his mental energies; he defended himself against false attacks upon his teaching and work; he quelled discord; he controlled enthusiasts; he advised his preachers; he published tracts; he printed sermons; he visited prisoners; he preached twice a day; he traveled in all weathers; he rode on all sorts of horses and over all qualities of roads; he slept on all sorts of beds and fed on all sorts of fare; he preached in rooms, in chapels, on tombstones and on tables, in daylight and in moonlight, in calm weather and in stormy, when dew fell and when rain descended, before the ignorant and before the learned, to miners and to sailors, to rustics and to soldiers, before the judges of

his Majesty and the members of the University, suiting his subject and his style to the audience, the place, and the occasion, with a skill faultless and a tact marvelous, commanding the attention of the most illiterate and the admiration of the most fastidiously critical; in all, the faithful and the fearless ambassador of "the Blessed and only Potentate." And this, not for a year, or ten years, but from 1739 until 1791—for full half a century.

What a career! Could more labor have been compressed into half a century? His energy never abated; his purpose never vacillated; his cheerfulness never forsook him.

You must remember Wesley's aim and purpose in order to render him justice. He went not forth to found a new system of moral or metaphysical science. He went not out to establish a new sect of religionists, or to found a new order in the Church. He went not forth as a lecturer upon poetry, or painting, or physical science. His mission was to win sinful men to ways of righteousness, to lives of obedience to God, and habits of sobriety, purity, and truth before men. He went forth to fulfill the end for which Christ came to our race and globe—to turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. His end was, first and last—*Religion*. Looked at in the light of the New Testament Wesley must be, if we would understand him and justly estimate his rank as a man, as a Christian, as a thinker, and as an organizer.

You will recall men who were peerless in the realm of oratory. They could turn men's ears, and

touch men's hearts, and move men's wills, and impel men to brave and honorable deeds by the majesty of their presentation of truth and the might of their appeal to men's sense of duty. But they were not, therefore, organizers of men or of societies.

You will recall men who were without rivals in the realms of speculative thought ; before whose superb intellects truth dispread her vast empire, creation unfolded its mysterious secrets ; and the first principles of all wisdom, and of all knowledge, and of all order, surrendered at their command. Men capable of all-absorbing abstraction of thought, centralization of intellect upon themes the profoundest with which created mind can deal. But they were not organizers.

You can recall men—repeat their names—upon whose vast imaginations beauty burst, before whose gaze sublimity sat enthroned, through whose inner life concords poured their harmonies and rhythmic waves ; and their pens and their brushes or their chisels promptly did their bidding in composing or creating visible and tangible embodiments of the conceptions crowding their inner world of thought ; until, by their poems, nations were entranced ; before their canvas races stood in breathless awe ; beneath their spell youth and age delighted to move and live, to think and feel. But they were not organizers. They were not rulers or leaders of men, either in Church or State.

Distinct from all these endowments of soul and types of manhood is he who can unite, harmonize, govern and control masses of thinking, passionate, free-born, moral beings, respecting the individuality of each, yet

combining all into a supreme unity of effort and confidence of brotherhood.

Such men are kings by divine right—crownless, scepterless, throneless—nevertheless monarchs of the purest quality.

Loyola was such a one. Napoleon was such a one. Wesley was such a one. He was born to the purple if ever man was. He learned obedience by the things which he suffered in younger days, and thus became educated for the rank and work of moral royalty. For who best obey—best rule? Obedience is the path to sovereignty. And never spirit of reverence for law more true inhabited human body than the spirit of John Wesley.

The capacity of his mind is seen in the perfection with which it embraced the vastest and the minutest circumstances and claims upon its regard and control. Surely this is a distinguishing characteristic of greatness. Is it not the very greatness of Deity? He unites the immense and the insignificant. He “tellethe the number of the stars;” “he bindeth up the broken heart.” What a contrast in the spheres of operation! Yet in each he is, and he acts like himself. He, with one hand, holds the stars, and with the other puts my tears in a bottle; and the globelet tear is as precious in his sight as the globe that marches in pauseless majesty and ever-radiant splendor along the frontiers of lonely space.

Wesley possessed this faculty and range of mind. Thus was he fitted to become an organizer and an administrator.

He was certainly liberally endowed with the faculty of statesmanship. He was a born ruler of men. At the University of Oxford this was speedily and frankly recognized and acknowledged. He was the fit and efficient head of the "Godly Club" of students who earned for themselves the nick-name of "Methodists." To Wesley they looked up; by Wesley were organized and maintained in mutual interdependence and concord. His aptitude for organizing was seen and confessed by Whitfield. To it we owe it that the fruit of Wesley's herculean labors remains in the system called Methodism.

What he gained by conversion of souls he retained by marshaling them into classes and placing them under the oversight of leaders; thus forming societies and churches acknowledging him as their spiritual father and working together with him in the great mission of saving souls.

No braver hero ever trod this planet; and no sterner trials ever encompassed and assaulted a valorous spirit than Wesley endured.

It seemed as though his presence in a town was the signal for the letting loose of all the demoniac passions of depraved humanity. Men became furious in their rage; women forgot their sex; magistrates lost their dignity; clergymen became the patrons of the mob; oaths, ribaldry and obscenity rent the air; stones were hurled; clubs fell with swift and deadly stroke; mud daubed the faces and stained the persons of the preacher and his friends. They were hooted from street to street; chased for refuge within door and

house, only to be dragged thence amid the wildest rage of ruffians half-inspired by Satan and half by whisky. They were haled to prison. They were plunged in horse-ponds. They were trodden down in the street. They were hunted like wolves from hamlet to hamlet. Ballad-singers mocked them. Parsons from their pulpits exhausted Billingsgate in their vituperation. Magazines opened their pages to the pens of abusive scribblers. Bishops of London, Exeter, Gloucester, denounced them and lampooned them. Actors caricatured them in comedies infamous for their coarseness and blasphemies.

John Wesley was denounced as a Jesuit and a secret friend of "the Pretender." Charles Wesley and some twelve of his assistants were presented by the grand jury of Cork to the judge of assize as "common vagrants." The city of Cork was for ten days in the possession of a mob of persecutors headed by one Butler, a common ballad-singer, by whom the houses of the Methodists were smashed and the persons of the Methodists insulted and wounded ; their lives were held in perpetual terror ; their appearance in the streets was the summons for a general assault by men and women more like the citizens of Pandemonium than of a town in Christendom with its mayor and magistrates and clergy.

And yet through all this Wesley's spirit never quailed ; his self-control never forsook him ; charity never left him ; pity for the souls of such wild, barbaric Christians filled his heart and flooded his eyes. Sometimes his look awed the crowd into silence ; some-

times his calm appeal to them, demanding what wrong, what evil, he had done, thus to excite their malice, turned the hyenas into lambs; while, not seldom, his very foes, tempted to listen to him, dropped their bludgeons and wept as he addressed their hearts, becoming actually his protectors through crowds thirsting for his blood and sworn to take his life. But his Master's spirit never faltered in his apostolic nature. These sights and scenes but confirmed his conviction of the need for such a work as that to which he had consecrated his life and talents.

Perhaps history does not afford us a more striking instance of the power of decision of character than that furnished in the career of Wesley.

He chooses his principles calmly, prayerfully. He selects his methods with prudence and with tact. He orders his action so as to fulfill his purpose. His aim is noblest: the good—the most lasting good of his fellow men. To this he bends and constrains all things. Friendship and literature; rest and recreation; music and poetry; science and philosophy; history and biography; scholarship and authorship; the power of the pen and the power of the tongue; the gift of organization and the genius which controls men; all these were concentrated upon the one ever-present, ever-inspiring purpose of his life—to save men.

Here was a focalizing object of life; and with utmost intensity all his forces were condensed and applied for its execution. He thought; he read; he prayed; he conversed; he corresponded; he endured persecution; he sacrificed home comforts; he econo-

mized time; he lived by system; he practiced self-denial; he cultivated benevolence; he braved the scorn of men; he dared the violence of mobs; he endured slander; he outlived defamation; he turned not from his purpose, faltered not in his integrity, fainted not in his courage; but with years grew in strength of resolve and in beauty of character and in beneficence of influence and in success of undertaking; meeting difficulties but to surmount them; opposition, but to obviate it; success, but to be invigorated by it; failure, but to be aroused by it; until the age confessed his power, the nation acknowledged his mission, and the Church looked upon him as an instance of zeal, love, labor, and Christian triumph equaled by none since the days when apostolic evangelists went forth to "turn the world upside down," to conquer the Roman Empire and subdue the world to the obedience of Christ.

Self-reliant, self-possessed; calm, clear-visioned; fearless, prudent; thoughtful, conscientious; tender, strong; gentle, pure; rich in sensibilities, rigid in logic; open to all things lovely, recipient of all things true; feeding the lambs, as well as guarding the sheep, of the Christian fold; onward the man moves, undaunted, undeterred, undistracted; equal to every crisis, master of every emergency; a heart all aglow with love; a mind all luminous with truth; a purpose all clarified by simplicity; care cannot wrinkle his brow; fretfulness cannot darken his eye; bitterness cannot irritate his spirit. He moves in light; and sheds around his path gladness, serenity, as though

his life were "one grand, sweet song," compared with which the fabled music of the spheres were dissonance and discord.

Opposition confronts him; but he simply replies, "None of these things move me." New objects are suggested to him; but his response is simply, "This *one* thing I do." His motives are maligned; but his answer is, "Whether I be beside myself, it is to God; or whether I be sober, it is for your cause; for the love of Christ constraineth me." If men would stop his mouth and bishops threaten excommunication, his ready spirit replies, "I cannot but speak the things which I have seen and felt; woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel of God!"

THE HYMNOLOGY OF WESLEY.

Christianity began its career with music, and shall celebrate its consummated triumphs with songs. Angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Angels and men shall one day join in singing, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power." Christianity shall perpetuate its influences under the inspiration of music; for its redeemed immortals shall "sing a new song."

And wherever Christianity has decayed, there music has forgotten its spell. Despair and despondency are not the parents of music. With Christianity comes Hope, and this is the mother of music—Love, and this is the parent of song.

In every renewal of its power, Christianity has "rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well"

of music ; it has taken the harp from the willow and reset, retuned, reswept it.

'Twas so at the Reformation in Germany. Congregational singing became a reality and a power under the inspiration of the new life ushered in by the instrumentality of Luther and his compeers.

'Twas so with the Wesleyan revival. Methodism appealed to the heart through the conscience ; first, to sadden and disturb, then to pacify, purge, exhilarate it. Wesley paid special attention to the singing of his followers, and wrote vigorously and repeatedly to urge effectiveness in this department of public worship.

God gave him a rare helper to supply the need of his converts and disciples in this matter. Charles Wesley became the poet of the Methodist revival ; and in many respects contributed as powerfully to the perpetuation of that revival as did John.

No one who has studied the history of the Wesleys has failed to appreciate the wisdom of the Highest in selecting such an agent as Charles Wesley to be the hymnologist of Methodism. His was a fervid nature. He had all the sensibility of the poet : his impulsiveness, his fitfulness, his imagination. We are amazed at the sweep of wing with which his genius was endowed ; to what altitudes he could soar ; to what depths he could descend ; o'er what an amplitude he could gyrate ! Now he voices the wailings of a sin-oppressed suppliant ; now he carols forth the exuberant ecstasies of "a soul in its earliest love." Listen, and you catch him chanting over the corse of a brother

deceased; hark! for now he is pealing out the welcome home of a spirit passing within the light of the sapphire throne.

He goes forth with the workman to cheer him in his faithful toil as he sings,

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my work to thee.

He retires with the weary worker to his couch, and soothes him into dreamless sleep as he breathes the lullaby song,

Jesus protects! My fears begone!
What can the rock of ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

Whether the believer work or watch; whether he suffer or rejoice; whether he fight or die; whether he bow down in closet fellowship with God, or blend his sympathies with the chosen few, or throng the temple with kindred worshipers; whether he present his babe for baptism, or celebrate his Master's dying victory—crowned love; whether the saint be climbing the hill, or whether from its burnished crests his raptured eye travels over the landscape of the promised Canaan; whether the state be that of the backslider, or that of the tempted, or that of the triumphant; whether Satan darkens the spirit with his dusky wing, or deeper draughts of holy joy elate the exulting heart as with "a chalice of the grapes of God;"

whether entering into the life of faith here, or passing within the "choral circles of the sons of light" hereafter—for each, for all, of these experiences and states the inspired music of Charles Wesley supplies the meet and fitting vehicle of expression in his all but Oriental opulence of composition.

It is impossible to say to how many thousands those songs have carried consolation, from how many lonely hearts they have expelled the demon of despair; on how many myriads they have distilled the healing dew of divine assurance; through how many they have poured heroic fortitude, and floated foretastes of the pleasures that are for evermore; how many rude tastes they have refined; how many vulgar natures they have cultured; how many illiterate minds have through them raised their hearts' impassioned longings while in prayer they led astonished and grateful worshipers beneath the shadow of the Almighty, and before the mercy-seat.

The future of Methodism cannot but be an object of intense interest to every student of history. That she may be satisfied with long life, is the prayer of her children; and that that prayer may be answered we also plead: Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon her, and establish thou the work of her hands; yea, the work of her hands establish thou it.

Of her present position, as to the numbers reached by her ministry the world over, we have often heard. Some thirteen millions listen to her ministrations of truth, and share in her pastoral oversight. The sun sets not on her dominion. Her people are found in

every land, and abide in every zone. All climates embrace them—the winters of Hudson's Bay and the suns of India play and beat upon them. They locate in forests and they throng the marble city. Pacific waves ripple upon their shores, and peaks crowned with eternal snow fling their shadows o'er their dwellings. From the deep, dark mine and from the banker's mansion Methodism gathers her congregations. Of skins burned by tropic heat and of complexions fair as the lily her scholars are composed. Tribes just emerging from the filthiness of savagedom unite with households embellished and enriched by all that culture and piety can impart in calling her blessed.

She has found men paupers; she has made them millionaires. She has found men ignorant; she has made them scholars. She has found men debased; she has crowned them with glory and honor. She has found men outlawed; she has made them dutiful and law-abiding citizens.

She is in her second century; and yet nor wrinkle upon her brow, nor haze in her vision, nor stoop in her form, nor halt in her step gives sign of wasted energy and declining vigor. Still her sanctuaries are Bethesdas, and her prayer-meetings Bethels. Still her sons speak with the enemy in the gate, and her daughters are "all glorious within." Still she gathers in the street Arab, and sends her missionaries to Orient fields of toil and death. She multiplies her places of worship at the rate of two for every day of the year. Her doctrines are to-day as when Wesley died; her philanthropy is as broad, her relations to other

Churches as catholic as when Wesley said, "The world is my parish, and we are the friends of all, the enemies of none."

The world needs her; and she shall not perish! The churches need her; and she shall not perish! She believes still in conversion; and she shall not perish! She still holds forth Christ crucified; and she shall not perish! She still believes in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life; and she shall not perish!

She has had dissension, but she lives! She has had bitter antagonisms; but she lives! A brighter future is in store for her. The Spirit of Peace broods within her council-chambers. The spirit of unity hovers over her camps. Feuds shall be forgotten. Strifes shall be no more named by her.

Baptized into the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, she shall move forth resplendent with every virtue; all aglow with "the dew of her youth;" bright as the sun; fair as the moon; and terrible as an army with banners! And having conquered a world for her divine Head, and as she reposes within the mild splendors of the latter-day glory, even angels, as they bend o'er the scene, shall exclaim: "How lovely are thy tents and thy dwellings, O people; the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation; I the Lord have done it for mine own name's sake!"

V.

SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR OF FLORENCE,
AND HIS TIMES.*

IN the days of the Italian Republics the chiefs of the sisterhood of cities were known by some special epithet compendiously descriptive of their peculiar charms and idiosyncrasies. Rome was the Eternal City, Naples the Beautiful, Genoa the Superb, Lucca the Industrious, Padua the Learned, Bologna the Fat, and Florence the Gentle. This epithet, as a word, is equal to our "genteel," but this word only partially conveys the ideas comprised in the Italian word *gentili*. In the mouth of an Italian the idea expressed by it includes all the amenities and agreeableness which result from a high state of civilization and social culture. It is of all words that which most completely expresses what is, in truth, the especial quality of the city of Florence and the Florentines, and never was epithet more happily applied. It is built upon the Arno, and is favored with the most salubrious climate of the peninsula, and is the pride of the refined and polished citizens.

Florence is indeed the city of flowers, and the flower of cities. But it is not of the Florence of to-day I wish to speak. We shall travel back full four centuries ere we have reached the period in which the

* A lecture written partly in South Africa, and partly in America.

events occurred of which I propose to speak to-night. The cycle of time embraced is full of the most thrilling and startling events of the latter part of the Middle Ages.

Savonarola was born in 1452, and suffered martyrdom in 1498, being forty-six years old when his ashes were flung into the Arno. The year of his birth saw the birth of the invention which, more than any other, contributed to the elevation of humanity. It drew forth thought; it gave it circulation; it secured for it imperishable existence; it cheapened literature; it emancipated conscience; it sapped the basis of superstition; it furnished the weapon of assault against all forms of tyranny and all systems of error; the friend of freedom, the servant of truth, and the handmaid of science. Before it ignorance dissolves as mists from the pathway of the sun. Behind it stretch and rise and flourish whatsoever things in heart are lovely; whatsoever things in morals are just; whatsoever things in society are true; whatsoever things in all worlds are of good report, as refiners, educators, and ennoblers of human thought, taste, and character. And all these and more were born with the invention of printing in 1452.

In 1453, when Savonarola lay wrapt in cozy blankets, hushed to slumber by the melodious voice of his Italian nurse, the thunder of Mohammed's artillery burst and floated over the placid waters of the Bosphorus; opened pathways through the broken walls of Constantinople for his fanatic warriors; pealed forth the downfall of the empire of the Cæsars, and

planted the standard of the false prophet above the cross which gleamed upon the dome of St. Sophia. The conqueror was one of the most gifted and cultured of his race and lineage. He was learned in all the wisdom of his day; the master of five languages—Arabic, Persian, Chaldean, Latin, Greek. He was familiar with the geography of the world, with the lives of Eastern heroes, with the principles of theology, and with the arts of the sculptor and the painter. Early bred to warfare, he was a successful soldier, if not an able general, and the conquest of two empires, twelve kingdoms, and two hundred cities is attributed to his invincible sword. From the hour he ascended his throne Mohammed resolved upon the conquest of Constantinople, and he realized his ambition, while as yet “our martyr” knew no braver joy than counting his toes or admiring the nails upon his tiny fingers as he lay upon his mother’s lap, bathed in the mellow light that streamed through the vine-leafed and mulioned window.

The results of this historic tragedy were already felt throughout the cities of Italy. The scholars of the East fled from their city, from the relentless scimiter of the Turk, to find a cordial welcome in the land of Virgil, of Dante, and of Petrarch. They brought with them the wealth of Orient literature in manuscript, for whose possession cities were to rival and outbid each other, even by fabulous sums. The palaces of the nobles greeted those scholars as if they had been princes; the universities vied with each other in the ardor with which they sought to decipher

the time-soiled, almost sacred, scrolls of Grecian minds; Plato and Aristotle lived again and walked and questioned, idealized and floated upon the gossamer webs of their sublime speculation, beneath skies as soft and amid groves as fragrant as those of their beloved Athens. The earthquake which shook the turrets and bastions of the City of the Golden Horn to their foundations upheaved the waters of literature from their olden and narrow beds, and rolled them upon other shores, there to scatter their spoils and give up their hidden treasure-trove into what proved to be the keeping of most enthusiastic guardians.

In 1482, while our heroic subject, immured in his convent, studied the subtleties of the schoolmen of the middle ages, sounded the depths of St. Augustine, banqueted on the viands of Greek philosophy dispensed before him in the manuscripts just named, communed with such portions of the sacred Scriptures as were accessible to him, the Moors of Granada had bowed to the vigorous arm of Ferdinand, and ceased to retain a strong hold upon the peninsula of Spain. Hither they had attracted the learning of Arabia, of Persia, of India, of Greece. Unlike him who hated learning, and gave up the library of Alexandria to heat the baths of the city, many of the Moorish princes were the generous patrons of letters. They were among the earliest discoverers of gunpowder, and to them we owe the great invention of paper. They were versed in chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics; they encouraged the peaceful arts; tropical plants were introduced and cultured by them, as also

irrigation and the production of sugar, while the forms of their graceful, elaborate, and ethereal architecture were either mirrored in the soft-flowing waters of full many a river, or reposed against the cloudless azure of a Spanish sky.

After a possession of eight hundred years, the chivalric, cultured, and warrior people succumbed to the united forces of Spain—forces improved by patriotism and baptized into zeal for the true faith of a Christian. Granada was taken, and henceforth the Saracen became an alien and an outcast from the most Catholic of Catholic empires. What the Crescent gained upon the Bosphorus was lost forever upon the banks of the Guadalquivir.

And yet once more, in 1492, while Savonarola was swaying the multitudes of Florence by his resistless oratory, another Italian, born in the city of Genoa, trained to the sea, given to the study of geography and charts, and possessed by a sublime desire to pierce the mists that hung upon the western wave, and teach and plant the cross upon a new and wealthier shore, wandered from city to city of Europe, visiting court after court, with the intent of obtaining patronage from the mighty for the furtherance of his magnificent dream.

To Venice he had offered his project; to Portugal he had applied for help; to Henry the Seventh of England he sent his brother, if haply he might win his suit; finally from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain he obtained permission to expound his projects, and, after prolonged and learned discussion, he obtained

from them assurance of all needful help in the prosecution of his daring adventure; and on the 3rd of August, 1492, Christopher Columbus set sail for a new world, and won a continent for his sovereign by the majesty of his genius, opened a new and lofty porch through which the luminaries of the Cross might pass upon their benign embassy of "peace and good-will to men," and spread new fields for enterprise, discovery, and wealth before the frenzied gaze of Christendom.

In 1498, five years after the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and while our hero was suffering the last pangs of his martyrdom, passing to heaven in his chariot of flame, a youth was singing in the streets of a German town for daily bread and for the payment of his school-master. Born of humble birth, but of honest, God-fearing parents, the boy early evinced talent, and when placed at school evoked the sympathies and won the admiration of his teachers for his ease and grace in composition and for his gifts of eloquence and elocution. Yielding to influence he became a monk, rose to eminence in his convent, won the honors of his university and a professor's chair.

Searching after truth and rest he visited Rome, and returned thence disgusted and shocked with the profanity and hypocrisy of those in high places there. In heart a Protestant, and in destiny the reformer of Germany, the solitary monk that shook the pillars of the fabric of popery proclaimed a new era for the faith and freedom of men; gave his fatherland a

classic tongue, and ushered in that day of progress in science, in state-craft and civilization, under whose splendid noon you and I bask and rejoice.

There could not be a more thrilling period, therefore, than that in which the chief personage of our lecture lived his eventful career. The night of the past was gliding away, the dawn of this new day already gilding the horizon.

Florence had played no mean part in the drama of European life. Her story, during the centuries immediately preceding that in which our tale lies, had been one of thrilling fascination. Her power resided in her wealth. She was one of the first of Italian Republics. Commerce created her wealth, her power, her fame. Her nobles who aspired to place in the rule of the Republic were compelled to learn and practice trade as a necessary qualification. Guilds of the trades were formed and framed by wisely defined laws, and placed under the control of priors or deans. There was but little scope for agriculture; the citizens were, therefore, compelled to manufacture. Silk and cloth were the staples. To acquire the raw material the East was visited even to China; the north as far as bleak, chill England; the south to the States of Barbary. The furs of Siberia, the cocoons of China, the gems and gold of Golconda and Ceylon, the wool of Spain and of France, all were levied to fill their looms and load their hawkers and their galleys. These Florentines were the chief bankers of Europe. Ninety houses represented them in Turkey alone. They lent to the monarchs of Christendom, and wielded the fates

of peoples and states through their bankers and envoys. Their customers included all ranks. Florentine silks gave to the royal dame new beauty; Florentine tapestries covered the castle walls of British barons with sumptuous and gorgeous colors. Along the Euphrates and the shores of the Black Sea their vessels pushed their keels. Popes were glad to borrow from them; and so influential had they become, that Florentines were members of the principal and most powerful embassies to the courts of Europe.

Foremost among the merchant families of this renowned republican city was the house of Cosimo de' Medici.

The de' Medici family has made a deep mark in the history of Europe—civil and religious. The founder, a Florentine merchant, won the esteem and the confidence of his fellow citizens by his talents, his wealth, his generous hospitality, and his public spirit. He amassed a large fortune, which he made contributory to the embellishment of his city, the encouragement of art, and the promotion of literature and learning.

Of the descendants of Cosimo de' Medici the most renowned in Tuscan life was Lorenzo, named the Magnificent. All that scholarship could do to culture and enrich his mind—all that friendship and converse with famed poets, artists, statesmen, could offer to the refinement of his taste and the augmentation of his knowledge—was placed at his command by his father during his youth, and by his own wealth and taste when he had reached maturity of manhood and

of power. His state was princely. Three country villas were erected for his luxurious retreat from the toils of political life and after the care of his banking-house. Here were collected busts, vases, cameos, manuscripts for whose possession every city of Europe had been rifled, every library of Greece ransacked. Here, in the cool of the evening, along spacious and pillared corridors, within the shadows of poplar and citron and mulberry groves, with no music save that of the nightingale or the mellifluous ripple of the sportive fountain and the crystal cascade—here, and amid such scenes of munificence in art and beauty in nature, met and talked the ripest scholars, the sagest politicians, the painters most renowned, the sculptors destined to perpetuity of fame in marble and in bronze. Here one emulated Plato, another rehearsed Aristotle, a third reasoned of immortality; until it seemed that Time had retraced his flight, and the ages before the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem revolved with all the far-famed splendor of the teachers of Athens.

This Lorenzo gave a son to the Papacy in the person of Leo X., upon whom, while yet a lad of thirteen, a cardinal's hat had been conferred by the reigning pontiff. A son of Innocent VIII. married one of his daughters; from his house a second pope was elected; while from the same family descended the queen-mother of Charles of France, through whose policy of state-craft and pollution of court life the Protestantism of France was all but crushed, and by whose bloodthirsty treachery the massacre of Saint

Bartholomew won for France a heritage of infamy, for the miserable monarch a life of remorse and a death of agony and terror, and for the she-wolf herself the detestation of her sex and her race wherever her deeds shall be rehearsed and her name whispered.

This house had reached the acme of its power when Savonarola filled the office of Prior of the Convent of St. Mark.

The times, religiously, were dark and dreary ; religion existed but in name among the highest circles of the Church. Pope and prelate and priest were one in pollution, in worthlessness, and infamy. The leading orders of the Church, the Franciscan and Dominican, had lost their primitive simplicity, purity, and moral power. Sworn to poverty, they became affluent ; to humility, they were sated with ambition ; to chastity, they were paragons of licentiousness. The heads of the Church, it is well known, gained an unenviable notoriety for their licentiousness, avarice, and mendacity. They were not ashamed to secure wives for their illegitimate sons, and negotiate for the hands of royal princes on behalf of their bastard daughters.

But of all the vile ones that ever won the triple crown of St. Peter, Alexander VI., who occupied the papal seat during Savonarola's last years, bore off the palm. Even the most loyal of Romanists are compelled to confess with shame and loathing the vices of the monster. He was of Spanish blood, a Borgia by name ; he had studied for the law, but relinquished it for a military life ; and thence was raised to a car-

dinal deaconship by Pope Calixtus V. Even then his infamies were public. When on embassy at the court of Lisbon he was compelled to retire by order of the king because of his shameless immoralities. His avarice was unbounded. To gain his ends the stiletto and the poisoned cup were ever at command. No law, human or divine, hindered him in his desire of gratifying his wishes or his whims. His court at Rome might be termed a sty where human swine wallowed ; a murderer's den where dark plots were hatched and schemes of plunder, pollution, and death concocted. He died from the effects of poison which he had ordered for another, but which had been in mistake handed to himself by his cup-bearer.

Thus perished the most infamous pope—indeed the most infamous man in history—a proverb of reproach and shame. He, more than any other, hastened the Reformation of Luther. Such criminalities could not but shock Christendom, and bring religion into universal and unmitigated contempt and derision. And by so much was the course opened for the burly German revolutionist. The system waited but the touch of a firm and honest hand to shake it from its basement and heap upon it the execration of a rejoicing universe.

And if such were the head of the Church, what could be expected of the members of that body ? What but that which, sad to say, existed throughout Italy ? On the one hand was gross, brutal, stupid superstition, with all its attendant impurities, falsehoods, gross obscenity in practice, murders fearfully

numerous, domestic trust violated, forms believed in as powers for holiness, routine in services a satisfaction for heinous sins and unconfessed iniquities. The whole head was sick, the whole heart faint. Wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores were there, without a healing balsam or a skillful physician to arrest and renovate.

And, on the other hand, where there existed superior intelligence and culture, what could be anticipated save skepticism, infidelity, mocking at things sacred, sneering at the faith of Christianity, speaking of religion as a mockery, and of the priesthood, even to the highest officer therein, as but a means for the acquisition of pelf or power or pollution? What wonder that Plato should rival Peter, that Socrates should share the temple with the Saviour of men, that Moses and Mohammed should claim equal rank and wield an equal sovereignty? Kings intrigued against their rivals; marriage was used as a method for the acquisition of thrones; the Church was appealed to, by bribe and flattery, by either contestant in the arena of political warfare, and in turn helped each, never failing to win aggrandizement whatever might be the side chosen.

The light had become darkness, the fount of truth had been poisoned, and its floods conveyed but pestilence and death whithersoever they rolled. Men, here and there, longed for some signal of the dawn of a new and holier day. In cloister, in convent, in university, was this feeling cherished — were these wishes fed. Dark days, it was felt, had visited our

weary world. Are we forgotten by even God? Hath he shut up his tender mercies in anger? Hath he given up this orb to be pillaged by human fiends and decimated by kingly tyrants? Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the righteous fail from the children of men.

Savonarola appears upon the Italian sky—a bright, splendid, but evanescent star, sudden in its burst of glory, brief in its hour of beaming, and gloomy in its setting within a sea of blood.

The earlier period of Savonarola's life may be briefly narrated. As the grandson of the physician of the Ducal Court of Ferrara, he is advantaged in the refining influences of the society with which he mingles. He receives the best education of his age, and proves an apt scholar and an accomplished student. Disappointed in love and disgusted with what he saw of the immoral life of the city and times, he seeks refuge in the Dominican Convent of Bologna, whither he fled without the cognizance of his parents; but to them he writes of his inflexible resolve to henceforth devote his life to religious exercises.

He takes the lowest place in this convent, and performs tasks most menial during the first year of his conventual life. But his bearing, his culture, his piety, his ability proclaim him fit for worthier station and duties, and he is appointed lecturer or teacher of the less erudite members of the brotherhood. His success in this new rôle wins for him election as delegate from his convent to a convention of the order, held in North Italy, where he meets with the most

illustrious members of his order and the most cultivated thinkers of his age.

Here, too, he could not be hid ; but, as a bright particular star, shone with such brilliancy and power as to win the admiration of a distinguished citizen of Florence—Mirandola by name—through whom the great Lorenzo of Florence was informed respecting the appearance of this new orb of first magnitude upon the sky of Italy.

This resulted in his invitation to become an inmate of the convent of St. Mark at Florence, of which Lorenzo the Magnificent was the munificent patron. In Florence we find Savonarola, surrounded by a confiding and admiring fraternity of monks, and the object of much curious criticism in the literary circles of which Lorenzo was the acknowledged center.

His learning commands unbounded admiration ; his humility and his aptness to teach render him a fascinating lecturer to the brothers of the convent and the citizens who join them as an audience when he discoursed upon ethics, philosophy, and the arts beneath the ample shadows of the noble trees adorning the monastic grounds.

High are the hopes cherished by his friends when he is selected as Lenten lecturer in one of the city churches. An immense congregation waits upon his words of wisdom, as for the first time he assumes the office of preacher. But, alas, the doom of disappointment is their lot ! The speaker is in manner uncouth, in speech hesitating, in voice unmusical and unskillful,

in style of composition dry and shallow. The audiences dwindled as the course proceeds; until at the close, but a handful remains within the spacious sanctuary to greet the preacher's dispirited endeavor.

Ashamed, chagrined, disheartened, he retires from the city and convent, and is lost amid the small towns and scattered hamlets of Upper Italy for several years. He returns a sadder and a wiser man. He returns renewed, developed, matured—welcomed as before and loved as ever. Critical scrutiny warrants his appointment again as Advent preacher; when, before a startled and dazzled crowd within the Cathedral, an orator such as had not been since St. John of Constantinople or St. Bernard of the Crusades bursts upon the overwhelmed, the enraptured city! Assiduously had he cultivated his faculties of thought, of language, of gesture, and of voice. The ungainly had become graceful; the awkward, dignified; the untuned voice responded with matchless flexibility to the will of its sovereign—its sovereign, for again the pulpit had become a throne, and the monarch worthy of it was the monk, the prior of St. Mark.

He was a hero. The plague visits Florence. It sweeps its thousands to the tomb; they are buried by seventy in a day. Commerce is paralyzed, business suspended, local life stagnates. All who can, flee from the fated city. Silence reigns in its market-places; the mourners go along its streets. They that look out of the windows are darkened; the daughters of music are brought low. What an oppressive calm broods over the fairest and gayest of people! The

King of Terrors is upon the throne. He utters his fiat—he equips his emissaries—he exults in the maddening reign of his rule. The mighty and the mean bow to him, the learned and the boor render him homage. The fair and the foul give their necks to his heel. But, while hundreds flee, and while even the monks and nuns of the city in troops depart to spots more healthy and salubrious, one abides. Savonarola will not abandon the sick, the dying, the wounded, the bereaved; he will even send the more timid of his monks away while he himself remains to organize methods for the alleviation of the woe.

See his moral heroism—courage. There is evil in the city—in its high places as in its low. There is lewdness in their feasts and uncleanness in their luxuries of art. There is falsehood and deceit; there is rivalry and revenge; there is materialism and infidelity; crimes are of constant occurrence; the night favors the assassin, the intriguer, and the libertine. The priesthood are polluted; the monasteries are faithless; the nobles are tyrannical; the merchants are false; woman is sullied; life is a seething mass of vice. Over the fated city the seer's eye beholds the tokens of a gathering storm; to his frenzied gaze an angel with drawn sword hovers prompt to obey the behest of heaven, and bathe its ethereal blade in the breast of the faithless commonwealth. And from the pulpit he thunders forth the doom pending. He spares neither prince, nor priest, nor pope; evil is named and denounced; sin detailed and depicted; from the most pictorial portion of the Bible metaphors are selected

as descriptive of Florentine life and of the penalties of heaven against all who thus sin.

Lorenzo may frown, the young men of the chief families sneer and satirize; the pope may issue his anathemas, the venal Franciscans may report him to the pope; and, greater than all, the offer of a cardinal's hat may test his courage and try his fealty to conscience. Above them all he soars; upon them all he looks down with an infinite repose. Though he begins to feel the pyre being piled and the fagots heaped and kindled, yet, like another reformer, none of these things move him. His path may lead right onward o'er the flint and thorn, across the burning plowshare, up the chill, lone heights of sorrow; ignoring loss, yet o'er these he will tread; for only thus can the whiteness of the soul be kept, and thus not happiness is greatness.

He was an orator. What are the essentials of eloquence? There shall be intellectual vigor. Truth shall thus be apprehended and logically arranged. To make others see, the speaker must have clearest perception of it. Let it be to him an enhazed object, then to his audience it will be only a nebulous mass and filmy, impotent to thrill and powerless to move a passion or a purpose in the hearer's soul. He must have something to say worth saying; and that something must be to him a luminous, a living, and a lofty reality, seen, grasped, believed.

There shall be imagination—the philosophic imagination. This is an imperial faculty. It is an inventive power. It is that by which the mind combines

multiformity into unity; and by the combination produces a reality which at once satisfies the reason by its truth and moves the heart into admiration by its beauty or its grandeur.

Unlike fancy, imagination deals with the essence of things. Fancy is light and airy in her movements; Imagination, stately and majestic. Fancy decorates and embellishes; Imagination creates and fashions into massive and proportioned forms. Fancy is the soft and silver moonlight in which lovers woo and fairies dance; Imagination is the sunlight through which angels wing their flight on embassies of law and goodness from luminous world to world, or in which men of giant mold fight against and vanquish the world, the flesh, and the devil, work and win the food of truth by which great souls are nourished and with which character far-famed and immortal is fed and fashioned. This is the vivifying faculty of the mind. This is the unifying power of the intellect. This is the idealizing organ of the understanding.

With this power of thought Burke was pre-eminently endowed; so, too, was Webster. And in a most extraordinary measure was it the gift of Emerson and the distinguishing characteristic of Thomas De Quincey.

Fancy revels in variety; Imagination exults in unity. Fancy deals with the superficial; Imagination with the profound. Fancy delights in the accidental; Imagination in the essential. Fancy tabernacles in the evanescent; Imagination abides in the permanent. Of Fancy it may be said, "the things seen"

by her eye "are temporal;" of Imagination it may be said, "the things seen" by her "are eternal." Fancy detects resemblances; Imagination discovers analogies. Fancy adorns by putting on Nature; Imagination astonishes and adorns by bringing forth from Nature. Fancy adorns by robing Nature; Imagination adorns by disrobing Nature. The former adds to Nature that wherewith she hopes to embellish; the latter lifts the veil and lets Nature reveal her splendors.

There is the emotional endowment. We cannot call him an eloquent man, in the noblest sense, who is not generously equipped with emotional forces. Indeed, his heart ought to be as deep and broad an ocean of feeling as his understanding is exalted and vast as a domain of thought. As the orb of night moves the ocean into tidal currents, even so should his intellectuality sway and heave the orator's heart. Else, how can he move his audience? Lacking this he may convince; but with it he both convinces and moves; he both reveals the duty of the hour and impels to its discharge, to its performance.

His emotions shall gleam in the eye, shall glow in the feature, shall thrill in the piercing or tremulous tones of his voice. The truth presented by him shall set his own heart on fire, and then will enkindle the heart of his auditory into a conflagration—every heart an active volcano.

Yet shall he be self-possessed, master of himself, holding the winds in his fists, measuring the waters in the hollow of his hands. He "rides in the whirlwind

and directs the storm," both in his own and in his hearers' breasts. For this alone is power—over himself and over others.

Then there must be the moral—the man—behind all these. This is absolutely necessary. He believes, and therefore speaks. He cannot but speak the things which he has seen and heard, thought out and felt. Not as a rhetorician is he presenting his faultlessly finished passages and periods; not as a hired, a mercenary declaimer, to whom a brief has been handed, and whose business it is to make the worse appear the better cause. Mistaken he may be, but he believes himself right. For himself he has tested, sounded, the verity of that whereof he speaks. It has passed through the fire of his own criticism and experience. And he stands up to proclaim in all ears, I know and I believe in that I aver.

Earnestness and intensity are bred by this. He pleads for truth; he persuades for righteousness' sake. Artifice and trickery he cannot tolerate. Interests of momentous importance are involved. To them he is consecrated. His theme possesses him. It is a fire in his bones; it is an impulse in his heart; it is vigor in his will. He is but the organ, the vehicle, through and by which duty speaks, Deity voices his benign, his imperative, decrees. For himself he seeks not. Favor he craves not. Scorn he dreads not. One purpose is his: conviction in his hearers' minds, surrender in his hearers' hearts, reformation in his hearers' lives.

No thunder of acclaim can satisfy; no wreath of fame upon the brow can compensate. The one is

breath; the other is a weed. Manhood transformed, conscience triumphant, justice enthroned—these he challenges as his only but exceeding great reward!

What is eloquence? It is a great soul filled with great thoughts, moved by a strong conviction of their truth, and pouring forth its utterances with lava-like force of fiery relentlessness. There must be a clear intellect to see, seize, and arrange truth. There must be a powerful imagination to vivify, group, illustrate, and adorn truth, to seize analogies and weave metaphor. There must be an honest and deep, pure heart; emotion equal to the demands of the intelligence and the creations of the imagination; wisdom and truth coming into play gradually but certainly, under control—mightiest when least boisterous; exultant, severe, tender.

There must be voice fitted to give forth the thought; a suitable duct for the feelings, under wise guidance, subject to well-known rules; heard by the speaker, so as to kindle feelings in his own heart akin to that aflame in those of his audience. Gestures, more or less, are suitable to the current of feeling, style of thinking; appealing; persuading; entreating; wavering; reasoning. Presence has much to do with the effect of eloquence: as to bulk of person; height of figure; cast of contour. The whole man should speak, from the smallest toe to the shortest and youngest hair; every intonation, every wave of the hand, every quiver of the muscle, every glance, should let loose the soul to seize and shake, to soothe and stimulate the uncaptured listeners.

Savonarola was confessedly an orator—at first of most imperfect expression, uncouth manner, impulsive rather than fascinating. Although saddened when first he attempted to address a Florentine audience, he little dreamed to what a throne and empire he would yet climb as a master of sentences and of sounds.

He was in stature of middle height; complexion fair; temperament nervous; forehead broad and lofty; eyebrows overhanging; a mouth of flexibility and variety of expression; nose high and aquiline. His voice had gained a magic range and compass even for an Italian; now soft, low, subduing as a mother's when she would soothe the passion-fretted infant to slumber; now swelling into organ-like massiveness and sublimity; again terrific when denouncing, awing, foretelling approaching tribulation. Was there a note, or stop, or key, or pedal, in the amazing organ-spirit of man this magnificent genius could not draw forth and bid to his imperial purpose?

His mind had been well trained and well stored with the scholarship and knowledge of his time. He was metaphorical; he was logical; he was poetical; his power of pictorial description has never been surpassed; his audience saw, as he did, the scenes he described; they heard, as did he, the crash of the bolt and the rush of the storm of vengeance. The largest building in Florence was too small to contain his hearers. All night long the peasants from the hamlets, citizens of distant towns, journeyed, that by earliest dawn they might reach the gates of the cathedral and secure a sitting or a foothold for standing.

Amphitheater-like the building was, for the time, arranged, and swarmed with living, longing, heaving, human hearts, drawn by the fame of the illustrious preacher; every corner contained its occupant; every niche its rapt listener; they climbed around and clambered up the pillars that they might gaze upon the inspired speaker. Poets, sages, statesmen, princes, ambassadors, hung upon his lips, and few forgot the magic of his manner and of his appeals; they wept, they sighed, they sobbed; time was forgotten; sin appeared exceedingly awful; memory revived the past; conscience put on her robe of judgment; duties neglected stared them in the face; death, judgment, immortality, moved forth to receive, doom, and seal them. From the reporter's fingers the pen falls as his entranced spirit goes out to meet the preacher's; no business is transacted, day by day, until Savonarola has preached; immorality is abashed; social delinquencies are checked, seemliness in dress and songs becomes almost universal.

Children feel the spell of the weird man; they are especially thought of by him, and special services organized in their behalf. Some thousands at a time swarmed to the cathedral to listen to the matchless teacher. They were formed into companies, and sent forth through the city bearing a commission to visit every house, explore every chamber, and demand from the owners whatever of art, of jewelry, or of luxury they owned that suggested impurity or fostered vice. These spoils they collected and heaped into a large pyramid in the principal square of Florence, and,

surrounded by an immense crowd, and in the gaze of the magistrates of the city, and in most solemn and impressive spirit, the pile was fired and entirely consumed. However we may condemn such conduct, we cannot fail to recognize the almost despotic power wielded by the monk reformer.

SAVONAROLA WAS A STATESMAN, NOT A
POLITICIAN.

There is a distinction and a difference between the politician and the statesman. The politician is full of temporary expedients; the statesman of eternal principles. The politician deems himself the center of the system of government; the statesman regards himself as but one of the lights revolving round the governmental center. The politician thinks of himself; the statesman of his country. The politician feeds upon his country; the statesman dies for it. The politician honors the government by serving it; the statesman is honored by being permitted to serve it. The politician acts for the present; the statesman labors for the future. The politician travels in an ever-narrowing orbit; the statesman moves with majesty of step around a pathway ever amplifying. The politician surveys the state from the benches and through the fumes of an ale-house; the statesman climbs the watch-tower of serene, truth-loving philosophic contemplation, whence he can look both before and after, learning from the past how best to steer the vessel of the state through the unexplored ocean of the far-reaching future. The politician is inspired by

love of self; the statesman by loyalty to principle. The politician is impelled by convenience; the statesman by conscience. The politician believes all men are liars; the statesman believes he can find good in every man. The politician believes in chance; the statesman believes in God. The politician reaches his end by crawling, and dust is the serpent's food; the statesman walks with eyes gazing beyond the stars, and with step which beats time to the very music of the harps of God.

Savonarola was a statesman. Into the civil, the political life of his fellows he deemed it an imperative duty to throw himself; indeed, upon the downfall of the Medicean family and tyranny, the citizens naturally turn to the Friar of St. Mark as to the only honest and capable man to whom might be intrusted the helm of the Republic. He undertook to reorganize the state and restore the venerable liberties of the commonwealth. His ideal was a theocracy—"a city of God." He fancied it possible to be a statesman and yet a godly man. He believed it to be the divine purpose that those who ruled men should fear God. He cherished the conviction that truth could underlie, and interlace, and engird, and give strength, and symmetry, and sanctity to the government of his beloved Florentines. He believed it altogether desirable that magistrates should spurn bribes; and hold even balances and office, not for monetary aggrandizement or family enrichment, but for the liberty and life of the state. Perhaps he was mistaken; perhaps he was only another of many

visionaries who so theorize ; perhaps he was before his age, as others of his class have been. As yet the history of political life does not seem to have made much advance upon the facts of those olden days. Men then, as now, laughed at such a dream ; then, as now, they left religion in the vestibule of their halls of parliament to keep company with their umbrellas and their wet-weather overalls.

Seeing that I am not myself a politician, I am scarce able to say, with any thing like authority, whether or no Savonarola's theories are correct. As politics have been, should they continue so to be, I should not care to take an active part in them. As a minister of the Gospel I think it is not advisable. I should not like to "stump a campaign" for either Whig or Tory. I feel persuaded there is more likelihood of loss than gain of reputation and influence in such a course as that adopted by our martyr hero Savonarola. Our business is, as I take it, to purify political life indirectly, by seeking to further the purification of the men of the state. Our work above all is to aid men into a nobler life of conscience and a nobler life of soul. Ours is to aid men in seeking to know and feel the obligation of the right, and in seeking to further their endeavors after the love which sweetens life. Let me then influence and transform men from the least unto the greatest, and in my profession I shall have done no mean part in fitting men for the honorable calling in making laws and administering them. I may, in the most solemn sense, mold the Constitution, secure its purity, and guard it from all

who might dare to violate its sacredness or annul its sanction.

Savonarola felt it to be his vocation to aid directly in the affairs of government, and doubtless the state of affairs rendered his co-operation imperatively necessary. There have been times in the history of peoples when the men whose callings marked them out for governmental work proved so unequal to the demand of the occasion that all who loved order and life gladly availed themselves of help from any honorable quarter, and welcomed it—whether from the palace, the studio, the cobbler's stool, the printer's press, the cloister of the monk, or the plow-shafts of the farmer. In such times the man of most brain power and of most honest heart, of clearest thought and promptest will, is the man upon whose shoulders will be flung the robe of responsibility; to whose hands shall be committed the banner around which shall cluster the forces of freedom—the lovers of law. Such a one was Savonarola.

And surely his was no unworthy dream, bred in the effete brain of an emaciated ascetic, but one altogether fair to look upon, and fit to become national. He would have a people make their own laws and choose their own rulers; he would have justice clad in robes of sanctity, and law based upon honor, veracity, and impartiality. He would have every citizen the defender and the exponent of liberty and love. Industry should be held imperative, and labor deemed noble. Life should be girt about with reverence, and home made the nursery of virtue. Around every honest

calling there should gather the sanctity of right, and upon every institution of art, of science, of benevolence, there should rest the benediction of Heaven. Unity should bestow strength to toil, to suffer, to bear assault, and to repel invasion; and impartial rule should give scope for the healthful growth of individuality and personality. Religion should promote every enactment, circulate through the branches of commerce, and bear fruit in generosity, gratitude, and humility. Feebleness shall be maintained by strength, indigence succored by wealth, suffering solaced by sympathy, widowhood shall command respect, innocence win protection, and age secure reverence. Labor shall be worship, and worship noblest life. The fondest hopes, the fairest visions of seer and saint shall greet the gaze of wondering observers; around all the invisible but invulnerable shield shall be suspended, and upon all the glory there shall be a defense. This was the monk's ideal; for this he breathed, for this he sat at council boards and organized the magistracy.

But all this implies a material fitted to the plastic hand of the statesman. This is beautiful in the politician's study. It is a delectable idea. One's heart heaves high while such possibilities hover round the imagination. But, *will it work?* This is the question. Such a splendid scheme demands men—not *shams*, but MEN. It demands intelligence; it needs conscience; it pre-supposes unselfishness. It needs not a few men, but men in the multitude—in the mass. Given such material, to fashion from them

a Christian nation is the practical problem. Hitherto we have not had the type of manhood necessary to such an edifice of political life; and, therefore, instability, rottenness, office-hunting, Tammany rings, etc., etc., etc. Nevertheless, from such an ideal of government good abundantly may emanate; for, when sincerely held by men of broad and vigorous souls, efforts corresponding will surely be put forth to aid in manufacturing the man-material of which to erect Christian, freedom-loving, law-abiding government. Education shall become every man's right and within every man's reach. This is good. Freedom of discussion shall be proclaimed, even thus leading to debate, argument, investigation, and ventilation of topics. This is good. Liberty of the press shall be pronounced here, and thus the most thoughtful, the most cultivated, the most experienced of the age shall aid in guiding conduct, in educating opinion, in shaping belief. This is good. The pulpit shall be held in esteem, when worthy of it, and thus shall the moral nature of man be purified, the moral tone of man be elevated, the moral life of men become rectified; and this is good.

So that it is, after all, well that such an ideal as Savonarola's exists. A nation, though not altogether fitted for it, is yet less unfitted, and is, as the ages roll, increasing in positive meetness for the inheritance of civil and religious freedom, such as I rejoice to know is the pride and glory of the land in which I have made my home.

Threefold forces of foes, as a matter of course,

thronged upon him, gradually, resolutely: those wounded by his denunciations of immorality, those checkmated by his political honesty, those aggrieved by his exposure of the faithlessness and foulness of the head and chieftains of the Church—these last the most virulent and sanguinary of the three, and prompt to avail themselves of the passions and violence of the former two.

Alexander VI. has his eye upon this disturber of peace, and will soon have his mailed hand upon this emissary of the righteous God. Reports of Savonarola's sermons are transmitted to him for inspection. How his blood must leap and rush as he reads or hears read the terrible invectives of the monk orator! With what ill-concealed rage he meditates the purpose which shall strike him down! Anathema is threatened if the magistrates permit him to again occupy the cathedral. Should this fail, he shall be placed under interdict.

The reformer retires, but, after a brief period, appears once more unhindered, unmolested, only to hurl newly forged bolts and reiterate with heightened fervor the charges preferred against the vicar of Christ and his base minions.

Savonarola calls for a council of the nations and Church, that reformation may be demanded and inaugurated. But this only arouses for the final conflict the haughty spirit of the pontiff.

Steps are taken to entrap Savonarola into a trial by ordeal of his credentials as a heaven-commissioned agent. The day, the place, have been selected. Im-

mense crowds throng the square. Magistrates preside over the eventful scene. The friends of the rival friars gather round their heroes. The piles of combustibles have been heaped ; between them a narrow pathway to be trodden by the Franciscan and Dominican while in fury of conflagration. He who escapes unharmed is thereby pronounced the true and faithful emissary of the Most High. And now the Italian throng heaves deep and high with excitement ; contending passions struggle for ascendancy ; Savonarola will not go through the fire but with "*the Host.*" This is deemed sacrilege by his opponents. A debate ensues ; time advances ; the day is waning ; signs of a thunder-storm are hailed by not a few of the more influential of the group. The rain descends in torrents. The crowd breaks up—disappointed, enraged.

A reaction sets in against our hero ; it is seized by his foes. With his monks Savonarola retires to his convent and to his pulpit to rehearse the doings of the day and explain his conduct. Outside disturbances have occurred between citizens, his friends and foes. An attack is made upon the convent, but to be resisted by armed and brave men. The walls are scaled ; the gates stormed ; conflict follows ; blood flows. The magistrates interfere. Savonarola and one of his chief friends are seized, and conveyed by order of the magistrates to prison. Their lives are in peril as they pass through the streets.

Once in prison, Alexander's spies transmit the intelligence. Speedy work is made ; and upon the

charges of deceiving the people as a prophet, of having vilified the pope and denied his sanctity and his sovereignty, our martyr is arraigned before a commission appointed by his holiness.

He is examined, but denies the charges preferred. Then he is subjected to the torture. His emaciated, nervous, frail body is roped, lifted by pulleys until it touches the ceiling—then let go, to descend with speed, and by the shock rend his framework, shatter his joints. Unconsciousness follows. He is released and conveyed to a couch. As he regains consciousness they ply him with questions, and extract from him confession and acknowledgment of the charges preferred against him. These are carefully taken down, read to him when restored to full strength of mind, but indignantly denied by him as his honest statements.

Again is he hoisted, strained, let fall, dislocated, shattered; again released and removed; again subjected to questions; again yields to the inquisitor, but to once more reassert the falsity thereof when restored to his wonted balance and strength of mind.

But it is enough for his foes. The papers are forwarded to the pope; returned with the decree that he be handed over to the care of the magistrates, and by these doomed to death by burning.

And yonder, in the city of his fond affection, in the square where pyramids of paintings, statuettes, jewels, articles of *virtu* had, in his presence, been consumed by the people who oft had yielded to his mighty appeals, and responded by tears and sighs and

reformations to his impassioned oratory, the deed is done. The fagots are heaped and kindled ; the sacred body of Italy's best son feeds the flames into fiercer fury, and in a chariot of fire the mighty spirit sweeps home to join the noble army of martyrs.

So perished one of the seed-royal of this earth ; another of the " goodly fellowship of the prophets ;" of stainless morals, of most unselfish life ; born out of due time, perhaps ; leaving to his countrymen a rich legacy in the memory of a life consecrated to the holiest ends.

Alas ! so have the ages too often treated their truest benefactors. Such men, like their Master, full oft come unto their own, bearing with them untold wealth of benefaction—only to be for a time objects of wonder and admiration, then objects of contumely and outlawry, and finally victims of the gibbet and the stake.

Heroes have ever had to front opposition ; to bear up against opprobrium ; to win their way with fearful death in prospect ; and for their reward clasp upon their brows a crown of thorns, or bind around them the robe of flame as the mantle of their knighthood and the symbol of their chivalry as valiant for the truth. Goodness on this planet hath ever had a life of struggle and of conflict. To preserve, to perpetuate, its existence, it has had to wrestle oftentimes against dreadful odds—oftentimes alone and unbefriended ; sometimes forsaken and betrayed ; and yet, though crushed to earth, still juvenescent, undaunted, and undespairing—bearing on its heart the prophetic

assurance of ultimate and universal and eternal victory.

We are made to be attracted by the Sublime as well as by the Beautiful in human character as certainly as in natural scenery. There is no sublimity comparable with the morally sublime. There is no beauty like the "beauty of holiness." The mountain hoary with the rush of centuries may not rival the man strong in integrity, of noble purpose, and generous even to death in self-sacrificing devotion to the weal of his nation and his race, in the elements of grandeur which compose his character and life. Such is the surpassing order of the spiritual and the moral that we seek to set it forth by selecting from material things the outward and visible symbols of which the spiritual is the absolute substance.

The sentiment called the sublime is copiously provided for in the domains of matter. The physical universe is so fashioned as to evoke the emotion of the human spirit. The whirlwind in its march of devastation ; the sea in its amplitude and mysteries ; the midnight heavens with their pomp of worlds and their dark depths of glowing, moving, ordered squadrons ; the forests freighted with the brooding mysteries of monster, of peril, and of age ; the ancient hills riven by thunder-shafts, embrowned by winds and rains, mantled with snow, helmeted with ice, unchanged amid the revolutions of empires that long have flourished beneath their sheltering shadow—these all exist as nourishment for the spirit's appetitive longing after sublimity.

But these physical objects fail in reaching the utmost depths of the human spirit. The sublime as it appears in the life of a person, as it fronts us in the character of a true man, moves us with more of electric throb, and binds us with a spell more necromantic.

A life sworn to duty ; given up to truth ; consecrated upon the altar of humanity ; as tender as 'tis brave ; as gentle as 'tis strong ; as beautiful as 'tis stern ; inspired by a passion which pervades it with unquenchable purpose, binds it into a harmonious unity, impels it with resistless energy ; as strong in suffering as in toil ; as equipoised in success as invincible amid disaster ; true when alone as when surrounded by myriads ; unseduced by love of power and unenfeebled by flattery ; keen to appreciate scorn, yet inflexible amid the bitterest peltings of the pitiless tempest of contumely, invective, and contempt—this is the sublimity of the sublime, winning at once the admiration of men, the wonder of angels, and the “well done” of God !

It matters not to what portion of the race such a one belongs. It matters not what skin robes his skeleton ; what blood leaps along his veins ; what suns have bronzed his brow ; what language voices his thought. It matters not in what age he lived, neither how many nor how deep and wide the great gulfs dividing him from us and from other generations ; defiant of all such limitations the influence of such a man's character diffuses itself like the circumambient air ; radiates itself like the impartial sunlight ; and darts its power through time like the attraction which

travels through sunless leagues of space and binds the star upon the frontier of creation into brotherhood with the meteor most proximate to the center and the fount from whence the mysterious potency emanates.

So have we thought while meditating upon the life and character of Savonarola.

He was an Italian; we are of Anglo-Saxon blood. He was a Catholic; we are Protestants. He was a monk; we are fathers and citizens of the world. He lived and wrought in the fifteenth century; we have our existence in the nineteenth. Five hundred years intervene since he began his brilliant but, alas, too brief career.

Nevertheless, the man "being dead yet speaketh;" speaks with an eloquence as rich, and a persuasiveness as sovereign as to those who gave to his appeals the tribute of their tears, to his heroism the homage of their hearts, and to his patriotism the acclaim of their unspeakable gratitude and undying veneration.

Our martyr's spirit never ceased to live amid the Tuscan people; soon they repented of their folly and their ingratitude. The memory of their patriot monk waxed in sacredness as years of tyranny and wrong rolled over the city, of his fabulous eloquence and life-long service. Amid the deepest degradation the name of Savonarola fanned the slumbering embers of their hope of emancipation from ducal despotism. A paper was printed bearing his name; and not infrequently the fainting hearts of Florence cheered each other by repeating their brave friend's oft-reiterated words: "Italy shall be renewed!"

If it be, indeed, permitted the holy ones from earth to witness the march of this world's events and to know the progress of plans whose initial steps they tended and protected, to gaze upon the harvests whose seed they sowed and watered with tears of blood; and if, from such source, they draw any of their fullness of joy, who dare describe the rapture he must feel who can look down on his beloved Italy, a united kingdom? Her petty princedoms have vanished; her endless strifes closed; Venice and Genoa, Florence and Naples, revolving in planetary order and increasing luster around Rome, the center and the capital of the chosen ruler of the loveliest of the lands washed by the classic waters of the tideless Mediterranean. Italy free from Alp to Apennine, from Turin to Calabria; free in her press, free in her constitution, free in her worship! No dungeon entombing a captive for conscience or his country's sake! Education building schools and gathering thousands of the dark-eyed descendants of artists, poets, statesmen, and orators, who filled the world with their fame! Commerce again crowding her ports and loading her quays. Industry kindling factory fires, and steam traversing her valleys! An open Bible sold in all the streets and the Gospel again preached without molestation in Rome! What in all do we—does he—behold but “Italy renewed;” her sepulcher empty; her grave-clothes removed; fire in her eye; life in her footstep; nobleness in her gait; before her hope, bright-visioned; above her, God; and around her his everlasting arms! She takes her

place in the foremost ranks of the progressive nations of the world, and gives pledge of a future as bright and as serene as her past has been troubled, cloud-piled, and dark; fulfilling the anticipations and assurances of one of her most ardent lovers as expressed in his "Song of Italy:"

For times and wars shall change, kingdoms and creeds,
And dreams of men, and deeds;
Earth shall grow gray with all her golden things,
Pale peoples and hoar kings;
But though her thrones and towers of nations fall,
Death hath not part in all:
In the air, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor heaven, nor truth, nor thee.
Yea, let all scepter-stricken nations lie,
But live thou though they die;
Let their flags fade as flowers that storm can mar,
But thine be like a star;
Let England's, if it float not for men free,
Fall, and forget the sea;
Let France's, if it shadow a hateful head,
Drop as a leaf drops dead;
Thine let what storm soever smite the rest
Smite as it seems him best:
Thine let the wind that can, by sea or land,
Wrest from thy banner-hand.
Die they in whom dies freedom, die and cease;
Though the world weep for these,
Live thou, and love and lift when these lie dead
The green and white and red.

VI.

ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF THE IRISH.*

THE bare mention of such a theme generally elicits a smile, sometimes even a laugh, and not seldom an expression of supercilious contempt. And this is not the less probable when a Protestant proposes to treat it.

Any thing Irish is likely to produce such results. Yet just now Ireland and Irish matters have quite another side than that which elicits merriment or creates amusement. They are not in an exceedingly merry mood just now over yonder on the Green Isle; and other feelings than those most pleasant have been occasioned by Irishmen even in our own State and city. †

It is not a little remarkable that there should be such a power to call forth the lighter sentiments of our nature by the mere name of Ireland or of St. Patrick. Some may be disposed to attribute this to a lack of earnestness, or of depth of purpose, or of practical, steady, and successful conduct, peculiar to the people. Others might attribute this feeling to the levity and recklessness, the good-nature and love

* A lecture written and delivered but twice—in March, 1880, in San Francisco, and Oakland, California—a few weeks previous to the author's return to Baltimore.

† San Francisco, Cal.

of ease, the ready wit and buoyancy of spirit slightly characteristic of the nation. I shall not stop to attempt an explanation. Smile as you may, or sneer as you choose, it abides an indubitable fact that there is such a place as Ireland, and a people, or race, or remnant of race, called Irish.

I beg in the most solemn manner to assure you, gentlemen, that the island yet gems the western ocean's bosom, and the people were never more certain of recognition, and never more resolved to live and make themselves felt than to-day. They are a force in the Old World, and, for good or evil, in the New. They challenge attention no less emphatically in the southern hemisphere than they have, for centuries, in the northern. And lest they should pass onward unnoticed by reason of their apparent happiness, they have no difficulty and no hesitancy in taking the world by the ear, and compelling it to halt and listen to their tale of suffering and the wail of their famine-stricken populations.

Few peoples have had a larger share of misfortune; by whom induced, it is not my purpose to say. The annals of Ireland are among the most dreary, dismal, and depressing of the many penned by the muse of history. I speak this with all deliberation. The people may be light-hearted; but no student of their melancholy past can rise from perusal of their history, light-hearted. There is only one other people of whom I could say this with any thing like equal truthfulness: that other people, the Jewish race—a people great in their heroes, great in their poets,

great in their legislators, great in their philosophers, great in their patriotism, great in their artists, great in their persistent and invincible vitality, but greatest in the wrongs inflicted and the woes unviated upon them by the rude and ruffian hands of secular priests and sanguinary princes.

The Irish race is very old. It is proud of its age. All great families and peoples are. There is no reason to doubt the assertion that it is as old as Noah's flood. The Irish were in the ark. They were in Paradise. As Levi in the loins of Abraham, so were the Irish in the loins of Adam.

It is a respectable antiquity. They came from the East. Their language proves them one in original stock with those who produced the "Vedas" of India, the "Zendavesta" of Zoroaster, the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Orations" of Cicero. Max Muller has proven this fact with unusual copiousness of argument.

It is not improbable that the Milesian Irish landed in Ireland from Spain; whither the Phenicians of Tyre and Carthage, in ages most remote, had migrated to establish commerce and colonies. Language renders this probable; religion proclaims it probable; arts and habits proclaim it probable. Who were absolutely the first to occupy the soil of Ireland the most calm-headed and competent authorities upon such matters are unable to say.

But, though it may be an utter impossibility to decide when or how they reached Ireland, or whether they sprang from the soil and were as indigenous to it as the Greeks believed respecting themselves, Ire-

land and the Irish, I repeat, are to-day facts of history—most incontrovertible, stern, stubborn facts. For evil or for good—as a blessing or as a curse—Ireland lives, moves, and has her being in this the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Of small dimensions when compared with Texas or the Territory of Dakota, she takes her place side by side with states not larger in her power to influence the world. The peoples who have most modified the history of humanity have lived, like Irishmen, upon comparatively circumscribed territories.

Egypt, first in architecture and astronomic science, is of but insignificant extent; the valley of the Nile her home.

Israel, the greatest of peoples in power over the conscience and heart of mankind—whether as Jew or as Christian—occupied but a petty portion of the surface of our globe.

Greece, first in art, great in philosophy, peerless in eloquence—what a contemptible plot was given to her!

Rome, the mistress of the world, greatest of law-givers, greatest of road-builders, greatest of organizers, and second but to Greece in the majesty of her language and the splendid oratory of her sons, grew up to world-wide might and empire upon a scanty peninsula.

So that, of those who most educated the intellect of man, best trained the will of man, and with greatest benefit controlled the moral nature of man, it must be confessed that the bounds of their habitation were

extremely narrow indeed. Therefore, upon the score of size of local habitation, the Irish may not be despised.

Nor is Ireland deficient in sea-board ; for she is an island. The harbors are numerous and they are safe. Lough Foyle, Carrickfergus and Carlingford Bays, the Cove of Cork, the Shannon from the sea to Limerick, Clew Bay—as noble as that of Naples—with others, testify to the facilities for commerce created in the coast-line of the island. Nor is she deficient in water within her coasts. There is no dearth of stream or river. There is no lack of fountain or of lake. And as to rain—well, in no spot might hydropathic establishments be erected with less expense or inconvenience. Eight months of the year there is rain.

Greener grass grows not than in her valleys. Fairer flowers bloom not than in her hedgerows. Fatter hogs wallow not than in her ditches ; butter more delicious than her Cork brand ; nor potatoes more floury than those dug from her fields. And as for the mountain dew that smiles at the gauger as it trickles in mellow drops along the convolutions of the worm of the still, far up in the glen, where only the moonbeams see and the fairies hear it—as for that you must taste it for yourselves.

The inhabitants of Ireland to-day are not at all a homogeneous people. They are quite as heterogeneous as the English, whose greatness has been by some largely attributed to the varieties of the blood mingling in the modern Englishman's veins.

First came the Milesian Irish, the uncertainty of whose origin I have already noticed.

Then there were the Norsemen—the Danes—the daring, fearless pirates of the age in which they began their series of descents upon the Irish coasts. Their career was one of blood, pillage, massacre. They burned monasteries; they pillaged churches; they ravished women; they slaughtered young and old with relentless, though oft-opposed, violence. Yet they were never completely expelled from the land. Though at Clontarf, near Dublin, one of the most brilliant of battles was fought, and one of the bravest of monarchs fell—Brian Boroihme—still, when the Normans landed, they found Danes settled in Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, and associated by marriage with the native princes and peoples, as though they had made up their former feuds.

Next came the Anglo-Normans, who began to conquer and to win their way in the reign of Henry II., and from whom descended the Fitzgeralds, the De Lacys, the Barrys, the De Burghs; who finally so fell in love with Ireland and Irish genius and Irish manners and Irish girls that, losing their love for England, they positively became, in hatred thereto, “more Irish than the Irish.”

There are the Scotch, planted in the North of Ireland by Elizabeth and James I., from whom descended not a few of the men most brave in the American Revolutionary struggle; most sagacious in the formation of the new Republic; and, since then, most successful in the commercial life of the great mercantile centers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago.

There are the descendants of the soldiers who fought with Cromwell, and were rewarded by gifts of confiscated estates and farms—Puritans of the Puritans.

There are the Huguenots, compelled to leave their lovely France by the bigoted Louis XIV., and from whom have sprung some of the ablest judges and most eloquent divines.

There are the Germans of Limerick and Tipperary and Kerry, who, flying for conscience' sake from the Rhine, found, under Queen Anne's government, protection and farms on the banks of the Shannon.

I do not think I ever closed a volume with sadder heart than when I laid down the History of Ireland. It is a dreary and a desolate record. It is the story of a conquered people. It is a tale of woe, of strife, of fighting with foes from without and foes from within. I could not fail to perceive that the bitterest enemies of Ireland were those of her own household. I could not fail to see that their wretched system of provincial kingships entailed naught but feebleness, and generated naught but envy, border war, incessant rivalries, and interminable feuds. Unity was but a name; by no means a reality. How could there be other than perpetual possibilities of antagonism, when an island of such dimensions owned the sovereignty of at least four monarchs? How could there be other than unintermitting heart-burnings among a people by whom provision must be made for the princely sons and daughters of these four monarchs?

The natural condition of society was war. The very inability to agree among themselves to-day, in our city, characteristic of the Irish political clubs, is a sure and certain proof of the lineage of their membership. Ireland has always enjoyed a good fight. It is her life—her meat and her drink. In an atmosphere surcharged with elements of commotion she lives, moves, and has her being.

It is either a fight between physical-force and moral-force men; or between Home Rulers and Anti-Home Rulers; or between the Protestant Church and the Roman Church; or between Orangemen and Ribbonmen; or between tenants and landlords; or between followers of James the Second and followers of William the Third; or between the Irish outside the Pale and the English inside the Pale; or the house of Desmond against the house of Thomond; or the house of O'Neill against the house of O'Rourke; or the Irish against the Danes; or the King of Munster against the King of Ulster.

The annals are filled with tales of such petty and pigmy conflicts. One could almost come to believe that some dread, mysterious, and most cruel fate presided at the birth of a people whose history is such an unbroken series of disaster and defeat, suicidal strife and abortive effort. I have come to the conclusion that the best thing left an Irishman who loves his birthplace is—to leave it.

Sadness is met with in everything Irish—*purely* Irish: in the deserted village; in the mud-wall cabin; in the miserable potato plot; in the half-naked children;

in the very songs chanted and in the minor-key music so often set to them ; in the broken bridges of their torrent streams ; and, sadder still, in the sunken-arched type of nose, characteristic of the Irish face ; everywhere appealing to whatever of pity and sentiment exist in a tourist's heart. In the grim shadows of the past the people sit—a crownless and broken-stringed harp, the fitting symbol of the abomination of desolation to which this race has been doomed.

Since the Reformation the lot of Ireland has been one of woe. Ireland never accepted the Reformation. It was the religion of a foreign master, and this intensified her antagonism to it. Her religion added fuel to the fires of her hate of England. Her love for the pope was ever superior to her regard for the English monarch. And, as the Irish rebel was generally an Irish Romanist, when punished for his rebellion he could not persuade himself to believe that he was not punished for his religion. Not because he was a papist, indeed, was he punished at all times ; but because the papist was also the rebel.

'Tis true he was also punished for the crime of loyalty to his faith. No one can have read the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, as told by Lecky, without being assured that Irish Romanists, as such, and because such, suffered every indignity, and crouched beneath the cruelest and most unjust civil disabilities. Every effort that English Protestantism could suggest was put forth to compel the Irish to forsake the faith of their fathers and receive the faith of their conquerors. By education, by social contempt,

by laws of inheritance, by legislation excluding from municipal office, by tithe rent for the support of the Church of but one-seventh of the population, by laws forbidding schools conducted by members of their own religion, did the dominant class insult domestic affections, love of country, sacredness of conscience.

No wonder the native Irish hate England. It were not human nature to feel otherwise. And, however we may deplore it, we are compelled to confess and admit there has been no lack of cause for the unhappy sentiment.

Ireland's history, however, is not within the scope of my address to discuss; but with you to wander back to one of the comparatively bright and pleasant ages in that history. For few eras in the history of my native land surpass that in which Saint Patrick wrought, and over which his salutary influence was most emphatically felt and appreciated.

✓ What Saint Patrick wrought must have been of highest worth to have secured for the worker an embalmment and enshrinement so sacred and so tender within the hearts of Irishmen for 1300 years. No Pharaoh found lodgment in a prouder pyramid than that built for Saint Patrick of the myriad hearts of grateful, reverential Irish believers. He died in the fifth century. Yet over the gulf of ages his influence has traveled. Through those centuries his life diffuses its aromatic fragrance. His name is still a magic spell. To spots supposed to have been hallowed by his touch, or sacred from the shadow which he cast upon them, hundreds in this age have paid their eager

pilgrimage, persuaded that in such spots it was altogether possible to obtain at once the blessed riddance of sin's guilt and of the body's ills.

Such is the majesty of goodness! Such is the immortality of a consecrated life! Such is the spontaneous homage rendered by unsophisticated humanity to embodied gentleness, heroism, piety, and self-sacrifice! Bad as we sometimes think our common nature to be, its responsiveness to such a life as Patrick's helps to redeem it from utter loathing and distrust.

No Homer-like singer was he; weaving all loveliness and grandeur of nature, all beauty and bravery of man, all sublimity and sacredness of heroes and of gods, into an imperishable epic.

No warrior was he, leading forth innumerable hosts; fired with one passion—patriotism; aiming at one end—liberty; in every action, victorious; over every tyrant, triumphant; peace for untold generations the fruit of his endeavors; and freedom for conscience, life, and limb, the heirloom of unnumbered households, secured by his bravery.

No sage was he, as we in modern days are, or as they in days Platonic were wont to speak. No sage was he, from whose all-piercing ken no star withheld its secrets; no flower refused to blush its science; no living thing enveiled its meaning; no depth had dared to say—nor height—“’Tis not in me.”

No, no; not one of these was he. Though, with whatever was noble or was brave, was beautiful or was true, his southward-looking soul delighted to hold entrancing fellowship.

✓ I have found it all but impossible to say *where* St. Patrick was born. The statements of his sixty biographers have not settled the matter beyond power of contradiction. The opinions entertained upon the matter may be narrowed to two localities: one inclining to the belief that he was born in France; the other, that he was born in what is now, but was not in his day, Scotland, at a place called Kilpatrick. Certain it is he was not born in Ireland; but he was carried there from one of those localities as a slave taken in war, and for years performed the work of a slave for one Nulcho, a chieftain in that part of Ireland known to-day as the County Antrim. While there he saw the paganism of the people, and, having been trained in Christian truth and grace in his father's house, his soul burned with desire to bring the people of this land into the possession of the new and better life of which he had personal experience.

✓ Escaping from his seven years' servitude to his home, he never forgot the place or people of his bond-slave life. In dreams he often saw them calling on him to return to them and teach them some holier truths than their own priesthood knew or taught. His maternal uncle was Saint Martin of Tours, to whom he paid a visit; and at once devoting himself to the vocation of the ministry in purpose, entered upon the studies preparatory thereto. It is said he joined one of the monastic orders of the south—the Augustinian—visited Rome, saw and received the benediction of the then Bishop of Rome, Pope Celestine; from whom he received a commission to take with him

twenty fellow-missionaries and make, to the Celtic people, the offer of Christianity. He landed on the coast of Wicklow, but not meeting with much welcome there, pushed out to sea, and finally landed in what is now called Dundrum Bay, County Down.

✓In that neighborhood he began his missionary work. From the chief men of the locality he received hospitality and ready welcome for his teachings; won many to the truth, and dedicated his first church, which had formerly been a barn. He sought out his former master, Nulcho; but in vain tried to win him to Christianity. Yet he was not without fruit for his labors among the inhabitants; many of whom accepted the Gospel, and from whom he selected and ordained priests and formed churches.

His wish was to visit Tara—the seat of the monarch of Ireland; and to do so upon the occasion of a great national religious festival. It was his fixed purpose to seek first the favor and conversion of the kings and princes and chieftains of the land, sure of winning the people if once he had conquered their rulers.

Nor did he attempt in vain. After deducting from the results attributed to his labors by ardent and venerating annalists, we are safe in believing that paganism as the national religion of Ireland gave place to Christianity. Druidism lost its spell. The religion of the Galilean once again conquered. Kings became disciples of the Nazarene. Chieftains were baptized into the faith of the Gospel. Children received religious instruction, and became enrolled as members of the Church of Christ. Pastors were

educated and ordained to the work of the ministry; and thereby the hundred lands were given for churches, and this upon a very generous scale. Of the highest-born were fit men found as overseers — bishops. Schools arose, and without difficulty were speedily crowded to overflowing with earnest and diligent seekers after knowledge. Christianity, in one word, had won its way to supremacy without the sacrifice of a solitary martyr's blood and life. Ah! what a simple saying; but what a sublime one! Christianity, with its rest for weary hearts, and its peace for guilty consciences; with its gift of grace for the feeble will, and its pledge of victory over evil for the selfish heart; with its benign doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men; with its might of kingship over all things, and its sure and certain hope of personal immortality, both for body and for soul! Christianity, waking intellect from torpor into manly life of thought, investigation, and unending growth in vigor of power and in acquisition of knowledge! Christianity, the friend of woman, of the helpless, and of the slave! Christianity, parent of all arts and patroness of all sciences! scattering with unstinted hand the germs of highest civilization, and summoning the prostrate spirit from vassalage and lust, ignorance and superstition, into the liberty of enlightened reason, sanctified affection, and rational belief! Christianity, solace of the broken-hearted! healer of the wounded spirit! fulfiller of man's loftest aspirations and nourisher of man's sublimest hopes—lifting the *thing* into the rank of a *person*, and the chattel into

the consciousness of a self-proprietor—placing upon the brow of the lowliest the diadem of sovereignty, and on the spirit of the humblest the vesture of a king and priest, for whose culture all nature moves—for whose growth all forces act !

✓ **Druidism**: this was the name of the religion believed in by the Irish when St. Patrick began his work among them. But little is known of Druidism. Cæsar and Pliny are the two chief sources of information. And what they offer is indeed brief, though suggestive. Gaul was once subject to Druidism. Britain in Cæsar's day was the center. Ireland became a stronghold. The Roman conquerors of Britain found it no small matter to crush out Druidism, but they did, chasing the Druids from the mainland to the island of Anglesea, where the priests were cut off with a terrible slaughter.

The priesthood wielded an awful and vast control over their votaries. Its members were carefully and elaborately trained for their office, the education extending over twenty years. The secrets were forbidden to be written, carved, or graven; they were sacredly committed to memory. The sun was an object of supreme worship. Fire, his symbol, was deemed sacred. Once a year all households, having extinguished their fires, kindled them afresh from the chief Druid's altar. They taught the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, and believed in transmigration, even as Pythagoras, as the Brahmin, and as the Kaffir of South Africa. They were Magi—the wise men of the West, and their origin is, no doubt,

one with that of the wise men and fire-worshippers of the far-off East.

They were students of botany, medicine, and astrology. They were free from military service and from taxation. They were at once the clergy and the educators of the Celtic people. They used the dreadful weapon of excommunication against all who divulged their secrets or disowned their authority.

Groves of oak were their chosen retreats. The oak was to them a symbol of the Divine. The mistletoe, a parasite attached to the oak, was deemed of rarest virtue; and when removed from the oak ceremonies the most impressive occurred. The priest—the arch-Druid—dressed in white, moved forth, a golden knife in his hand, gold upon his brow and girdle, severed the mistletoe from the branch, and caught it in his priestly vestment, two milk-white bulls being sacrificed in celebration of the auspicious event. “The mistletoe was called the all-heal, and its virtues were believed to be very great.”

“But the most remarkable of all Druidical charms was the *anguineum* or snake’s egg. It was said to be produced from the saliva and frothy sweat of a number of serpents writhing in an entangled mass, and to be forced up into the air as soon as formed. The Druid, fortunate above his fellows, who managed, as it fell, to catch it in his sagum, or cloak, rode off at full speed on a horse that had been in waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by the intervention of a running stream.” According to an ancient authority, the egg was about the size of

a moderately large round apple, and "when thrown into the water would float against the current—even if encased in gold." *

Though learned, the ceremonies of the Druids included most inhuman rites—even to the extent of human sacrifices. In mechanics they had attained to no mean skill; as may be seen by the remains of Stonehenge, "which was the cathedral of the arch-Druid of Britain." Avebury is also another remnant of their architecture; originally formed "in the shape of a circle with a serpent attached to it—the circle being regarded as the symbol of the Supreme Being; and the serpent of the Divine Son."

Patrick found Ireland opulent in melody of music and of songs. The bards held a dignified position. They wore colors second but to the monarch's. They were the historians of their day. Of most retentive memories, they recorded upon these mental tablets the brave deeds and the brilliant victories of chieftain and of prince. They treasured up their virtues and rehearsed them in days of feast and battle. They chanted elegies over the dead, and poured valor into the bosoms of the living by their heroic numbers.

Nor were they silent when deeds of wrong had been committed; for with withering satire they could lash or lance the tyrant or the spoliator. They fulfilled the duties of our modern censor—the press; and oft compelled abandonment of crime and threw a shield invulnerable around the life and rights of the lowliest of the people.

"Encyclopedia Britannica," article "Druidism."

They were masters of the harp, and to them Wales disdained not to send her sons, that they might learn the art of music, while from them Charlemagne obtained professors for the colleges of both France and Italy.

As to the character and the charms of Irish poetry and music you have had frequent opportunity of judging and of proving. Moore and Sir John Stevenson traveled through Ireland, learning what they might of its ancient songs and tunes. They have been printed and are in circulation over the broad earth to-day. Of "Rory O'More," and "Garry Owen," "The Meeting of the Waters," and "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Colleen," and "The Twisting of the Rope," I need not speak in your hearing. In some of your memories there yet linger the tones of her voice who, in the earlier days of California life, touched and thrilled all hearts as she drew tears from all eyes, while waking melody from the shattered chords of

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed;

or shaking dewdrops once and once again from the fadeless leaves of "The Last Rose of Summer,"—her voice, which I too heard, "The Limerick Lass," the noble-hearted, the pure-souled Catherine Hayes!

✓As we read the brief records of Patrick's life which have come down to our day, we think of him as a man of generous heart, keen and intense sensibilities, capable of toilsome and weariless labor under the inspira-

tion of a burning passion for saving souls. He moves through Ireland with the swiftness of lightning and with the genial influence of a sunbeam. He is as fearless as he is gentle; he is as fervently persuasive as he is sagely judicious in his spirit and method. Now he is in Kerry, amid the mists and glens and lakes of that wild and picturesque region. Now he is in Mayo, founding churches, ordaining ministers, and spending the chief portion of Lent in lonely contemplation and self-inspection and prayer upon the slopes and crests of Croagh Patrick. Now he is at Tara, the center and seat of the chief monarch of the island, instructing him and his family in the great truths of the new faith; assisting in the reorganization of the ancient laws of the nation; or mediating between conflicting and embittered chiefs and princes. Now he is at Armagh, discharging his functions as Primate of Ireland, and founding the great seminary for the education of the sons and scions of chieftains and kings and people—one of many such established and encouraged by his ardent and unflagging patronage.

✓ The Saint's work was not such as secular historians care to dilate upon. And the rivalries of sections of Christ's Church, and the bitternesses as well, together with the mixture of fable with truth surrounding the life of the Saint, have united to produce but meager and unsatisfactory records concerning him and his work. He displayed no mean degree of sagacity in his methods. As the people rallied around their kings and chieftains, and usually obeyed both the precepts and examples of their leaders, Patrick's plans, as has

been already remarked, led him to seek first the conversion of the rulers of the people and of the septs; thus gaining the highest sanction for his endeavors to convert the people, and protection, as well, in the peaceful prosecution of his divine work.

Indeed, such was the plan adopted by all his brethren in their missionary work. Nor was any other so judicious or so fraught with pledges of success. Thus the Frankish king, Clovis, was influenced; thus Augustine won the king of Kent. The Eastern, or Greek Church, gained its footing in the Russian Empire in a similar fashion.

The people's sympathies being enlisted, they were taught and trained as catechumens for the rite of baptism, to which hundreds cheerfully submitted.

Then began the work of building humble places of worship for the rites of the new faith. Then around these sites of worship schools arose, and it was no less the work of the missionaries to educate their converts, old and young, in all the learning of the age, than in the principles and practice of their religion. Very noticeable is it that with remarkable avidity the people sought after knowledge, and furthered every effort to supply their families with the benefits of the clerical masters. The pupils were numbered by hundreds of both sexes. The utmost energies of the masters were taxed in meeting the singularly ardent thirst created. Irish schools became famous in Britain and over the continent. They were centers of resistless attraction to such as yearned for wisdom in Italy, Spain, France. All the arts, seven in number, might be acquired there.

Through ages following, and when learning was all but totally eclipsed on the continent, the seminaries established through Patrick's efforts shed a steady and a brilliant luster, in whose copious light the courts of monarchs and the cells of monasteries equally shared.

Thus it was given to our Saint to prove that in the Church of Christ, when true to her Master and her mission, the intellect finds no less generous a patron than the heart and conscience of mankind.

The laws of reasoning and the science of numbers; the principles of grammar and the elements of music; the science which seeks to interpret the secrets of the heavens, and the art wherewith man seeks, by polished period, pointed illustration, and impassioned appeal, to convince and persuade while he instructs and delights his hearers—the art of rhetoric—all found, in the persons of the clergy, earnest, fervent, cultivated, and apt professors. Indeed, from none other than they could such learning have been obtained during the dreariest ages of European life. These men found time to study and to instruct. They scattered the germs of civilization as well as went forth to sow the seeds of the Gospel. They tamed the fiercest natures. They polished the roughest tastes. They refined the grossest tempers. They transformed the basest lives. By this method their successors in the Church on the continent won immortality of fame.

Our Saint Patrick was a Christian missionary; the son, the grandson, of Christian ancestors; his father a deacon, his grandfather a presbyter of the Christian Church, probably in Scotland.

The Christian Church is, in principle and by Divine authority, missionary. Its life is one with the spirit of propagation, diffusion, aggression. No one can mistake this, or fail to apprehend it as the genius of her founder and his apostles. Lacking this, Christianity proves herself fallen from her high estate. She has that which every nation under the sun needs, and which but herself can adequately supply.

Her empire, by right, is a universal one, unrestricted by zones, races, or governments. And to win to herself that which by right is hers, she must be missionary. To all who have not what she has, she is compelled to carry and offer her gifts.

Hence the Church in both her branches or families—Eastern or Greek, Western or Latin—existed as a vast “Society for the Propagation of the Faith.” The Western or Latin Christianity proved true and faithful to this idea, and sent forth into the barbaric nations of Europe the men to whom Germany, Scandinavia, England, Ireland, are indebted for whatever of Christian civilization they possess to-day.

The mission was an arduous one; it was full of peril, and called for skill, toil, and bravery; for zeal, compassion, and patience; for the noblest human parts and for the richest divine aids.

The peoples to be converted were fierce, sensual, idolatrous. They rioted in war, plunder, and rude pleasures. In successive waves they had swept, from the highlands of Central Asia, across the plains and along the river-valleys of Europe, resistless as the ocean, and terrific as the thunder-storm. Over the

Danube and across the Hellespont they rolled their myriad hosts. The Alps could not stay them, nor the sea deter. Defeated, they gathered courage; and victorious, they poured contempt upon the once irresistible legionaries of the Eagle and the Cæsars. And while some made the dry land their pathway of progress, others chose the sea as their road to conquest; till from Sicily to the Giant's Causeway—from the Bosphorus to the Atlantic—from the shores of Africa to the white cliffs of Albion—they strewed Europe with the spoils of battle, and planted Europe with the seeds of a new and vigorous, a brave, heroic, and freedom-loving race.

While Rome, secular, yielded to the o'erpowering pressure of these innumerable hosts, Rome, spiritual, arose in conscious might, girded up her loins, buckled on her armor, and went forth to take captive these very nations by weapons of celestial temper—the invincible principles of truth, purity, justice, love—"the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

There were the perils of strange countries and of untried and rigorous climates. There were the perils of somber, vast, and untracked forests, and of the monsters that found in them their breeding-places and their feeding-grounds.

There were the perils of sanguinary priests and of their superstitious votaries. Life was a cheap thing with such, and its destruction but a pastime. Their religions were gloomy, gory, ghastly. Their sports were coarse; their knowledge, scant; their arts of agriculture primitive and crude. The forest was their

home ; the scantiest dress covered them—often none other than a beast's raw hide, buckled round their loins ; their hair long, shaggy ; their weapons of war few in number and of simplest class : a sword, a pike, a shield. On their shields they loved to lift the bravest of their tribe to the rank of leader ; and, obedient to his will, went forth to spoliates, massacre, and possess.

Yet to these were the benefactions of Christianity borne by the early evangelists of Europe !

What must have been the stuff of which such men were made ? They were strong ; they were gentle ; they were fearless ; they were tender. A large heart, filled with a great love, inspired and impelled them.

Of the many fruits of Patrick's labor none has won renown more signal and undying than the great apostle to the Picts of Scotland—Columbkille. His mother was eminently pious, and of royal blood. His father was of the great O'Neills, and was also royal in lineage. Columbkille was devoted to the service of God and the Church by his mother, even from the hour of his birth. He was of noble presence and of noble spirit. He was by nature a poet, a soldier, and an orator ; of fiery and impetuous spirit, yet of heart as tender as a woman's.

He entered the Church, and devoted himself to the monastic life. High-spirited, brave, he was fitted to be a leader of men, and an apostle to strange and fierce countrymen. He was especially the founder of the monastic system of Ireland. From Durrow in Queen's County, to the Hill of Oaks, Derry, he left the impress of his genius.

But it was upon the western islands of Scotland that he won his right to everlasting remembrance in the annals of Church history. For forty years he ruled as Abbot of the Republic of Iona, fearless in the presence of monarchs as he was in the presence of nature's fiercest, sternest forces of tempest and of sea.

The monastic system gained a firm footing in Ireland. If monks and monasteries be an unalloyed blessing to a land, great must have been the benediction bestowed upon the Irish land and people.

Of plain and unpretentious structure, of ample or of scanty dimensions, monasteries might have been seen on lonely island, on desolate headland, in lovely glen, in sunny vale, by stern lake shore, amid the desolation of storm-shattered cliffs, and where the only companions were the bird of the night and of the tempest, the only voices the weird wailings of the melancholy wind or the sea's unresting monotone of sadness.

I am filled with amazement as I run over, column after column, page after page of history, replete with the names of the convents, abbeys, and nunneries, erected in Ireland during and following Patrick's days. Princes build and endow them; chieftains erect and spend their days in them; the noblest born become their abbots or abbesses. Weary of the endless wars; disgusted with the perpetual treachery; sick of ever-recurring disappointments in love or in ambition, votaries seek in them a shelter and a quiet haven. Or worsted in the struggle of the flesh, or filled with remorse and shame for lives of bloodshed

or deeds of lust, they fly to the cell for penitential grief, and to the stern dictatorship of the abbot for duties that shall appease and chastisement that shall quiet the restless chafings of a guilty conscience.

The accumulation of real estate must have proved an extremely perilous temptation; and the transfer of such a number of active spirits from the mass of society could not but have seriously imperiled the economic and industrial conditions of life.

I am not at all disposed to recklessly condemn, as unmitigated nuisances, the monasteries of Ireland, or of any other land. I do not say that they did not mean well when founded; or that within them there were but idleness and licentiousness. For I have read a little history, and I cherish a love for truth.

The monastic life rendered not a few lasting services to our civilization. In darkest days monasteries kept watch round the altar fires of learning as well as of piety; to them ardent saints fled for solace and for nurture, and zealous scholars found within their walls welcome, sympathy, encouragement. The noblest products of architecture were the fruit of their skill and toil. The first principles of improved and intelligent agriculture and horticulture gained their recognition and their industrious and enthusiastic application. Soil the most barren responded in fertility to their assiduous culture. Fens and marshes breeding but vermin, exhaling but malaria, yielded to their persistent efforts, and gave place to gardens ablaze with fruit-trees, or fields in which cattle fed knee-deep in verdure. Slavery gradually melted and

dissolved in the genial sunshine of a religion which proclaimed the serf as real a brother of the divine Man as is the impurpled Cæsar of the Western Empire.

Hospitality of no stinted order welcomed guests of all ranks to sit at her board and forget the perils of travel and the pangs of hunger in the good cheer of a homely or a sumptuous repast, and in the peaceful slumbers of a clean and sweet, though not luxurious, couch.

Nor can we forget what seats and centers of intellectual life these monasteries often proved. There dwelt the annalist and chronicler, busy in his daily record of the events of the world beyond his cell. There dwelt the poet, composing songs of hallowed aspiration, among the choicest of those chanted by the churches and choirs of our own unmonastic age. There dwelt the students of Aristotle and of Augustine, grappling with the most subtle and metaphysic propositions—"fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the necessary existence of God; the *how* and the *wherefore* of three Persons in the Godhead; the fall of man; the origin of evil; the philosophy of the atonement; the nominal and the real in Reason and in Nature; the virtues of attrition and contrition; the origin and the end of all things. Never were so many master minds engaged in vigorous, introspective, metaphysic investigation, as when the monastic system had attained the acme of its power in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. From monasteries came forth the sagest counselors

of princes, the wisest rulers of the Church, the mediators most judicious and most successful between rival princes or strifeful nations.

In them grew up into immortal fame doctors angelic and doctors seraphic; doctors invincible and doctors resolute; doctors subtle and doctors irrefragable; doctors wonderful and doctors evangelical. The results of their cogitations have not reached us in a very tangible, readable, and popular shape. The themes they discussed were not what we would term practical. They dealt with problems exceedingly unlike those which challenge the great thinkers of our day. The physical sciences had not as yet, save in Roger Bacon, won their notice.

The history of the decline and fall of the monastic system it is not our province to discuss. That monasteries became in Italy, in Spain, in England, in Scotland, centers of depravity the most base, of uncleanness the most nauseating; that the orders in succession speedily left their first estate, and rushed with resistless impetuosity adown the steps of the earthly and sensual—if not devilish—no candid student of history dare deny. Sworn to obey, they became towering tyrants; sworn to poverty, they rolled in affluence; devoted to purity, they wallowed in filth; monasteries, once seats of industry, became hives of drones; shelters of virtues, they grew into cesspools of vice, until monarchs and peoples united in demanding either thorough reformation or utter dissolution!

Not the hospitality they had shown to weary trav-

elers ; not the contributions they had offered to the shrine of art ; not the wilds they had transformed into beauty and fertility ; not the imperishable piles of petrified music they had helped to rear in every city of Europe ; not the piety of a Thomas à Kempis ; not the ardent devotion and rapturous anticipations of heaven breathing through the devotional poetry of a Saint Bernard ; not one, not all, of these excellences of former days could shield the fallen system from the anathemas of nations whose sense of decency had been outraged and reverence for religion insulted by the vices and faithlessness of the once sacred institution !

It has not reached us what were the doctrines preached by Patrick. That he based his sermons upon the gospels we cannot doubt, for he encouraged honestly the study of these writings. That he urged men to trust in the Crucified for salvation I heartily believe. Possibly the Apostles' Creed may have been the sum and substance of his teaching. But, as the writings which have reached us are the scantiest, consisting but of his "Confession" and of his letter to a Welsh prince named Caradoc, who had landed in Ireland and taken captives from the inhabitants ; and as those to whom we are indebted chiefly for records of Patrick's work and teaching deal not generally with evangelical truths, we are left to conjecture as to many articles of his creed.

WAS SAINT PATRICK A ROMAN CATHOLIC ?

Well, he was, and he was not. He was, so far as his membership in the Latin Church and not in the

Greek Church might render him such. He was *not*, if it is meant to say that he believed and taught all that a Romanist of our day believes and teaches.

The Church of Rome was not then the perfectly formed and marvelously elaborated system that it is to-day. Far from that—very far, indeed! The Church of Rome is a growth—the growth of centuries. It came not to perfection in an age nor in many ages. We know not that it has as yet ceased to grow; for in our age we know of two dogmas which it has stamped with its impress and rendered binding upon the consciences of its votaries: the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

First. To-day *no priest can marry*. In Patrick's day priests could and did marry. There were no less than four married archbishops of Armagh, Ireland. Priestly marriage was not absolutely forbidden until the papacy of Gregory VII.—Hildebrand. Patrick's father, as I have said, was a deacon; his grandfather a presbyter or priest of the Church.

Second. *The doctrine of transubstantiation* did not obtain as a dogma necessary to the salvation of a Christian in Patrick's day. It was reserved for Innocent III., in the thirteenth century, to lift this dogma into the rank of an article of faith.

Third. *The doctrine of confession of sins to a priest*, as necessary to salvation, did not obtain in Patrick's day. It was also added to the dogmas of the Church, in the thirteenth century, by Innocent III.

These are specimens or instances illustrative of

what I assert regarding St. Patrick and his faith and teachings.

No ; popery is a thing of development, as Cardinal Newman tells us. The more ambitious the pope became, and the more profound the ignorance and credulity of the people, so much the more did the one decree as faith and the other accept as truth.

No one would be more astonished than Saint Patrick were he, without previous intimation of the changes effected since his day, to once more mingle with the votaries of the Church of Rome, and contrast the Church of the nineteenth with that of the fifth century.

Slow, steady, persistent, has been that growth. Events instructed, failures disciplined, antagonisms strengthened, trials confirmed, schisms developed her. When men failed to succor, women furnished the nourishment ; when wisdom proved purblind, semi-madness breathed its inspiration ; when wealth proved impotent, poverty became all-potent ; when the prince proved recreant, the people proved faithful ; when the people proved rebellious, the potentate proved her loyal agent. Advance she must, let who will oppose. Win she shall, whatsoever be the method adopted. Scholasticism shall beguile the intellectual. Art shall woo the esthetic. The monastery shall attract the pensive. The foreign mission shall afford an outlet for the restless, the daring, and the adventurous. Penance shall satisfy the worn-out sensualist. To one shall be given the trust of ruling an order ; to another, the trust of erecting a cathedral ; to an-

other, the trust of educating the young ; to another, the trust of envoy to distant courts ; to another, the purchase of real estate in localities where, though now cheap, in half a century a bonanza shall be found. To one the pulpit shall be assigned for his eloquence ; to another, the professor's chair for his erudition.

No idiosyncrasy is there for which Rome cannot provide a sphere—no gift she cannot utilize. She caters for every taste. Student of human nature, she knows its weakness and kens its strength. There is not a corner of the human heart she has not scanned ; not a spring she has not touched ; not a motive she has not weighed. Whom to vanquish by terror, and whom to enthrall by passion, and whom to captivate by pity, she fully understands. Nor temperament, nor taste, nor tendency is there with which she cannot deal. The cravings of ambition, the yearnings of love, the thirst for knowledge, the greed of gain, the love of the beautiful, the capacity for ruling, the restlessness that burns for enterprise, the adroitness that revels in intrigue, the suavity that wins admiration, the frankness that inspires trust—all, all, are subject to her matchless mastery of skillful adaptation to utility. She is at once the wonder of the ages and the amazement of the universe !

Whatever could enchant in music ; whatever could impress in architecture ; whatever could fascinate in color, form, or action, contributed to the potency of the spell with which she bound and led captive her entranced worshipers. She blessed the infant on its

entrance through the gate of *life*; she followed it, with her benediction or her curse, as it passed through the gates of *death*. At the marriage-feast she was present to grant her sanction and to hallow the union. In the council chamber of the prince she sat molding the destinies of empires and controlling the fate of races. Her whisper let loose the dogs of war; her fiat consigned a race to spoliation, oblivion, and the tomb. Earth was her chess-board; and all ranks, callings, and conditions but the flexible puppets with which she played her game of conquest, tyranny, ambition!

Her eye is all but omniscient; her influences all but omnipresent. Where we least suspect, her agents are operating. When we least fear it, we are talking to one of her emissaries. The demagogue Kearney can as effectually further her cause as the polished Monsignor Capel. The basest politician that ever sold his vote is as effectively economized as the senator fearless and immaculate as the far-famed Bayard of chivalry.

Liberty she hates—of thought, conscience, discussion. Her alliance with liberty is a *mésalliance*. The union is most unnatural.

Beneath the noble liberty of this free nation Rome is steadily laying her foundations, amassing wealth, concentrating power. She is, in very deed, a "kingdom within a kingdom." She is preparing for the future. Her genius is "to labor and to wait." The moral incorruption of this nation is its only safeguard against Rome. With *its* corruption, *her* hour and

power draw nigh. A conscience invincible by bribe is what she dreads. It is the only human thing she cannot hope to grapple and o'ermaster. Even as the vulture finds in the carcass reeking with decomposition his fitting prey and food, so Rome, turning with loathing from any people in whom perfect moral life abides, hovers over and sweeps down upon whatsoever peoples are sinking into a mass of moral decay!

With men without principle she knows how to deal. Her methods are stealthy as the panther. As to her spirit—the eagle is not so rapacious nor the serpent so subtle; sin is not more deceitful, nor Satan more treacherous. In ambition she surpasses Cæsar, and in assumption of “power to save and to destroy” *she rivals God!*

It may most legitimately be asked: What benefit did Saint Patrick's mission confer upon the Irish people? For thirteen hundred years the “leaven” which he “hid in the measure of meal” has been working, and in the midst of us, to-day, we witness the effects. The people upon whom he worked thirteen hundred years ago have their descendants in our cities to-day. These call him “Father” and “Saint.” What must they have been when he *began* to improve them, lift them, civilize them, teach them decency, love of law, if these we see and hear are the improved ones? If these be the civilized, Christianized, the improved, uplifted, what must have been the uncivilized, unchristianized, unimproved? If, by the evolutionary processes of thirteen hundred years, the type of to-day is the result, what must that type *then* have been?

From what a deep must they have been lifted? From what anarchy must they have been translated?

It is of no avail to tell me they are a conquered people. Who conquered them? Why did they submit to conquest? Of what stuff were they made that they so readily yielded? No one could have conquered them but with their own consent. No one could have enslaved them had they not enslaved themselves. There was no unity among them when the Anglo-Norman effected a footing in their midst. It was clan against clan—monarch against monarch. It was perpetual civil war. There was no security for property, the fruits of industry, or life. The waste of life was most shocking. Even the Danes were not expelled from the country. Many battles were fought between the natives and these Norsemen; but the Danes held Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, intermarried with the royal and other families of the land, and aided one king, not unfrequently, in his attacks upon a neighbor king.

There is much to be done even yet by such Christian civilizers as Saint Patrick among those who profess to venerate the great evangelist. Ireland is far from being a "Happy Isle." Her sons are not all saints. Many have been the vicissitudes through which the race has had to pass. Even of those who have bidden adieu to that green spot, and have found a new home in this fair State, not all have entered into rest. Like the troubled sea are many of them even here, where there is utmost liberty for their consciences, their thoughts, and their tongues.

What is it that is wrong with them? Why is the ancient spirit of turbulence and strife, of discord and dissatisfaction, perpetuated? Are they under a curse? Have they incurred a doom from which they cannot free themselves? Why is it that they persist in conduct such as brings the blush to the cheek of every thoughtful Irishman? May it not be that the reason is to be partly found in the diet upon which they have for generations fed? Oliver Twist's disease was not "madness," Mr. Bumble, the Beadle, tells us: no, it was "*meat*." May not this be as near the solution of the matter as any other reason given? "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he hath grown so fat?" asks Cassius, concerning "the noblest Roman of them all." Nations are largely influenced by what they live on. What can you expect from races that live on blubber, oil, and tallow candles? What can you expect from races that live on yams, cocoanut, and fat missionary? What can you expect from races who eat an ox half raw, and never leave him while there is a shred of flesh on his bones; and then drink Kaffir beer, and lie down and sleep, and wake up and smoke, and know not when they shall again have another meal; and when hungry buckle their belts another hole tighter, and still another hole tighter, as hunger gnaws them and famine starves them—even as tribes in South Africa do? What may you *not* expect from a nation that lives on plentiful beer, plum-pudding, and roast beef? And what can you expect from a people whose meat and drink for centuries have been pig, "potheen," and potatoes—especially potatoes

and "potheen?" Here you have the philosophy of Irish unrest, vituperation, thunder-and-lightning harangues, fire and pillage and blood resolutions. 'Tis the result of their diet. Had their daily bill of fare been different during the centuries past, such were not now the deplorable condition of affairs.

It was a drearily sad day for the Irish race when Sir Walter Raleigh landed in Youghal with his sack of Virginia potatoes. He introduced the plague into Ireland. The first new Irish potato eaten by a Celtic lady in Ireland was simply a repetition of the scene in Paradise: "And when the woman saw that the fruit was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and a thing to be desired to make one wise, she did eat, and gave to her husband, and he did eat; and the eyes of them both were opened;" and thence "death and all our woes." The potato in the garden in Youghal was the forbidden fruit to Ireland. She has never recovered from the fatal effects of that first dish of new potatoes!

Strange that vegetable diet should have played such a fatally destructive part in human history. It was a vegetable that introduced sin—the fruit of the forbidden tree. It was a vegetable that o'ercame the second father of our race, and occasioned the first curse, under whose ban, as some thought of it, slavery was deemed a just and righteous thing: Noah sinned by drinking himself drunk with the fruit of the vine; Ham, Canaan, negro slavery, war, lust, hypocrisy, followed after. What fills our jails—feeds our gibbets—crowds our mad-houses—debauches our homes—softens brains—digs suicidal graves? The

chemically transformed extract of a vegetable—whisky! What is one of the growing evils of this city, of this State, of this country—corrupting, debasing, debilitating our youth, our men and women? The extract of a vegetable—the poppy; that extract, opium! And tobacco is but another instance. But perhaps you never until now thought of attributing many of the miserable characteristics of the Irishman, here and elsewhere, to his vegetable diet—the potato.

What is the explanation of the special trouble in the midst of us to-day? It is largely to be traced to yourselves, O American people! Your great republican system of government is too far in advance of poor potato-eating Ireland. To wisely bear the burden of citizenship under such a government demands a very noble type of mental and moral manhood. Not to childhood should such a responsibility be intrusted; not to boyhood should it be committed. It requires a good conscience and an honest heart, but it also demands a soundly educated understanding and a will well-drilled in self-government, rightly to use, without abusing, your grand institutions. We fathers do not intrust our purses to our children; nor place at their unchecked service our revolvers and our razors. You do not allow your American-born and educated sons the right of the franchise until they are twenty-one years old. Why do you treat the overgrown children of Ireland with the trust you deny your own children until they have reached manhood? Why not compel the untrained, impulsive, hot-headed natives of the land of bogs and floods to wait until something like

the intellectual manhood of twenty-one years shall have been attained by them?

You kill us with your excess of kindness. You are too good, too generous. The ignorant Irishman is puzzled and perplexed to know how to act in his effort to use his suddenly acquired wealth of political power. At home he has no voice in the choice of his landlord; he has no voice in the choice of his priest. His duty is to do what he is told, asking no questions for conscience' sake. And all at once he finds himself here able to black-ball the nominee for Governor, Senator, President. He is "A bigger (*sic*) man than old Grant."

What can be expected from such a sudden leap out of a state of pupilage, under the absolute will of landlord and priest, into the maturity of your noble freedom? The troubles of this State need never have been had men but loved their country as wisely as themselves. You fill to the brim the goblet of political privilege with the strong wine of republican liberty; you place it in the hands or raise it to the mouths of my unprepared countrymen; and the liquor is of flavor so delicious that when once their parched lips touch it they empty the flowing bowl! And before they or you know it they are drunk with this new wine. Nor need I tell you the madness produced by drunkenness.

Yes, sirs!—those of my isle who have brought the scorching blush to our cheeks are simply suffering from the *delirium tremens* resulting from your strong drink of liberty! They are not able to bear it. Whether they are on their feet or on their heads

they scarce can tell. They are only partially responsible for their deeds. But others who know better are responsible; their priests are; your politicians are; the press is—yes, the press must be held accountable before the great white throne of American civilization for its most selfish, its most sordid, its most mercenary conduct throughout all this sad carnival of blasphemy. It has lifted the demagogue into the rank of a hero. It has become the clarion to which the demagogue has put his lips, and which voiced his hideous howlings over the continent. Aided by the press the demagogue, having shaken his dice-box, has fancied he heard—thunder.*

The true method of celebrating Saint Patrick's Day is worthy of a few remarks.

He best keeps in memory the life and deeds of a good and great man who best copies his example and emulates his deeds of goodness. He who most carefully treads in the footsteps of such a one, and perpetuates his life by diffusing benefits akin to those conferred by his patron saint, most truly keeps his memory green and fragrant; not drowning the shamrock in whisky; not filling the air with incendiary harangues; not fanning the flames of social hatred, envy, and malice; not flinging vile epithets at the laws and constitution of the new country in which

* Reference is here made to the "sand-lot" agitation in San Francisco at the time of the delivery of this lecture. Notwithstanding the apparently merely local interest attached to this passage the editor has thought best to retain it in the lecture, as illustrative of the author's interest in the burning questions of the hour.

a generous welcome has been accorded him ; not by conduct against which Patrick would be the first to utter his protest and denunciation.

No, sirs, this is not to prove one's veneration for a man than whom none was more humble, more peace-loving, more prompt to be all things to all men, that he might uplift and save them.

But however faultily it may have been shown, this sentiment of veneration may well win from us all an honest and hearty appreciation. Saint Patrick's Day may seem to some of you a most absurd anniversary. But can you not see in it the homage of the heart to disinterested and self-sacrificing goodness? It is not an ignoble sentiment, this grateful remembrance. You may laugh at the Irish Romanist, and pity his superstition ; but you should not despise the sentiment which impels him to venerate the great evangelist to whom he owes his Christian faith. Most unlike his patron saint the Patrick of our day may be ; yet has he this excellence : *in theory he all but adores a life of purity and of consecration to the weal of others.*

Not lust of power impelled, not thirst of conquest urged, not greed of gold inspired, not even the hunger of the soul for knowledge actuated the great Saint. But rather did he seek the uplifting and disenthralment of conscience from guilt ; of will from depraved habit ; of heart from vile affections ; of life from rapine and lust. He offered to the sinner a Divine Saviour ; to the sorrowing a Divine Comforter ; to the poor a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother ;

to the bereaved the hope of blissful reunion ; to the dying the assurance of an immortality of growth in rapture, wisdom, purity.

Yonder the august yet unambitious form stands out against the background of the ages ! Through the mists of thirteen centuries reverent eyes still gaze upon the brave, heroic missionary, teacher, and saint ; his hands uplifted in benediction upon the people of his loving care and paternal counsel !

If humility, which clothed him as a garment ; if prayer, which was the habit of his life and the atmosphere of his spirit ; if study of the Holy Scriptures, constant, earnest, and practical ; if unwearying efforts to make men Godlike by leading them to Christ and training them in faithful living ; if a life of daily dedication to the glory of the unseen but ever-present Father, and of daily consecration to the immortal interest of the visible and ever-present sons of men— if all these can make a man good, or prove him to be one of the saints or excellent of the earth, then Saint Patrick ranks with the most honored and honorable of the noble army and the goodly fellowship !

To me it matters not what name he bears—what the ecclesiastical origin of his mission—what the Church claiming him as her son and chief. Perish all such miserable narrowness and bigotry as would deprive me of the honor of claiming a spiritual kinship with him, and rendering him the honest and profound homage of my head and heart ! Such men belong to no sect ; they belong to humanity. The world claims them as common property, for they are common

benefactors. Broader than sect, broader than race, broader than nationality, as the ages roll on, the cathedral in which they shall find a shrine shall be not that built up of Celtic hearts, Romanist believers, alone, but built up of a love from all kindreds and peoples and nations and tongues ; in which a Starr King and a Bunyan, a Knox and a Luther, a Wesley and a Patrick shall find co-equal veneration and co-eternal brotherhood !

VII.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE: PHYSICAL,
MENTAL, AND MORAL.*

THIS subject is one of much fascination ; nor does it lack instruction ; nor is it deficient in practical application and import. Indeed, the topic is one which must have formed a subject of serious study and remark to every sober-minded, reflective observer of human nature. It is a subject that touches every one of us, as may be seen in the after discussion of it.

It appeals to us as to those who are responsible for the government of themselves. It appeals to us as to those who are, to a certain extent, responsible for the well-being of others. It appeals to us as citizens of time. It appeals to us as candidates for a blissful immortality. And if "the proper study of mankind is man," then in the circle of this most illustrious science the segment of the circle marked off by the title of our evening's lecture can neither be overlooked nor depreciated with impunity.

The life of the human race is a successively developed fact. We can conceive it to have been otherwise ordered.

* A lecture written, with exception of a few interpolations, in South Africa, a few months previous to the author's visit to America in 1871.

Sum up the myriad millions that have successively appeared upon this planet since the first progenitor trod its soil ; and instead of demanding so many revolving cycles for their appearance in time, we can imagine their contemporaneous appearance. Each one of the vast total would thus come immediately into being, owing his existence to none of his fellows, and tracing his origin directly to the omnipotent Creator. Perhaps thus angelic creatures came forth from non-existence into that fair and luxuriant state in which, we are told, they live and move.

Then the relations subsisting between the myriad millions of men must be that of contemporaries possessing the elemental properties of a common humanity, displaying infinitely diversified endowments and capable of an equally varied mutual influence.

Influence each other they must ; they could not avoid it. It were as possible to hinder star influencing star, and atom, atom, or mountain, clouds, or forests the atmosphere, as to prevent each member of the co-existent population of our orb influencing every other member ; each influencing all, and all influencing each.

But the human race, as a matter of fact, is a propagated, and, therefore, successively existing, race. In its history father and son, parentage and filiation, are terms of significance and expressive of the divine law, in accordance with which population multiplies, the waste places of the earth become inhabited, and the wilderness rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

We, therefore, meet with not only a contemporary

relationship akin to that sustained by the imaginary population referred to, but the much more intimately blended relationship of parent and offspring—a relationship of transmission—in one word, of inheritance.

We influence each other as angels do ; and we also influence each other as only those can who are dependent absolutely for their existence upon those who have existed before themselves.

Here I may be permitted to observe that, in the twofoldness of our capacity of relation and influence, we link together angelic life above with all forms of life below and around us. We diffuse our influence over the broad surface of the human life that exists in the same age ; we transmit our influence down the sloping ages of the future, as we have inherited from the descending ages that have preceded us. Past, present, future are centered in, and controlled by, the human race. We are heirs, we are sovereigns of the ages !

We are thus prepared for the consideration of the law of inheritance, to which my topic solicits your attention.

It is not within the purpose of my scheme of thought to criticise the Antiquity of Man, or the Origin of Man, or the Unity of Man. I am aware that such themes touch upon that which I have chosen, and that they are exciting interest in the scientific world of to-day. Nevertheless, the temptation to dilate upon them must be sternly resisted.

The law of inheritance co-operates with a law known as the law of variety. The first secures the

immutability of the species. The second imparts diversity to that species and secures its adaptation to the changing conditions of life, as well as adds agreeableness and pleasantness to what might be monotonous sameness. The law of inheritance transmits the type of the flower, the animal, the man. The law of variety introduces differences of tint in the shrub, of contour in the animal, and of color in the man.

When, by the law of variety, a peculiar modification of the type takes place, say a higher excellence or a deficiency, this becomes transmitted through one or more generations by the law of inheritance; and, if care be taken to select specimens in which the "variety" occurs, that "variety" may become "fixed" and almost ineradicable. Indeed, Darwin says it will become a new species altogether. The "variety" may be introduced by *accident*, or by *intention*, the result of observation—as in the case of Jacob and the flocks of Laban, and as in the case of breeders of poultry, of pigeons, of dogs, of swine, of horses, and other domesticated animals; and also by horticulturists. But whether accidentally or intentionally, once introduced, the "variety" comes under the operation of the law of inheritance, and descends as an heirloom to successive members of the species.

The union of male and female must tend to modify the characteristics of offspring. The qualities of the dam mingle in the blood of the child with those of the sire. Some have fancied it possible to say what part of the constitution descends from each parent—the mental or the emotional, the moral or the appe-

titive, the locomotive or the digestive, the nervous or the muscular portion of the complex being. This has not yet gained the certainty of a law of science in physiology; nevertheless, it is worthy of and has secured the attention and study of statisticians, some of whom attempt to prove that the sexes in a human family are regulated by a law dependent upon the relative ages of husband and wife. There is, doubtless, some such law governing this matter; though, as yet, much mystery enfolds it, which careful and continued study and comparison will, perhaps, dispel.

The law of inheritance obtains striking illustration in the permanency of the traits of physical, mental, and moral nature distinguishing the primary divisions of the human family. These divisions have had, among many others, a threefold classification and a fivefold.

Dr. Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," says: "There is the greatest possible diversity of opinion among capable judges whether he (man) should be classed as a single species or race, or as two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, eleven, fifteen, sixteen, twenty-two, sixty, or as sixty-three."

There is the classification of Cuvier and Pritchard, founded upon the skull and face, the cranial and physiognomical:

1. The oval-shaped head and straight features: Caucasian.

2. The pyramid-shaped head, flat face, and high cheekbone: Mongolian.

3. The prognathous, retreating forehead, projecting jaw: Negro.

There is the classification founded upon color of skin and hair :

1. The Xanthous : fair or sandy or golden haired.
2. The Melanous : dark, long haired.
3. The Leucous : white skin and hair, red eyes ; etc.

There is Blumenbach's classification, founded chiefly upon cranial conformation :

1. The Caucasian.
2. The Mongolian.
3. The Ethiopian.
4. The Malay.
5. The American.

This latter division is confirmed by a somewhat similar classification of the languages of mankind :

1. There is the Indo-European, connecting Latin, Greek, Anglo-Saxon into one common root, the Sanskrit of India.

2. There is the Semitic, comprising the Hebrew, the Aramaic, the Arabic, the Ethiopic.

3. There is the Turanian, comprising the languages of High Asia, and of parts of Northern Europe ; also the whole American family, as well as the Papuan and Polynesian.

4. There is the monosyllabic Chinese and Indo-Chinese, possessing affinities with Burmese, Tibetan and Mongolian.

5. There is the fifth group, embracing the languages of the great region of Central Negroland, which are found to possess affinities which place them in relation to the Semitic group.

These races have perpetuated their characteristics

through a prodigious period and despite many influences unfavorable to the preservation of their identity.

Take the color of the Negro and his features. These have been transmitted, from generation to generation, since 3700 before the birth of Christ. The monuments of Egypt testify to this ; on them are still found the cranial and facial conformations, the complexion and the color of hair, which to this day characterize the children of Ham.* The record of stone is not more remarkable as an evidence of the transmitted qualities of a race than confirmatory of the assertion that the Negro mind, when cultured and developed, when freed from superstition and from the tyranny of despots, possesses powers capable of no unsuccessful rivalry with the races of fairer or less dusky hue. They have a noble ancestry, though they are now but the wild and untrained offshoots of a stem that was once proudly luxuriant in the fruits of learning and taste. Nor is Africa without her heraldry of science and of fame. The only probable age which can be given of the Negro tribes is: that Africa was peopled through Egypt by three of the descendants of Ham—

* See "Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution," by Oscar Peschel. Also, Brugsch's "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," in which he says: "The great mixture of tribes in many branches who had their primeval homes in the wide region and marshy districts of the Upper Nile, from the Egyptian frontier at the first cataract, (close to the city of Syene,) have on the monuments the common name of Nahasa. In the colored representations they appear of a black or dark brown complexion, *with unmistakable Negro features.* *There can be no doubt that we have to recognize in them the ancestors of the Negro race of the present day.*"

Cush, Mizraim, and Put. They found Egypt a morass and converted it into the most fertile country of the world; they reared its pyramids, invented its hieroglyphics, and gave letters to Greece. The everlasting architecture still remains, the wonder of the world, though in ruins. Her mighty dynasties have yet their record in history. She has poured forth her heroes on the field, given bishops to the Church and martyrs to the fires. And as for Negro physiognomy, as if that should shut out the light of intellect, go to your national museum, contemplate the features of the colossal head of Memnon, and the statues of the divinities on which the ancient Africans impressed their own forms, and there see, in close resemblance to the Negro features, the mold of those countenances which once beheld, as the creatures of their own immortal genius, the noblest and most stupendous monuments of human skill and taste and grandeur.

In the imperishable porphyry and granite is the unfounded and pitiful slander publicly and before all the world refuted.

In the Jew we find another instance confirmatory of the law of inheritance. The earliest records prove him to have been the same in their day as he is now. The beauty of Sarah still adorns her daughters. The subtle skill of Jacob in taking care of his own financial interests and outwitting Laban still confronts us in the mart of commerce and in the "struggle for existence" on Wall-street. The power of statecraft winning for its owner supremacy over a strange people, compelling haughty Egypt to bow

to the fiats of the alien Joseph, lives in the Jew Gambetta and shines with meteoric splendor in the romantic career of Lord Beaconsfield; while their love of jewels, of silver and gold, and of song, burns with a flame as steady to-day as when they spoiled the Egyptians, and sang the song of Moses upon the shores of the Red Sea.

The Celt is, to-day, what history tells he was 2000 years ago. Whether met with in France, in Wales, in Ireland, the pure Celt is still sensuous, sensitive, quick, unsteady. Full of fire, of wit, of eloquence; hasty in temper, impatient of toil, unequal to self-government; brave, and quick to quarrel; vain, and fond of display; with little pertinacity, but capable of extraordinary efforts; liable to excessive discouragement and immeasurable elation; intelligent, apt, credulous, and easily ruled by his priesthood; seeking wealth by plunder rather than by slow means—his is a people who fill the history of the past with the glory of their conquests, but who found no permanent state, and who are never willing to submit long to their own constituted authority.* See a remarkable proof of this law of inheritance in race in the Epistle to the Galatians—a Celtic people, every trait of whose character is hinted at by the writer. It might have been written of the same race to-day.

The English nation—the Anglo-Saxon—is an embodiment of the qualities of those races or families by whom England has been successively occupied and conquered. There is Celtic blood, hence wit and

* Brace's "Races of the Old World."

valor and eloquence; there is Norman blood, hence dignity and chivalry; there is Danish blood, hence hardihood and love of the sea; there is German blood, hence love of order, pertinacity of purpose, high esteem for women, love of land and reverence for religion and for law; besides, there is Jewish blood, hence love of commerce; there is Roman blood, hence love of power, of conquest, of colonization. And if there be any other blood which contains any element of greatness, no doubt that, too, might be, yea, must be, found commingled in that race which its members believe to be destined to the sovereignty of the world.

Rather, perhaps, are these elements found in the Anglo-American race.* This, after all, is only Anglo-Saxon, resuscitated, replenished, renovated by an infusion of blood from the most vigorous portions of the Teutonic European.

There is Anglo-Saxon; there is Scandinavian; there is Hollander; there is High German; there is Scotch Celt; there is Irish Celt; there is the compound of Anglo-Saxon and Celt. And there is the choicest extract of all these; choicest as to energy, vigor, daring, resoluteness. There is also a large proportion of restlessness, insubordination, lawlessness, hatred of antique customs, contempt for precedent, for monarchy, for caste. And these all combine to form a positively new race, inheriting the distinctive peculiarities of the best of the Teutonic and Celtic and Latin tribes of the Old World; and under fairest,

* This was written previous to the author's coming to America.

widest, and most auspicious conditions we see this race putting forth titanic powers, marching with giant strides from east to west of the magnificent continent occupied by it, and big with the belief that to it America, from pole to pole, must ultimately pass, and by it the destinies of humanity be controlled.

Just here Darwin's "selection of species" obtains marked illustration. The "struggle for existence" in the nations of the old continent and the mother country has resulted in the going forth of the hardest and most self-reliant, and through them the formation of what they themselves are wont to deem the last and choicest result of time, in the great American people. They are distinct from all others. With length of hair, amplitude of cranium, opulence of limb and shoulder, affluence of sinew and muscle, they are made to push onward, as their wedge-shaped head and cruciform features indicate; and with every variety of climate, every species of production, vegetable and animal, every class of mineral, in a land touching two oceans, intersected by rivers that are seas in ceaseless flow—what may not be predicted of such a people? They needed one thing to perfect them; and that came in due time: the fire of a great, common, sorrowful trial—civil war. This knit them into a firmer compactness, and lifted them into a loftier zone of purpose and feeling.

They inherit the elements of all the people whose blood mingles in their complex systems. Perhaps a keen analyst might be competent for the exciting

task of detecting the presence of each of those many peoples in the existing compound, and measuring the proportion which each has contributed to the erection of the unique edifice.

I am sure I detect the Irish Celtic element—if not in their blood, or bones, or bloom, or breadth of shoulder and of brow—certainly, in the oratorical effusions which now and then are poured forth in senate hall and on hamlet stump.

Coming, as I do, from a land where eloquence is indigenous; from the land of Grattan and of Flood, of Burke and of Curran, of Shiel and of O'Connell, in whose orations brilliancy and strength, erudition and logic, imagination and philosophy, tenderness and sublimity, sarcasm and invective, all united; it may be permitted me to express a belief that I can detect some traces of Celtic genius in the great people over the water, the countrymen of Clay and Calhoun, of Patrick Henry and of Wendell Phillips; but I fear I must in truth assert that there is a sad degeneracy in such whimsical out-pourings as the following:

Fellow citizens and horses, hurrah! There's got to be a war. I'm for whipping Great Britain right off, without stopping for compliments. We must hustle the British lion heels over head out of the everlasting borders of this here western continent. Hurrah for the annexation of Canada! We must have the critter heels and neck, if we have to wade in blood to our knees to pull it from the horns of John Bull. We must do it. Where's the 'possum whose little soul don't echo them sentiments? He aint nowhere, and never was. Can't you, and I, and every one of us, rouse up the wolf of human nature till he'll paw the whole of Old England clear down below the low-

water mark? Yes, sir-ee. Every citizen of this tall land—from the owl on the hemlock tub to the president in his great arm-chair—is in favor of this all-thundering and liberty-spreading measure! Just let them glorious ideas pop into the United States' cranium rairly, and see if an earthquake shout from 26,000,000 of India-rubber lungs don't shake the whole earth, crack the zenith, and knock the very poles over! I tell you there is nothing on this side of the millennium like our own everlasting institution; for you can't scrape up a flock of civilized beings on the face of the universal *terra firma* who know so well how to defend and spread them. Where's the Yankee who wont vote for his country within three-quarters of an inch of his life, if it tries his soul, yes, and his upper-leather, too? What's England? Why, it aint any thing at all, scarcely. *Uncle Sam will take it yet for a handkerchief to blow his nose upon when he gets a cold.* We are bound to wake up snakes, and no mistake. Let us once get hold of the job in right earnest, with all of Uncle Sam's boys, and if we don't dig a hole as deep as eternity with the spades of Yankee pluck, and scum the grease spots off the face of the world, and pitch them clear to the bottom of it, then I am no two-legged crocodile. When this is done, you will set the great roaring eagle of liberty like a big rooster crowing on the top of a barrel. Why, you are all ready and primed for the onset—all you want is a live coal or two of fire dropped on devoted heads to touch you off. Methinks the flashes of fire in your eyes to-day forebode blood and thunder—only mind you don't flash in the pan! If you all do your bounden duty in this crisis, *you'll spit the tobacco juice of determination into John Bull's eyes till he has the staggers, when you can take him by the tail and swing him beyond all recollection!* Rouse ye, rouse ye, to the rescue. Let the shout penetrate every nook and cranny in North America—from the tip-top of the Arctic regions clear of the Straits of Giberaltar. Canada and the United States forever! begot in a war-whoop, born in blood, cradled in thunder, and brought up in glory.*

* "Man; or the Old and New Philosophy:" Rev. B. W. Saville, M.A.

But the topic of *racial* heredity is far too extensive and suggestive to allow of more than cursory meditation.

Let us now trace the workings of the law of inheritance in the *individual* members of the human race. It may not be amiss to mention the opinions which have been entertained upon this question by eminent thinkers of the past and present:

First. Plato, first of Grecian thinkers in the sublimity of his conceptions, the range of his comprehension, the suggestiveness of his theories, entertained the belief that the soul came direct from the gods. This is known as the doctrine of pre-existence. With him thinking was chiefly reminiscence, the re-awakening of ideas and notions in the mind that had been present to the mind in a prior stage of being; when, as yet, the mind dwelt in the Deity with whom all ideas originated. This, of course, forbids the action of the law of inheritance, or modifies it exceedingly as to the mental nature and constitution of man.

Wordsworth, first of modern philosophic poets, sympathized with this theory, and embodied it in one of the noblest odes in the English language—his “Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.” One stanza is well known, and is that in which he has voiced his sentiments upon this theory:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Second. There were, in the early days of Christianity, those who, having pondered these themes, cherished the belief that it was not given to man to propagate the higher principle and property of his nature—the spiritual, that which apprehends truth, justice, duty, God; that a constant creative co-operation between Deity and man took place; that God creates afresh the immaterial and immortal principle of our nature; that man transmits the material, the organic, only.

This theory has had not a few able and gifted supporters in ancient and in modern days. They are known as "Creationists."

Third. There were, and still are, those who believed that to man it was given to transmit body, soul, and spirit to his posterity, without any special and immediate act of the Deity. These see no more difficulty in transmitting spirit life than animal life; and in such texts as, "Adam begat a son in his own image,"

and "God rested from his works," together with the oft-repeated statements respecting the native sinfulness of humanity, find sufficient scriptural ground for their belief that man is the parent of man by original Divine appointment. St. Augustine, one of the mightiest thinkers, and most philosophical of the fathers of the Church, inclined to this idea. The Romish Church also entertains it. I may say, also, that it is my own opinion.

It will be at once perceived that these theories cannot but modify the opinions entertained by those who hold them, as to the range of the action of the law of inheritance. One of these must believe that only the physical is inherited; others, that the physical and psychical are transmitted—that the influence of the parent extends over the whole nature or only over part.

Fourth. With this it should be stated, that the metempsychosis of Pythagoras and the Brahmin must compel those who believe it to limit the influence of parentage over offspring to the material portion of the child. Take a leper. He must have sinned hideously in a former state of being; else he had never been doomed to such a horrid condition of existence now. Or take the young widow of fourteen years of age who has never lived an hour with her betrothed. She must have been guilty of some huge offense against the gods; else she had never been doomed to perpetual woe, mourning, serfdom, and contempt; for she is an accursed object, hated by the gods, despised, crushed by man, for the crime of being an unwilling widow.

Fifth. To these may be affixed the theories of those who are known as "Transmutationists." They teach that man is but the last known result of a prolonged series of developments, beginning with matter unconscious and unintelligent, into which, by some physical means, the spark of life was struck, and that then organic being began in vegetation; that from this, life traveled on, on and up into animal being, in the form of some simple jelly-like substance; that thence life crept on through mollusk and crustacean into fish, into bird, into reptile; thence along an all but interminable pathway of progress, in which every family, order, class, genus, species, variety of animal existence, were included, until *man* appeared, the flower, the fruit, the crown, the apex, the culmination, the god, or any other name by which you can describe the final, the ultimate end, of being.

The theory is an old one. It has often been revived after centuries of dreary entombment. Frenchmen, Germans, Scotchmen, Englishmen, have successively summoned it from its sepulcher and its cerements, and loosed and let it go. Lamarck entertained the thought. The "Vestiges of Creation" made it popular. The "Origin of Species" has ushered it once more into the arena of science.

As propounded in the "Vestiges of Creation," and by Darwin, the theory is not atheistic. Darwin acknowledges a Creator and a creative act giving existence to life, for he denies spontaneous generation; but both confine, limit, the creative act to the formation of the earliest, simplest, lowest form of life; since

which God has never interfered with his creation, but, having dowered the initial form of life with a capacity of developing a higher, and that again a higher, and so on, has left Nature to work out its own potentialities by the "law of development;" until, lo! the being called man, with all his endowments, looms upon the horizon of time, touches the earth his home, and begins his mysterious and unique career of unlimited and endless growth in knowledge, wisdom, and joy.

There is one simple and small difficulty in the way of our acceptance of this sublimely comprehensive hypothesis; it is this: that no man has, as yet, witnessed the birth of an animal from a plant, of a bird from a crab, of a mammal from a crow, of a man from a monkey.

Plants have been seen producing plants; crabs, crabs; hens, chickens; eels, eels; baboons, their delectable offspring; but where is the accoucheur who has ever issued his bulletin announcing that:

At twenty minutes to three o'clock, P. M., Madame Gorilla gave birth to a boy. Mother and son doing well!

Signed, SAIREY GAMP.

Bodily characteristics are inherited.

Both parents unite in transmitting such characteristics to their offspring. It has been suggested that the father modifies one portion, the mother another portion of the frame—as already hinted.

In seeking for evidence of this, lineage must not be forgotten. All progenitors, paternal and maternal, influence the living offspring of the present generation. Frequently the likeness of the child cannot be

traced to either father or mother, yet may be found in the grand-uncle or in the great-grandfather.

Two maiden ladies are alive in England * of gentle if not of noble birth, altogether unlike any of their family at present in existence, and unlike any of their ancestors for two or three generations. But there is a well-preserved oil painting of a member of their family, some two hundred years old, in which the most striking resemblance to the ladies is at once detected. The term by which inheritance thus modified is described, is "Atavism." It cannot be accounted for; nevertheless it cannot be denied or questioned.

The House of Austria is distinguished by a malformation known as the "Hapsburg lip." Large, thick, hairy, it was introduced into the family by marriage with Mary of Burgundy, three hundred years ago, and has never been extirpated. The Hanover House of Guelph, now upon the English throne, inherits a blue eye, a fair complexion, a short upper lip. The Bourbons have an aquiline nose.

Gait, gesture, and attitude, are hereditary. Often entire families are left-handed, even those members who have been withdrawn from them in infancy. G. is born of a family where the use of the left hand is hereditary; he is not left-handed himself, but his married daughter is so, and all her children likewise; his son is married and has a daughter in the cradle, who is left-handed to a strongly marked degree.

Fecundity is hereditary. Giron gives a remarkable

* 1871.

illustration of this. One mother had twenty-four children; of these, five daughters had forty-six; one grand-daughter, sixteen. Even the power of producing twins may be an inherited one.

Stature is hereditary. Every one knows the efforts made by the great king of Prussia to obtain a regiment of giants; by what fair and foul means he contrived to tempt giants of other nations to enlist; to what an extent he pushed his fancy, even to kidnapping. Travelers were waylaid and villages infested with recruiting bandits. An Austrian ambassador to George II., on his way through Prussia was kidnapped because of his size; nor could he be released until he had produced his credentials. From home, from trade, from Church, were men haled to Potsdam. To England, Holland, the Tyrol, the Arno, the Pyrenees, even to Egypt and the fairs of Asia, were emissaries sent to search for men of six feet and upward. No man was safe who had the misfortune to be born with a tendency to altitude of stature. One poor carpenter of six feet, good Rhenish measure, was requested to make a cupboard exactly his own height. The chest was no sooner brought home than the carpenter was shut down in it and carried off to Berlin. One thousand thalers were paid for six-foot men; if taller, the price was raised. Twelve millions were thus spent. The most expensive bargain was one Kirkland, an Irishman, to whom nine thousand thalers were paid to induce him to remain in the king's service. He had been entrapped: first he was engaged as footman for three years, then handed over by his master, the

ambassador to England; he obtained his liberty, finally, only by the interference of the English Government.

Well, what of this? What but an elevation of the average stature of the Berlineſe; for theſe tall men intermarried with the women of the city where, for fifty years, the guards had reſided.

Longevity is hereditary. Large numbers of caſes confirmatory of this have been gathered. Near the Rhone lived a family of five brothers and ſiſters, of the ſame father and mother, whoſe aggregate ages reached four hundred and thirty years—the eldeſt ninety-two, and the others following, male and female alternately, at intervals of three years each. Madame de Montgolfier, of Paris, lived a hundred and ten years, retaining her vigor to the laſt; and her children, the youngeſt of whom had reached fourſcore, gathered around her coffin. A well-known literary character, a Frenchman, M. Quersoniere, was alive in 1842, aged one hundred and fourteen, in perfect enjoyment of his faculties. He ſaid: “My family deſcends from Methuſaleh; we muſt be killed to die; my maternal grandfather was killed by an accident when one hundred and twenty-five years of age; and I,” he added, ſmiling, “invite you to my burial in the next century.”

Theſe facts are well authenticated, and are ſo far relied on as to form an important element in the calculations of the actuaries for inſurance ſocieties.

Idiosyncracies are inherited.

In ſome entire families the ſlighteſt amount of

opium or mercury acts as a virulent poison. In one family, named by Zimmerman, coffee produced the effect of opium, while opium was inert. Louis XIV. was voracious and gluttonous, and all his family inherited the habit. Disgust to animal food runs in some families ; in others, cheese is an object of abhorrence ; while, again, an unaccountable propensity to eat human flesh has been noted. One case is named, by Boethius, of a young girl, whose father had this horrible propensity. Father and mother were both burned before the girl was a year old ; the girl, though brought up in refinement and affluence, yet also gave way to this unnatural practice.

In some families there is a tendency to produce six toes and six fingers. Lawrence remarks that, were persons so distinguished to marry only those of like peculiarities, within a given time a permanent race might be produced possessing this number of toes and fingers.

The porcupine man exhibited before the Royal Society in 1731 was a remarkable personage. His name was Edward Lambert. His whole body was covered by a thick, horny, scaly, or bristly integument, rustling like the quills of a hedgehog shaven within an inch of the skin. He was then fourteen. Twenty-six years after he was in good health, but still covered as before. He had twice been salivated, and once had the small-pox, at which times he lost his covering, but regained it quickly. He had now six children, all of whom were similarly robed ; in each child the integument appearing, as with the father, nine weeks

after birth. Two brothers, John, twenty-two, Richard, fourteen, grandsons of the original porcupine gentleman, were shown in Germany, and had this cutaneous incrustation. From all of which one may infer that, by carefully selecting and marrying these persons, an entirely new species of man might have been produced. Dr. Pritchard states that he saw a man, similarly affected, who asserted that he was a descendant of the original porcupine man.

Sir H. Holland, in his "Medical Notes," supplies many instances of the inheritance of diseases and morbid states of the nervous system. Gout runs in families; nor need they be, in every case, the most noble or the most honorable. So, likewise, is hare-lip hereditary; so are apoplexy, epilepsy, hysteria, and tendency to hemorrhage.

Here, without indelicacy, may it be asserted that consanguineous marriage results in irreparable injury to offspring. Should there, for instance, be an inherited tendency to disease in two brothers, and their children intermarry, as cousins often do, the diseased tendency would be strengthened in their offspring, and would, in all likelihood, break out, as a spring swollen by rains forces its way through the imposed stratum of clay or pebble. On the other hand, marriage into a new and pure-blooded family may arrest the tendency to disease, hold it in check, and, by wise management in matters of regimen, altogether stay the march of the plague-virus of consumption or epilepsy.

There is heritage of mental power and aptitude.

It is admitted that, in this department, there is

much more difficulty in fixing and defining the law of inheritance, than in the physical. Nevertheless, facts carefully collected, sifted, assorted, compared, warrant us in our belief in the transmission of mental characteristics. The law by no means explains the sudden appearance of talent and genius in families of humble origin, unknown to fame, and unchronicled in books of heraldry. Of such there is an abundance. Nor do we doubt the existence of a prodigious quantity of mental talent in regions of society not yet mapped upon the atlas of genius.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

From humblest origin have there sprung men mighty as rulers of the state, as chiefs in the camp, as pontiffs in the Church, as discoverers of scientific truth, as writers of deathless song, as students and scholars, as pioneers of civilization in pagan lands, as orators at the bar, in the senate, and in the pulpit, as sculptors, painters, mechanics; men who carved their own shields, and illuminated and covered them with illustrious quarterings, and who won their own way to the starry heights of race-wide honor, trust, gratitude; men needing not marble to confer upon them the greatness which their own bravely and wisely cultivated powers helped them to win and wear. Faraday and Carlyle are among the freshest instances of this.

On the other hand, weak-minded offspring have

been found among the descendants of illustrious men. There have been boobies whose fathers were giants in mental might and prowess. But this surprises us, is contrary to our anticipation, and is generally received as a deviation from an established law of nature. The power of the mother's mind plays here a prime part. I believe it may be asserted that, unless there be bodily disease impeding and cramping the mental forces of the child, we may, with certainty, anticipate greatness in that offspring whose parents stood high in the kingdom of intellectuality.

We have but to recall George Stevenson of railway fame, to remember his yet more illustrious son, Robert. We have but to think of William Wilberforce, the Christian statesman and philanthropist; small of stature, but capacious of soul; with a mind capable of the highest feats of statesmanship; with a voice of matchless charm; with a genius for oratory, whose orations extorted eulogiums from the first critics of the senate; and we shall at once recall the fact of his three sons, each of distinguished abilities, but one, especially, without a superior in England for magnificence of utterance as to voice, manner, and overpowering rhetorical skill and art—the sometime Bishop of Oxford—the present Bishop of Winchester.*

Henry Hallam, the prince of philosophic thinkers, whether the subject were literature, law, or history, will suggest to you his equally gifted son, who gave promise of a career as splendid and a fame as solid as his father's. Poet, essayist, philosopher, early—alas,

to us of earth, too soon—summoned from this world of imperfection and sorrow to a sphere more congenial to his expansive and aspiring nature. And yet, perhaps, not too soon; for to his early removal do we not owe that peerless monody wailed and chanted over his bier by our Poet Laureate—the costliest chaplet ever plucked and woven and laid upon the tomb of evanished beauty—the choicest, the stateliest memorial of departed excellence ever reared by the genius of bereaved and lamenting friendship. True, his great sire found a resting-place beneath the dome of England's grandest mausoleum, and slumbers surrounded by the remains of warriors, statesmen, poets, heroes; but give me rather to rest beneath the yet more costly cenotaph carved and piled above the sacred dust of Arthur Hallam by the genius and affection of Alfred Tennyson, in his immortal "In Memoriam." The abbey shall crumble; the bust shall yield to time's relentless touch; but the poem shall outlive the ages and outshine the sun.

Those of you who know any thing of Isaac Taylor know that in him were combined the moral and the mental sage, the biographer and the historian; equally at home when descanting upon ancient Christianity and when discoursing of Hebrew poetry; when analyzing the morbid frailties of the fanatic and the enthusiast; when delineating the founder of the Jesuits and mapping out the world of mind; when speculating upon the physical theory of another life, and when sketching for his household the outlines of home education. But he came of a parent-

age of mental power ; owned a sister of no mean talents as a poetess ; and has left a son who, both as an author and as a minister of Christ, gives promise of a fame not unworthy his illustrious lineage.

And were it not wearisome to you, and were it not deemed verging on sectarianism, I might venture to give you yet one more evidence of this law of mental heritage.

There lived a man in the last century whose influence upon his generation, his nation, and the world's moral history it were impossible to exaggerate. He was a scholar and a fellow of his college, though but twenty-nine years of age. Keen as a logician, exquisite in his classic taste, and of soul capable of sympathizing with all that was beautiful in art and true in science, of philosophic cast of mind, and of insatiate appetite for knowledge, he added to these all a power over others and a skill in governing men and organizing institutions worthy of a Richelieu. Yearning to benefit his fellows, he devoted his talents and his learning to the mental and moral enlightenment and elevation of his age—compiling histories, manuals of science, grammars of ancient and modern languages ; writing tracts, publishing a periodical, writing comments upon the Old and New Testaments ; preaching three times a day ; traveling on horseback and in chaise in all weathers and over all manner of roads ; maligned and lampooned by the press ; pelted and chased for his life by ruffian mobs headed and encouraged by squire and parson, by bribe and brandy ; yet never flinching, never halting ; sleeping six hours

and working eighteen, daily, for fifty years, until he lived to see his persecutors changed into admirers, and to receive from towns whence he had been driven by brutal crowds ovations worthy of a prince. A true and loyal son of the Church of England, but flung forth from her as though a leper; yet cherishing an affection for her which rose with every insult, and beat as high when in "age and feebleness extreme" he passed hence

As doth the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
But melts away into the light of day.

His brothers were poets. His sisters were as witty and as intelligent as they were beautiful in person—and unfortunate in their marriages. His father had won fame as a Hebraist and as a poet. His mother inherited a fair face, a sound constitution, a firm faith, a godly leaning, and a capacious intellect from her father. She corresponded with her sons, while at college, in a manner worthy of a doctor of theology, and, in instances not a few, furnished them with counsels and opinions in matters of faith and conduct fit to be inscribed in letters of gold. From the mother one son inherited the love of order and power of ruling; another son, from the father, the gift of song; and no fairer or more faithful confirmation of the law of mental heritage could we present than that furnished by the history of him who said "The world is my parish," and of his brother, of one of whose poems Dr. Watts confessed

he would rather be the author than of all he himself had ever composed.*

There is another instance in which I would fain hope we shall prove that the law of heritage in mind-power holds true.

Lately, very lately, have we had to mourn a largely gifted man. He could play with infinite ease upon the chords of our nature; now evoking laughter, long and loud; now, sadness even to tears; now, disgust and loathing; now, exuberant sympathy with goodness and self-sacrifice. He could tickle one almost to death with his feather. He could blanch the cheek of warrior with horror. His laughter chased full many a social evil to the pit. His satire sapped the foundations of not a few legal tyrannies, and rang the knell of their departing cruelties. Weariness was forgotten and care lulled to repose by the magic of his wand. He lashed hypocrisy as with a sevenfold scorpion scourge. He plead the cause of the outcast and of the pauper with resistless pathos. From all classes he gathered admiration; from all nations he is sure to obtain the guerdon of delighted readers. Sentimental benevolence found in him a merciless foe. Royalty sought his friendship and offered him his choice of honors. The senate house

* The obligations of John and Charles Wesley for their mental powers to their parentage has also been touched upon in the author's lecture upon "Wesley and his Helpers." We deem it hardly necessary to omit this passage from its position in this lecture because of the fact referred to. Eight or ten years elapsed between the writing of this lecture and the completion of the other.—EDITOR.

has quoted his character, nor has the pulpit disdained to borrow from him when it would point or feather an arrow for a fatal flight to some pampered selfishness within the precincts of professed holiness. All men have united to do him honor ; and while yet of an age which promised large increase of power and product he is gone to join

The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.

When we remember that eulogy has been exhausted and metaphor beggared in seeking to express the estimate cherished of him by the thousands of his friends ; when we remember the simple-hearted Pickwick, and the renowned Mrs. Bardell, and the inimitable Samuel Weller ; when we recall the meanness of a Heep, the villainy of a Pecksniff, and the perpetual vivacity of a Mark Tapley ; when we weep at the recital of the heroism of Little Nell and clench our fists at the repulsive monstrosity called Quilp ; when Bleak House throws its chill shadow o'er our spirits and Little Dorrit evokes our sympathy with changed fortune, demoralized human nature, and triumphant virtue, and then think that the genius that catered for us in these realms of fancy shall no longer regale or renovate our flagging spirits, we long to believe that the mantle of the social reformer has fallen upon shoulders not unequal to the burden and the glory which form the heritage of Charles Dickens the Second.*

* This has not been quite justified, as yet, by the facts.—EDITOR.

It were easy to multiply instances of this sort. Take up any well-compiled Biographical Dictionary and you will be surprised with the many instances illustrative of transmitted talent and aptitude for special excellence in artistic, philosophic, and mathematic attainments.

There is the Kemble family, including the illustrious Siddons; the Keans, Edmund and Charles; the Sheridans, Thomas and Richard Brinsley and Mrs. Norton; the Herschels, Sir William and his illustrious assistant, Miss Herschel, his sister, and his equally gifted son, Sir John; Lord Chatham and his son, William Pitt, Premier of England when but twenty-five years old; Sydney Smith and his daughter, Lady Holland, the authoress of his "Life;" Raphael, the son of a painter; Mozart, the son of a musician; Thorwaldsen, the son of a sculptor; the Adams family; the Coleridge family, Samuel Hartley, Sir John, Judge Coleridge and his son, the present* Solicitor General. It has been noted that the legislative faculty descends through families for generations. It has also been observed that the ascent of intellectual power *culminates* and *wanes* after three or four generations.

As a point of practical moment it may be said that it is possible to gradually elevate the mental capacity of a house by continuous and thorough cultivation in the successive families. Culture will produce aptitude for higher attainments in offspring. The nervous and mental forces become enriched in sus-

* 1876.

ceptibility and tendencies. The children of the third generation of an educated family are sure to display unwonted facility for scholarly excellence. It has been asserted that it is next to impossible to train the children of totally uneducated parents in classical knowledge. We thus sway the future of our race for good, for ill.

Ample observation assures us that mental deficiency is inheritable. Madness is certainly transmissible. Idiots beget idiots. There is a globule of madness in every man's blood. Indeed, the majority of the race is mad; the small minority sane. It is "a mad world, my masters." It does not follow that this assertion is false because we deny it and may give proofs to sustain the opposite assertion. Colney Hatch, with its six or seven hundred patients, would do the same. Indeed, our planet is but a Colney Hatch upon a large scale. Now and then the madness assumes a specially virulent form—as when gold is discovered, or a diamond bed is dug into, or a South Sea Bubble Company is formed, or joint-stock associations sweep millions into a bottomless abyss like Milton's pit. On all sides terrible and fabulous prices are given for land, and railroad shares are at a premium of 125; or a rage for tulips sets in, and then for fuchsias, and then for skye terriers, and then for high-heeled boots and pagoda-shaped head-dresses. Why, the French nation is just now* suffering from an acute attack of madness. The insufferable vanity of the Gallie cock is but madness. He must crow above and crow over all others, to prove that he is "game."

What cares he for the blood which may be shed in the gratification of his inordinate ambition! Wherefore does he possess spurs if not to flesh them in the carcass of "Spanish" or other fowl? Was not Europe upheaved from ocean's depths by earthquake Titans that the bird might have a "pit" in which to gratify his belligerent propensity?

Bismarck becomes possessed of an idea, or an idea possesses him. He will have German unity. Therefore a war with Austria ensues; and the idea costs 45,000 men, who were killed at the price of £1,500 per head.

The royal houses of Europe are terrible instances of the law of inheritance. They would intermarry. None but royal blood shall flow in their veins. Germany shall be the nursery ground for the heirs to empire. Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Austria, England, shall draw thence the mothers of their future sovereigns or the husbands of their princesses; and these, again, shall wed their offspring, it matters not how enfeebled in nerve, how enervated in mind, until, as the result of putting too fine a point upon the royal breed, lo, mind itself becomes pointless.

The Crimean war, which lost 784,000 lives at the price of £483 per head, was nothing but the crime of a mad, proud despot resolved that the Russian Bear should have a breakfast on the Sick Man of Turkey. Nicholas inherited insanity. The present Emperor* is mad. Nearly all the monarchs of Russia displayed madness. It is an awful heirloom of the house.

* The late Alexander II.

The Prussian royal house inherits madness, since the days, at least, of Carlyle's hero's father. A royal gentleman, whose custom it was to cane his son, fling pokers at his daughter's head, and when the fancy takes him, to spit upon his daughter's plate, and seek to strangle his son with the curtain cord—that such a man should have had such charms for Carlyle, and that the high-priest should have offered such incense and homage to his grim deity, compels one to the painful belief that even he, too, is not exempt from the malady of our species ; but whether an immediate heritage from his parents, or an ancient one transmitted through an interminable line, I am not able to say.*

Nor is there wanting evidence of the heritableness of moral qualities and tendencies.

That this should be is as likely as that the physical and the mental should be transmitted. Certain forms of vicious tendency are hereditary, such as falsehood, theft, sensuality, drunkenness.

The terrible effects of opium-eating upon the child are frequently noticed by physicians. Samuel Taylor Coleridge is the most notable example. His mental power is well known. Profound as a metaphysician, and matchless as a talker, he gave way to opium, until it became an omnipotent tyrant. He often wished to be placed in an asylum that he might be delivered from its power, and finally had an attendant whose duty it was to see that the drug never reached him. His state of feeling he describes as agony, as

* All the facts developed since Carlyle's death were not, of course, known at the time of writing.—EDITOR.

hell; the insatiate craving, then indulgence, then reaction from the raptures of elysium, at once plunged into the fierce fires of Tartarus, similar to those pangs endured by De Quincey. The moral results were: total separation between will and conscience; an all but absolute impotence of volition in all the relations of life; engagements unfulfilled; promises forgotten; friendship ignored; and a condition more allied to insanity than to reason, his miserable doom. His son Hartley inherited the morbid condition both of body and soul. Stimulant he must have, though it be alcoholic; and with this, weakness of volition, intense sensibility without power of control. To the slightest temptation he yielded. He shrank from mental pain. He could not open a letter without trembling. Yet, well aware of his weakness, in one of his books he wrote the following:

O woeful impotence of weak resolve
Recorded, testify the writer's shame.
Days pass away, and Time's large orbs revolve,
And every day beholds me still the same;
Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,
And hope becomes a flat, unheeded lie.

The results of inherited tendency to drunkenness are of a horrifying nature. This tendency is called dipsomania. It displays itself as a susceptibility to nervous excitement in the first generation, and, if yielded to and indulged in, becomes an irresistible craving in the third. It is, indeed, a disease of the moral as of the physical constitution. Motives are powerless—it matters not what they be. Self-esteem,

love, religion—all are urged in vain. The victim indulges, and, having recovered, promises amendment; but the cycle revolves with it the thirst, the longing, which becomes an overmastering one, to whose imperious fiat the unhappy victim is compelled to yield obedience. There is no regard for truth, for honor, for domestic ties. Children may starve; the wife pine in rags; his own person present every aspect of neglect and dissipation. He heeds not; nor can he explain the motives which impel him to a life of vagabondage.

The children of intemperate parents are sure to inherit morbid tendencies intellectually. They live up to a certain age, when mental growth becomes arrested, and gradually they sink into imbecility or idiocy. M. Mord records the case of a young man whose father was a drunkard. This son gave way to the crime. He had seven children, of whose history this is a summary:

The first two died of convulsions.

The third, a son, attained some skill in handicraft, but became an idiot at twenty-two.

The fourth, a son, attained a certain amount of intelligence which he could not exceed, and relapsed into profound melancholy with tendency to suicide, which ended in harmless imbecility.

The fifth, a son, is of a peculiar and irritable disposition, and has broken off all connection with his family.

The sixth was a daughter, with the strongest hysteric tendencies; profoundly impressed by the sad spectacle of her family. She has been seriously troubled in her reason repeatedly.

The seventh is a remarkably intelligent workman, but extremely nervous and depressed ; he indulges in the most despairing anticipations with regard to his life and reason.

A most melancholy picture this, it will be confessed.

Habits of gambling propagate a tendency in the children. A lady is named who possessed great wealth, and who passed her nights in gaming ; she died young of pulmonary disease. Her eldest son was equally addicted to play, and also died of consumption at the same age as his mother. Her daughter inherited the same passion and the same disease.

1. There is augmented propensity transmitted.
2. There is enfeebled volition transmitted.
3. There is moral obliquity and obtuseness transmitted.
4. There is nervous predisposition transmitted.

The history of the House of Stuart is a remarkable illustration of the transmission of bad and vicious qualities.

Starting from the Queen of Scots, and ending with the Chevalier, there is a striking display of evil tendency, evil conduct, and evil consequences. The beautiful Mary inherited, with a Stuart nature, one infinitely worse : that which, through her mother, she brought over from one of the basest families of France—the House of Guise. The members of that family, whether in the Church, in the State, in the camp, in the court, displayed every-where cruelty of heart, sensual propensity, virulent bigotry, vaulting ambition, total contempt for truth, exalted notions of

the "divinity that doth hedge a king." With them murder was one of the fine arts, and to be assiduously cultivated. They lived in an atmosphere of lust and duplicity. They were capable of vast reach of thought, of high appreciation of art. They perished in the fourth generation, abhorred, despised, accursed. The fiercest fires of persecution were kindled by their breath and fagoted by their hands. The Bartholomew massacre found them equipped for the shambles and prompt to shed blood. The Queen of Scots was doomed to spring from this parentage, to lap this milk and inhale the inspiration of this ancestry. She was beautiful—a perfect witch in manner and in speech—but she was lustful, cruel, treacherous. James, her son, was a pedant, not over careful of veracity, and a tyrant. Charles I. loved the fine arts and patronized them, but he loved power more; and at his ease forgot his oaths and ignored the liberty and laws of his people; every inch a tyrant. No Englishman's life was safe while Charles sat upon the throne. His death was the last effort of imperiled men to avert their own murder. Charles II. was a *debauché*, too vile to permit us to characterize him. Read Jesse's "Court of the Stuarts" for confirmation. He seemed an incarnation of unclean spirits. Witty—for he never said a foolish thing—but indifferent was he to the glory of his kingdom so long as his parasites pandered to his lewd desires and supplied him with additional stimuli to his exhausted appetite. James II. was a morbid, superstitious, cold-blooded tyrant; full of deceit, treachery, cruelty. No one

could trust his honor. He sold his nation to Louis for French gold. And, weary of him, Britain chased him from her throne and banished him from her shores, to seek a shelter and a tomb within the nation from whose fated family of Guise his race inherited the vices that entailed this doom.

And this is, verily, a solemn thought for us parents. We do not live for or to ourselves. Onward the evil lives after us, in children and in children's children. There is not a vice I cherish, nor a forbidden pleasure in which I indulge, nor a sin against honor, against veracity, against honesty, against chastity, that does not, from me, move down to those who own me as their sire. In them my habits shall germinate. I entail upon them, if not actual, visible suffering, inward and more real woe. I render their fight for virtue more difficult. Through me, they feel the stirrings of base emotions, and feel them, in less easily vanquished force, clamoring for indulgence and crying out for sovereignty. It may break out in disease of body; it may come forth in disease of heart; it may appear in moral obliquity and social crime; but in any case the wretched inheritor of my selfishness might well turn round and hiss a red-hot curse upon the sire to whom he owes his infamous legacy.

We can, on the other hand, transmit a higher and haler and holier type of moral sympathies and aptitudes. We cannot give them piety; that must be their own choice and duty. But we can render the choice less difficult, less repulsive. We can lessen the obstacles hindering the choice. We can, I firmly

hold, propagate affinity for certain moral virtues, so that our children shall hate meanness, reverence truthfulness, respect others, and come into being with a moral soil more disposed to welcome into its bosom the good seed which is able to save the soul.

And this arrangement is another aid to a virtuous life in me. Many are the aids, the incentives, to this life by which I am encompassed and appealed to. My health will be preserved; my reputation improved; my self-respect upheld; my peace of heart, of home, promoted; my future prospects brightened. These all are some of the manifold incentives to a right and godly life by which I am appealed to.

And there is this among others: *an appeal to our natural affection as parents.*

This is a deep thrust. This is a fresh evidence of the purity of the moral government of God. Even this affection shall be engaged, be subsidized, in the benign work of slaying corruption and inducing men to a career of goodness.

Your offspring! Aye, there they stand, though yet unborn—the boy of broad brow; the girl of glossy curls and beaming face and coal-black eye. There they group around you and appeal to you and pray to you as their father, to have pity, have pity, have pity, upon them. Spare them shame! Spare them self-contempt! Spare them contempt for you! Aid not the devil and the world by aiding the flesh—*your* flesh! Render not their life a fierce and awful fight with themselves—with a body from which they cannot free themselves; a fight with proclivities they

had never known but for you! “Deny yourself for us,” they say. “End, end your self-indulgence, for us! Dash the cup from your lip and flee the bed of adultery, for us! We must suffer for your pleasures; for your hour of enjoyment we must pay the penalty of a life of feebleness, if not of penury. Pity us in our beauty, in our frailty! Rather say we shall never be—never see the light—never live to curse the day of birth—than gratify yourself!”*

* The last page of the MS. of this lecture was lost. We have been compelled to terminate it with the close of the above paragraph. This will account for the abruptness with which the lecture ends.—
EDITOR.

VIII.

THE YOSEMITE AND ITS LESSONS.*

TWICE has it been my privilege and my joy to visit the Yosemite Valley. Had it been seven times instead of twice the seventh visit had been more instructive and ennobling than the sixth. With each return to spot and scene the wonder grows, the admiration kindles into flame more ardent, and the satisfaction waxes in intensity and depth. No description—be it by poet, painter, writer, orator—can be thought of as approaching the reality. “The half was not told,” must be the exclamation of the entranced beholder and listener.

We start, say, from the Palace Hotel; cross the San Francisco bay; enter the cars for Merced City; and, if the mosquitoes will but condescend to permit us, enjoy a good night's sleep in preparation for the day's staging. Twelve hours at least are spent before reaching Clarke's Hotel; and, having rested and slept a second night, we either move on to the Valley the day following, or remain to spend that day in visiting the Mariposa trees. Upon the third day, if we choose, we reach the Valley by one o'clock, and become the guests of Black or Hutchings.

There are at least three modes of entrance to the Valley; that by which I entered passes “Inspiration

* A lecture partly written in 1877, partly in 1879, and partly in 1880.

Point." This is the point from whence one gains the first view of the glorious spot. We halted and gazed with bated breath and brimming eye. What an impertinence is language in presence of such a scene! I thought of Moses as, from Nebo's crest, "God showed him all the land," from Hermon's snowy helmet to where the desert of the south touches Immanuel's soil, from where Jordan winds its tortuous way to where the waves of the Great Sea lave the foot of Carmel, from where Engedi's groves of spice lade the breezes to where Sharon's roses bloom and Gilead's forests bleed their balm. There we caught, indeed, the inspiration which has never left us or forsaken us since.

On we dashed, by zigzag but well-constructed road—down, round, back, on, round, backward, onward, downward—until the level of the Merced River was safely reached; thence through shrubbery and o'er sand and streamlet, until we landed in presence of the "Eagle's Nest," and within the musical thunder of the Yosemite Falls.

The Valley is about nine miles long, and one mile and a half wide. It is forty-one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Through it flows the Merced River. The walls of the Valley are gray granite, nearly vertical, and from three thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the Valley, thus from seven thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean.

The highest fall in the Yosemite is two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet high. This cataract is

composed of three falls: the first, one thousand six hundred feet; the second, five hundred and thirty-four feet; the third, five hundred feet high. The Nevada fall is the most massive; there the main body of the Merced, fresh from the eternal snow and ice of the Sierras, leaps six hundred feet, or nearly four times as high as Niagara; it is sixty feet wide. From thence the river rushes with resistless impetuosity through a narrow gorge over the huge *débris* of boulders with a noise "as of many waters," forming one of the grandest and wildest scenes of the Valley.

We climbed, partly on foot and partly on horseback, to Glacier Point. The travel is perfectly safe; the horses are well trained; the road is broad and well defended. On horseback there is but little fatigue experienced. And even were the fatigue fourfold greater one is well repaid for the toil by the "vision splendid" which greets him from the projecting table which, three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the Valley, and seven thousand four hundred feet above the ocean, permits him to look—out, up, down—on one of the most superbly sublime panoramas of this or any other orb.

The cloudless blue is above us; the far-roaming snow-robed plateaus of the Sierra beyond us; the Cap of Liberty and Cloud's Rest to our right; Starr King and Mt. Whitney; South Dome and North, rounded and polished by the gigantic glacier's chisel and plane; El Capitan to our left; the Three Brothers, and the Cathedral Spires on either side of the Valley; the river but a thread of moving water; the Yosemite

with its threefold plunge ; far off the subdued thunder of the Nevada and Vernal falls.

Immensity, almightiness, age, time, eternity, the littleness and the grandeur of man, the glory and the vanity of earth, the self-sufficiency and the incessant activity of Deity, all in turn seize the spirit, move, awe, subdue, yet elevate and inspire the heart. I could not speak amid such magnificence. Even thought seemed paralyzed in the presence of such symbols of the majesty of nature and the surpassing greatness of Him who, through ages innumerable, and by agencies titanic, had upheaved and sculptured, dispread and massed, consolidated and embellished this august and sacred shrine in earth's far-spanning temple !

You are impressed with the thought that here all zones and climates, all forms and colors, all aspects and motions, all elements of strength and beauty, of sternness and repose, conspire and combine. There is the valley and the gorge ; there is the still radiance of the lake and the glad motion of the rushing river ; there is the meek wild-flower and the stately pine ; there is the gleam of the many-tinted butterfly and the majestic movement of the soaring eagle ; there is eternal winter on the summit, there are the luxuries of tropic summer in the dell ; there is mountain and there is water ; there is beauty and there is sublimity. Dew sparkles ; timely rains descend ; zephyrs glide or loiter ; wild winds swell and sigh ; thunder crashes, and lightnings blaze their banner o'er the dusky sky. The eye is regaled ; the ear soothed. Now serenity

broods within you; and now exhilarating ecstasy flashes and flushes and flows over in eye and cheek and lip. The adventurous is dared, the explorer challenged, the studious wooed, the observing rewarded. Earth's dreary noises are unheard, and man's mammon-worship is forgotten. The cares and fretfulness of life, the strife and rivalry of time, depart. Nature in her divinest forms alone takes possession of the spirit, and man, hushed and reverent, bends to catch the speech of God.

One ought to be very much better for a trip like this. One's threefold being—spirit, soul, body—should return largely benefited. And it is almost a sin if any one go and return unimproved. When such is the case there must be some deep-seated unhealthiness, both in body and in soul.

What do you need to take with you so that you may make the most of a visit? No one ought to go there who does not take with him clear, open eyes, a wakeful, thoughtful mind, an honest, pure, tender heart, and a soul in sympathy with the great and benignant Creator, Father, and Friend of man.

I will not stop to say that you need a good, a well-filled purse. Nor will I stop to say that you need a friend or two, full of enthusiasm, of vigor, and of susceptibilities. But I will say in one word what you cannot do without, what you must take with you, so as to return most weightily laden with most worthy benefit. That word is health; health of body, so that you can climb and ride without pain and faintness, and laugh and cry in turn; health of heart, purity,

love, meekness, docility, reverence, wonder, admiration, gratitude; health of intellect, the clear thought, the keen vision, the quick ear, the elastic nerve of soul-health; health of your entire manhood or womanhood.

Sympathy is essential to the full, remunerative enjoyment of the Valley and its wonders. There are ears, I believe, incapable of distinguishing one note from another. There are eyes positively color-blind. There are men who see nothing in Milton's "Paradise Lost," because it does not mathematically demonstrate any problem. There are natures so thoroughly petrified by sordidness and sensualism that, for their delectation, the Yosemite exists in vain. There are self-conceited, self-idolizing creatures who see nothing to admire in nature. Over the Mirror Lake they sail, and into its depths they glance; it is the only spot in the Valley they enjoy. And why? Because it is the only spot in which, as in a glass, they can look upon themselves reflected! Such as they have reached a stage of culture in which the faculty of admiration works not, for it is not. The wonder of ingenuous and self-forgetting youth has given place to the hard, cruel, unfeelingness of a blasted, cinder-like muscle once called a heart.

Sourness and bitterness of spirit disqualify for the Valley. Meekness and humility, simple faith and fervent adoration largely equip for its due and keen appreciation. The clearer the understanding, the tenderer the heart, so much the more is it likely "thine eye shall see the beauty of the Great King," in such

a spot as this. You must go with every fiber of your being tremulous and strung; with every sense awake and vigorous; with all of memory in play, and all of imagination in lofty mood and tone. You must go with your soul having, as it were, "a look southward, and open to the whole noon of nature." As seen through the lenses of some atrabilious natures, there is neither form nor comeliness in the loveliest landscapes.

Nor may you hope for success in your visit if you take with you only the Peter-Bell-like spirit:

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him;
And it was nothing more.

Rather take the spirit of him who wrote of the "Daisy;" of him who, placing the orient sea-shell to his ear, heard through the convolutions of the smooth-lipped conch the cadence of the ocean in whose depths the lovely thing was fashioned; of him who followed the skylark beyond the cloud and heard him carol at the bars of the gate of gold, till seraphs ceased to harp and learned to sing, taught by the frail denizen of the clover and the sod; the spirit of him who, having looked upon a pond margined by daffodils, sat down and wrote:

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

And, last of all, take that state of heart which
voiced itself in the well-known lines:

Not to the domes whose crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to the fane, most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its music, winds and waves—its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky;

There, amidst solitude and shade, to wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
And by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

I thought, as I stood in the Valley, for how many
uses and ends has the Great Creator “given the earth
to the children of men!”

There is the bodily life provided for; light there is for the life of the eye, and air for the life of the lungs; and corn and wine and oil to build up the framework, and knit it into gracefulness. And there is the cotton plant and the silkworm; the woolly sheep and the flax fiber; fur of seal and beaver; the hide of goat and ox; the pelt of rabbit and of rat; the flesh of fish and of fowl—enough, enough to satisfy the need and minister to the comforts of the myriad millions who tenant this fair globe! Ripened by the sunbeam, enriched by the rainfall, nurtured by the stream, vivified by the gale, in our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. From hill and flood, from glen and valley, from deep that coucheth beneath, and from far-spreading and soaring heights, he compels our supplies!

You will not be long in the Valley until you have learned that man is a bartering and a money-making being; and that the earth serves one great end in supplying man with the materials for a life of trade. And an eminently useful end it is. Commerce has a marvelous tale to tell. Commerce has been a civilizer and a discoverer. Commerce has brought distant nations into contact and broken down many a wall of prejudice. Commerce has had her heroes, and one day may have her historian, and perhaps her poet, to describe in graphic page and glowing numbers her toils and triumphs, her vices and her virtues, her mission of conquest and of civilization o'er the earth. In the trade carried on in the Valley, in the hotel life prevailing, in the gardens tilled and the cattle

fed, and the saddle-horse conveniences for traveling and climbing, we have man's secular use of the earth illustrated.

There are also those in the Valley for purposes of recreation. They have time at their command, and money. Worried and exhausted by the battle of life, most wisely do they hasten to the Yosemite. It is such a contrast with the fogs and dust of San Francisco. It is such a retreat from the banking-house and the ball-room, from rivalries and passion fevers.

Few investments bring in so large returns as money and time devoted to absolute rest amid the grand-
eurs of mountain or of ocean, amid the calmness of storm-sheltered valley or the bracing breezes of upland cottage. In our age of high pressure, from our cities with their uttermost of artificial and flip-pant pleasures, O, it is good to fly away to nature, to honest, frank, and tranquilizing nature! Away to nature to gather the wild flower and chase the wild bird! To lose yourself in the wood primeval, or plunge into the cañon amid the ancient hills! Away to sunbeams untainted by the smoke of factories and winds unsoiled by the dust of crowded avenue and street! Away to talk with the stars and greet the sunrise and shake the cowslip's ear and breast the breaker in the swift-oared skiff! Away from man!—I will not say from woman; for you had better take her with you for very many reasons!

Head and heart and hand shall win a store of health there, wherewith you shall return to the duties of the home, and of the store, and of the counting-house,

with brain restored and blood renewed and nerve re-strung, confessing that, in the language of the immortal Gough, "It pays to recreate!"

And for the mental life God has provided. He has put us here that we might be educated, intellectually developed, strengthened, stimulated, enriched. He has put a thought into every thing he has made. There is nothing, therefore, thoughtless, above, beneath, around! "Sermons in stones" there are, most literally; testimonies to his being and character in the rocks; poems in rippling rivulets; anthems in storms; choruses in cataracts; psalms in zephyrs; alleluias in ocean billows and in forest tempests!

There, in the Valley, we had the specialist in science, and the amateur as well, each endeavoring to find laws in the facts of nature. There were those whose department of investigation included the moss, the hyssop, and the cedar. There were those whose taste led them to the study of the ant, the butterfly, and the beetle. There were those whose sympathies led them to the rocks, the rivers, the eternal snow, the action of water, or of fire, or of ice, of volcano, of earthquake, of flood, or of glacier upon the shape of the mountain and the depression of the valley.

Yonder you read the name of Joseph Hooker and the autograph of the State geologist. I met, while there, one of the most gifted of men of science, a self-taught scientist, a man of most modest spirit, but of most vigorous intellect. He has made the region his home for years. He is perfectly familiar with its flora. Above all he has studied its geological story.

He has the eye of a scientist and the mind of a philosopher, and he has the genius of a poet. When he writes he fascinates by his descriptive power; and his skill in graphic pictorial delineation is truly that of a master. He is, I thought, as I learned his history, talked with and listened to him, the Hugh Miller of the Yosemite. A Scotchman, by-the-by, he is; as simple as a child and as reverent as a saint. He has studied the architecture of the hills. He has climbed, at peril of life, to the region of the glacier. He believes in the action, not so much of earthquakes, in cutting out or depressing the valley, as in the slow, continuous, and potent action of ice, cleaving, grinding, floating, carving, molding, polishing the hoary granite. And those who have listened to his facts and reasoning are much disposed to adopt his theory. None meet him but to feel his magnetic spell; and doubtless, soon or late, the scientific world will hear of, and delight to confer justly merited honors upon the massive and well-balanced brow of John Muir.

Within that Valley might, therefore, have been seen illustrated the relations of the physical universe to the intellect of man.

The material and the organic in nature serve a lofty purpose when they teach the greatest of pupils—man. For this end, certainly, were they fashioned. From a Thinker they emanated; therefore is nature full of thoughts. Therefore may man, the thinker, obey the command of Job when he says, “Go to the earth and she shall teach thee.”

Whence what we call SCIENCE? From the facts, the forms, the motions, the colors, and the relations of nature. Science is man's correct interpretation of the meaning of nature. Science is possible because nature is the production of a Planner, whose thoughts have been wrought into the texture and the structure of the plan of nature. Searching out nature, we are convinced of the success attendant upon our search only when behind nature and before nature we see a Thinker working out his thoughts in the majestic system of the universe.

In every upheaved peak ; in every geometric snowflake ; in every veined leaf ; in every lustrous wing ; in every sweep of ocean billow ; in every swell of landscape ; in every hue of shrub ; in every rush of cataract ; in every tinted cloudlet ; in every globe of dew ; in every march of thunder-storm ; in every smooth-lipped shell ; in every adaptation of plant to soil, of insect to temperature, of food to wild goat, we behold *thought*. We, therefore, may construct a science which shall be the reflection from the human mind of the conceptions wrought into the creation by the divine, the infinite Intelligence. That the human intelligence may converse with the divine, nature is. Nature exists, the permanent medium of intellectual intercourse between Creator and creature. God spake all the words of this vast volume, and left the folio that through this his child might talk with him, hence win instruction, and thus unfold his latent faculties and begin his never-ending growth in knowledge, wisdom, beauty.

And to develop to the utmost all man's mental powers, see what provision the Infinite One has made ! The power of comparison is called into play ; for there is resemblance. The power of discrimination is called into play ; for there is dissimilarity. The power of generalization is called into play ; for there is unity of plan and method. For man is analytic, synthetic, and philosophic, as a thinker and observer.

Moreover, effort is necessary to the full development of man's mental nature. Concentration of thought is called for. The sovereign force called attention is demanded. Not by any effort, howsoever will-less, can he win in the race of discovery. Not by any method, howsoever methodless, can he extract the secret of the mystery. Earnestness must characterize him. Vigor, even to intensity of resolve, must impel him. "As for hid treasure" must he pursue his quest. Sweat of brow, and wrinkle as well, shall proclaim him a stalwart and valorous chieftain in the struggle to achieve the mastery of nature's meaning. Into the far depths of midnight shall he push his investigation, as from minaret or watch-tower he peers into the calm and silent skies. Up ere the roseate aurora hath bathed the valley in its flood's elixir shall he be found bending over his crucible. Out 'mid snows and torrents, down through Alpine valleys or the miner's sunless corridors shall he press on with foot persistent. For only thus may yonder temple dedicated to truth see him pass within its portals and seated beside its sons as one of the laureled victors in the good fight for truth.

Here is one of nature's noblest services : to wake mind into sleeplessness ; to move mind into restless activity ; to excite in mind insatiate appetites ; to slake the thirst of mind for truth by knowledge, and yet create a thirst more fiery ; to dare mind into a mood of conquest ; to enkindle wonder, admiration, rapture in the pursuit as in the acquisition ; to lift the infantile into the masculine ; to knit the loosely hung into the compactness of a mailed mediæval knight, by hardy and enduring effort ; to broaden the soul's capacity, and deepen it as well ; to light the eye with the quenchless luster of intelligence ; and thus train the children of the King Eternal for the august functions which await them when, of full age, they shall "have dominion" and "inherit all things !"

We have here suggested the provisions made by our Creator for our emotional nature. Our emotions are various. There are emotions arrestive, such as wonder, curiosity ; emotions acquisitive, as thirst for knowledge, for power, for wealth ; emotions benevolent, such as pity, compassion ; emotions impartative, such as prompt us to communicate knowledge ; emotions perfective, such as cry out for faultlessness, for grandeur, for the beautiful. Now for these last named there is an opulent provision. "The beautiful," "the sublime," are to be met with every-where. The mere necessary is not all. There are the luxuries of life and of heart as well.

"What a God is ours !" must be the spontaneous expression of heart and lip.

And I would like to conclude by leaving the same

impression upon your hearts that the Valley left on mine. Every thing seemed to suggest God.

As I gazed upon the massive battlements rearing their heads to the heavens; when I remembered He upheaved these gigantic masses, I thought of his power: "He girdeth the mountains with strength;" "The strength of the hills is his also;" "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." And I thought, too, this power is ours! For, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is he about his people." And as they are changeless—"the lasting hills"—even so "His righteousness is as the great mountains," immovable. When I thought of their age I remembered his eternity: "Before the mountains were brought forth, thou *art* God!"

See here in the Valley his goodness! In all he gives what gladness he imparts! See it in the sunshine and in the star; in the bliss of the eye and the rapture of the ear; in the joys of friendship and in the rejoicing of a good conscience: in the pleasant odors of the grove and in the delectations of the fruit of vine, and peach, and orange; in the exultation of the discoverer and in the ecstasies of the seeker after laws more subtle, more ample, and more profound; in the delight felt when gazing upon the clouds which chariot the sun across the skyey pathway, and when tracing the serpentine meanderings of tranquil rivers through emerald meadows, and 'neath nodding willows, and past daisied banks. Can we refrain from exclaiming, "O how great is thy goodness, and how great is thy beauty!"

Thus every thing in the Valley suggests God. If the Valley can be thus thought of, it is no less than a temple. If the Yosemite be but the vestibule, what must the palace of the Great King be? If it be but a part of his footstool, what must the throne be? If it be but the outer court, what shall it be within the veil where we shall dwell for evermore?

IX.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.*

ALLOW me to say (what you have often heard repeated by the many visitors to your State and city) how much I have been surprised, amazed, delighted with the many wonders, beauties, and excellences of your Golden State and its metropolis. Your all but perfect climate; your fabulously productive soil; your fruits worthy of Paradise before "the fall;" your hills veined with silver and aglow with gold; your bay, land-locked, picturesque, and spacious enough to harbor the fleets of many nations; the access to your city, both by land and water; the perils of flood you have survived; the perils of fire above which you have risen, so as to warrant me in applying to you two lines of one of Charles Wesley's hymns:

Like Moses' bush you mounted higher,
And flourished unconsumed in fire.

And there is, though last-named, not least in importance, your flourishing association. I am delighted to learn that this association is all but as old as your city, and within two years of the age of its sister association in New York. Every thing in the title of the society is suggestive.

* Delivered at the twenty-second anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1875.

It is an association. Wherever we turn, we meet with association; there is nothing alone in the universe. Matter displays the association of chemical affinities, and is subject to the sway of that of gravitation, whereby stellar and solar systems are fashioned. There is not a star that is not one of a group; nor a comet that is not one of a brotherhood; nor a sun that is not part of a galaxy. Atom is bound to atom; gas commingles with gas; dewdrop clusters with dewdrop; mountain leans on mountain; ant works with ant; grasshopper marches o'er valley and plain, one of a myriad host of destroyers; buffaloes troop in herds, and wild fowl wing their flight from northern to southern feeding-grounds in squadrons and battalions. Isolation is unknown—from lowest existence up to the bright and beatific hosts who cry out and shout: "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ." Pre-eminently is this a characteristic of humanity. The home is the initial stage of the law; the citizenship of a tribe or nation is a further stage; and the fraternity of the Church of Christ is the highest earthly stage. The age we live in owes not a little of its greatness and its glory to the sovereignty of this principle.

The commerce which gives its vessels to plow every sea with their keels, and utilize every breeze with their sails, is the fruit of association.

The science which plucks from the ocean its mystery; from the lightning its meaning; from the sunbeam its message; from the forest its wonder; from the "ancient hills" their story; from life its laws,

and from death its lessons; the science which hath tracked the meteor, and heaved the lead in the abyssal depth of the human spirit—this science is none other than the fruit of association. Humboldt works together with Livingstone, Herschel labors side by side with Agassiz, Kant toils a bond-slave with Hamilton, Darwin is yoked with Dana, Stuart Mill cheers on Spencer; association is their law.

And liberty is a fruit of the same great force. If men to-day are freer than they ever were—if larger numbers of men are freer than they ever were—why is this so? Not by one brave hero's toil, or trials, or triumphs, hath this been won. Essayist wrote to win this; poet sang to win this; sage propounded to win this; artist painted to win this; historian penned his glowing paragraph to win this; martyr patriot fought and bled, rotted in dungeons, and climbed the scaffold to win this; Hampden and Sidney, Locke and Washington, Lafayette and Garibaldi, yielded their sweat of brain and sweat of heart to water the immortal seeds of that tree of liberty beneath whose ample and grateful shadows we find a sanctuary to-night. Our freedom is the fruit of association. And indeed, so convinced are tyrants of the power to upheave their throne, lurking in and ready to leap forth from associations, that they bend their utmost efforts and energies to the purpose of breaking up all such bands of conspirators against their dynasties of despotism. It is one of the sure and certain evidences of the reign of freedom when associations multiply unchecked for the defense and

propagation of opinion. They are the terror of tyrants, they are the favorite offspring of liberty. And inasmuch as all associations make their members very much purer, and nobler, and braver men than they would otherwise be, or else very much baser, and fouler, and falser, no one can hear of a new association with indifference or without some measure of interest.

Such is the strength of association that even the Anarch of Pandemonium recognizes it. He has a kingdom. He is not so foolish as to be "divided against himself." "Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea," his forces rally round his dusky banner, catch his will, and hasten forth to further his behests by strewing the earth with havoc spoils. So also one man "chases a thousand," but, such is the might of union, two shall put, not two, but "ten thousand to flight." The advent of Christianity testifies to the same principle, for there the disciples were all "with one accord in one place." Association—it is a confluence of many streams; it is a gathering of many forces; it is a combination of many talents; it is a concentration of diversified experiences. And if in union there is strength for good or evil, how solemn the state of mind in which we ought to contemplate an addition to the associations of the age such as this!

For *it is an association of young men.*

Ha! What a magic in the words "young men!" Who would not be a young man! What snowy-headed sage would not be again a young man! What

a halo of romance encircles the brow of a young man! What hopes cluster around him! What hearts beat deep and high by reason of his possibilities! What forces lurk, what founts of poetry lie unsealed within his breast! What perils haunt his pathway! What gins and traps are spread and laid for his unwary feet! What baits are held forth to lure him! What seductive voices float in upon his ear! What meretricious visions swim in upon his imagination? What impulses heave him! What passions thrill and throb his being! To what a height may he hew his way! With what a robe of honor may he fold his spirit! From what a throne of moral kingship may he not dispread, and through what ages may he not transmit his influence! He touches chords that shall vibrate throughout eternity. He is beginning to form character. Whose? His own pre-eminently, as well as others. All things wait upon him to serve him, to ennoble, to enfranchise, to adorn his character. What will he do with himself? How does he purpose using himself? To what depths shall he descend? With what foulness shall he clothe himself? How far from God shall he drift, drift, drift, driven by the demoniac passions of falsehood and foulness? How soon shall all tenderness pass away, all beauty vanish, all truth give up the ghost, and all manhood be pawned for pleasure the most sensual, and his very soul, like Cleopatra's jewel, be dissolved in the swine-trough of debauchery, until only the omniscient God shall be able to detect amid the utter spoliation evidence the most filmy that such a monster was once a man!

As an association of "young men" it commands our attention, it elicits our sympathy. It must either benefit or curse them. Association is not always and absolutely beneficial. Men do not always encourage one another to noble deeds and honorable principles in their associations. Not unfrequently they meet to frame iniquity by a law, to concoct schemes of plunder, to devise methods for corruption of morals and the seduction of the innocent. Their chambers of assembly may witness the rapid flight of shuttles, weaving webs of cunning workmanship, wherewith to enmesh the raw, and crude, and simple-minded. What is the guarantee of safety? The peril of association is lessened by another thought suggested by the third term in the title of the association.

It is "a *Young Men's* CHRISTIAN Association."

Yes, this is the guarantee of safety. An association formed upon, and framed to promote Christian principles, and abiding under the sanction of the Divine Founder of Christianity. This tranquilizes our fears and allays our anxieties.

From what we know of our Christian religion we unhesitatingly assert, a society steeped in the spirit of Christianity, and true to the same, cannot but be beautiful in the truest and best sense. For we are not in the dark as to what our faith is, as to what it teaches, as to what it leads. We have but to study it in the life and in the teachings of its Founder to be assured that it is the friend of all that is just; the patron of all that is pure; the parent of all that is "lovely and of good report;" that it is

God's own last, fullest expression of peace and good will to man. Christ is Christianity—in essence, in spirit, in embodied power. He lived out his own peerless teaching, leaving us an example that we should tread in his steps.

A system called by his name cannot but respect, if not revere, humanity. It must be lustrous with the loveliness of Him who was fairer than the children of men; in whom was no guile—who was the friend of publicans and sinners; who saved not himself—pleased not himself—that he might save others. There shall be nothing mean in it; for he was magnanimity. There can be nothing false in it; for he was truth unadulterated. There can be nothing foul; for he was holy, harmless, undefiled. There can be nothing harsh; for he was meek and lowly in spirit. There can be nothing bigoted; there can be nothing sectarian; for he spake the parable of the man who fell among thieves, and received favor from a Samaritan. There can be nothing fastidious in philanthropy; for he forgave “the woman who was a sinner.” He cared for men's bodies, and so does this association. He cared for men's heart sorrows, and was the friend of the death-bereaved family of Bethany; and so does this association. He cared for men's soul—his whole life and death were given to this object—and so does this association.

No; we are not afraid of this society. It is salt in the midst of corruption. It is light in the midst of moral gloom. It is a shelter for defenselessness.

It is a home for forlorn and forgotten ones. It is a temple whence flow living waters, whose rivulets touch and turn barrenness and aridity into blooming garden and verdant vale.

All hail ! all hail ! we cry out and shout from the bottom of our hearts : live ; live long ; live vigorously ; live honored ; live beloved ; live to multiply in numbers, in power, in influence ; live “ forever blessing and forever blest ! ”

I, for one, tender this association my most sincere sympathy, and whatever of practical aid it may be in my power to render, because of its eminently catholic spirit.

True, I love my own garden ; I love to pluck a tinted flower from its odorous beds ; I love to saunter beneath its orange grove ; I love to linger near its mimic cascade, and bend over its fern-margined pond where gold-fish sport and lilies float. But I do also take delight in visiting my neighbor's conservatory ; and can revel in the luxuries of his tropic plants and palms ; regale my taste from the purple cluster of his generous vines ; and cherish a healthy rivalry of produce in all that can minister delectation to sight or smell. And I love, as well, to hie away beyond garden wall and hedgerow, and lose myself within the mazes of a people's park, where the free winds sport, and the unwindowed sunlight bathes wide acres of shrubbery and pensive glade or gentle undulation in its ample wave, and then robes them in its cloth of gold.

To me, such is this Association in its reach of

principles and in its range of purpose ; and I therefore wish it Godspeed.

I have been requested to address some remarks specially adapted to the young men who may be present to-night. I do so with an earnest prayer that something said may reach some heart, and win some wanderer unto ways of righteousness and peace.

Young men, we want you for our Lord and Master's service. The Church needs you. Her Head looks to you. The future of our religious life and of our country's weal is at your disposal. In the struggle for the truth, swiftly drawing nigh, we wish to feel that you follow "the banner to be displayed because of the truth." That struggle is imminent. The hosts are mustering. The plan of the campaign even now lies mapped before our antagonists. The chieftains in the ranks of our fold are bronzed warriors—cool, calm, clear-visioned. The battle shall not be with tramp of war-horse, or peal of clarion, or rush of scythed chariot, or plumed helmet, or glittering spear. No ; the weapons are of substance more ethereal ; but the combat is, therefore, the more fierce and stern. Principles ! Principles ! Thought ! Spirit !—these are the implements and enginery of the struggle. Despotism against Freedom ! Priestcraft against Manhood ! The struggle shall thicken around the corner-stone of our republican institutions—our public and free school system. To pluck that from its "coign of vantage," and then hasten and look for the crash of the stately edifice of our national liberty—this is the sworn object of our

focs. And for its accomplishment they are resolved to subsidize aid from heaven and earth and hell. We would have you swell our ranks; we would have you fitted for the hour of trial.

We would, therefore, persuade you to-night to decision. With many of you, all you need is *decision for Christ*. You know your duty—more light is unnecessary. It is yours to step out from the ranks of ungodliness and become now, at once, enrolled with the hosts who serve the God of your mothers. Why not? You would live a consistent life, you tell us. You cannot bear the thought of inconsistency. Your sense of honorable manhood shrinks from such a possibility. And, from what you know of yourself, and of the perils of a life of disloyalty to Christ, you see no prospect of stability were you to profess yourself a member of Christ's Church. Well, we appreciate your sentiments; we admire your ideal of true manhood.

But let us remind you of a few facts. There is danger from *within your heart*. But decision secures for you that renewal of your heart whereby you become "a new creature." Conscience is enthroned. Will is enfranchised. Heart is transformed by no less power than the love of God shed abroad in it by the Holy Ghost given unto you. Now, when you *would* do good, you *can*; for you are made free from the law of sin and death.

You tell me of the dangers lurking in *your body*; of appetites, whose seat and instruments are there; of senses, avenues of ill; and that, with such, it is

impossible to struggle and win. But your very *body* becomes "the temple of the Holy Ghost," by whose inworkings all its members become servants of righteousness; every impulse is refined, every function regulated by the subjugating and—may I say so?—the sublimating operation of the "Spirit of Holiness;" so that every particle of the living frame shares in the transferred purity, and becomes as precious in His eye as was, to the Jew, the dust of the sacred shrine which once adorned Zion's crest.

You tell me of the *devil*—of his subtlety, his virulence, his experience; of the hosts with him; the relentless hate they cherish, and the unwearying, pauseless purpose they pursue with a persistency indomitable and a resolve unyielding as the laws which bind the spheres. They know him—who he is. They crouch at his footstool; they tremble at his glance. And against their hosts we ask your open vision to behold the squadron of the sons of light. For every lance hurled by hell there is a seraph shield to catch and shiver it. For every falchion thrust there is an angel scimitar, of edge as keen and temper as high, wielded by hand as skillful, and guided by eye as quick, as vigilant, as swift to parry, as strong to shatter; for, "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation?"

You tell me of the power of the *society by which you are encompassed*—its blandishments; its scorn; its bitter mockery, taunt, sarcasm. True, these are vigorous forces; they have won full many a victory.

Sturdy is the spirit equal to their onslaught. To endure such contradiction of sinners with meekness; to return good for evil; to rein back the soul and in patience possess it, implies no mean portion of the martyr's spirit. But we remind you of the brotherhood of the Christian Church prepared to welcome, and ready to give you scope for your new activities, and channel for your new affections. There may you find companionship; there obtain sympathy, and amid such fellowship wax courageous, and acquit you like men. The friendship of the world abandoned, lo! there is the friendship of the excellent of the earth, at once your solace and your shelter.

You mention the power of "*things seen*"—the visible, the palpable, around, above you—such as Satan dispread before the eye of our Great Master—the pomps and pleasures of this present evil world. We admit it all. But the Christian is one endowed with a *sixth sense*. He is a clairvoyant in the deepest meaning of the word. He lives, he walks, he endures, he conquers—"by FAITH." This soul-faculty pierces the clouds and veils of sense; places the spirit under the sovereignty of things not seen; gives substance, reality, definiteness to them. By its constant action the potencies of the invisible play upon you; pervade you; uplift, impel you; brace, nerve you. In their presence earth relaxes its grasp; the splendors of sense fade and blanch; the pleasures and pains of time dwindle and minify; eternity in all its augustness, grandeur, sways the soul; life swells into proportions worthy of such realities; character assumes

a measure and stature congruous with such immensities. The wonder then is, not *that we should endure*, but that *we should FAIL to come off* "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," seeing "we look not at things seen, for they are temporal, but at the things that are not seen, for they are eternal."

My brother, become one with Jesus Christ through humble submission to and hearty acceptance of him, and you step within a more than enchanted circle, and become the focus of all the forces of God's moral empire; upon you they shall center, on your behalf combine; on your unsealed ear there shall float from the realms of light, as the sound of many waters, the choral shout: "*We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.*" Then, Creation fulfills its purpose, Providence realizes its design, Redemption achieves its end in you. Every step you take shall be a triumph; every note you utter, a conqueror's ode. Habit shall strengthen you. Peril shall educate you. Toil shall harden you. The law of development shall work in and through you. It doth not yet appear what you shall be; and, passing hence in God's good time, your character shall proclaim you "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Should such be the issue of this night's appeal, then you shall have cause for eternal thanksgiving, that you were permitted to take part in the twenty-second anniversary of this Young Men's Christian Association.



THE SOVEREIGNTY OF MAN.*

THERE has not been any dearth of exhibitions in our metropolis during the last few months. I cannot imagine a type of taste for which exhibitions have not most liberally catered.

There have been political exhibitions, and of these a greater variety than the creative genius of America has ever before dared to produce; indeed, no less than a perfect quartet — soprano, alto, tenor, bass. I shall not venture to say which is soprano, and I shrink from suggesting which is the bass; nor am I prepared to say to what concord of sweet sounds this quartet may yet constrain us to hearken. The air around us is tremulous with melody, and the symphonic billows of this political quartet break in silver spray upon Mt. Shasta's slopes, blend congenially with the hideous howlings of the Cliff-House lions, swell the cadence of the Vernal and Yosemite falls, and die into silence amid the murmurs of the honey-laden bees that haunt the orange gardens of the City of the Angels.

And then there has been the far-famed Pedestrian Exhibition in the great pavilion of this Association.

* The substance of an address delivered at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, upon the occasion of the opening of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, September, 1879.

Who has not heard of that exhibition? From what classes of society were spectators not drawn, to witness the sublime feats of the contestants for the diamond belt? Who among us is competent to describe the extremely salutary influence of that pedal display? In what a chastely fascinating aspect it presented woman! What a winsome example it lifted to the admiring gaze of "our sisters, and our cousins, and our aunts!" What a refining agency was suggested to the lovers of American culture! In what an *economic* light it placed the female members of our families! "Hard times" may become easy of endurance if we can but train the limbs of our girls into speed of motion; and, hushing all the objections springing from their pure and gentle bosoms, urge them to the saw-dust ring and the voluptuous leers of lewd gamblers, where they may barter away the priceless pearl of their womanhood for thirty pieces of silver. Yes! ours is truly a progressive age; but it behooves us narrowly to watch in what direction the progress tends.

At last we have reached our own exhibition. And I congratulate you on this auspicious occasion. Our exercises to-day are a sort of *prelude*, to which I have the honor of contributing a note.

I am to offer you a few thoughts, suggested by our annual fair. It is impossible for any but the most frivolously minded to linger within the pavilion during an exhibition such as this without acquiring material for most remunerative study. Indeed, this is one of the many benefits which accrue from such an institu-

tion. It invites inquiry; it provokes discussion; it wakes the mind from stupor, and impels it to investigation; it excites the fancy; it regales the imagination; it refines the taste. And whatever elicits thought and compels the mind into meditative mood; whatever enlarges the comprehensive outlook, and strengthens the apprehensive grasp of the understanding; whatever augments our control over the activities of the mysterious spirit within; whatever gives us enfranchisement from the tyranny of the senses, and independence of the pleasures which materialism ministers; whatever lifts us into the region of pure ideas, and wings us for flight o'er the serene and luminous realms of truth and beauty; commands our most fervent gratitude as an educator of the human race.

If you ask me what is the prime and most masterful thought suggested by my visits to "The Fair," I at once reply: "The Sovereignty of Man."

Every-where, around, above, I recognize tokens of this; I look upon the tribute which, as a sovereign, man has extracted from nature. The dominion is a noble, it is a vast, it is a varied one. Here in the exhibition are proofs of man's sovereignty over winds and over water, over light and over heat, over chemie and over mechanic energies. From the marching season and the timely rains; from the hidden wealth of mountains and from the wealth more real of the generous soil; from the products of the forest and of the flock, of the field and of the far-resounding sea, man draws revenues and

service. Lightning is his courier, and sunlight his artist. Trade-winds waft his white-winged argosies, and snows gather on Sierra crests to swell the floods wherewith his ample acres shall be irrigated. Flowers, by their weird alchemy, transmute dew and gases into aromatic odors for his delight; and change sunbeams and dull clays into hues emerald, purple, and roseate, wherewith to greet his kindling glance, as he moves out to gaze upon an inheritance, over which "far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam," it one day shall be true, man's nod is empire, and his footfall law. Silkworms spin for him; oysters secrete pearls for him; for him lime becomes marble, and carbon, diamonds; rocks are turned into silver, and plants become coal. Rivers leap to light from lofty fountains in the hearts of hoary hills that, utilizing the law of gravitation, man may make them turn his ponderous wheels and whirl his myriad spindles. The wild fowl "nurses" the plume that shall wave upon his victor helmet; and the cotton and the flax plant offer the fibers of which to fashion the banners beneath whose folds he shall move forth to conquest, or repose unharmed amid the fruits of his free and honest industry. Force guards him—sows, reaps, threshes, and grinds for him, as in ages past it toiled in fashioning his dwelling-place. Art breathes inspiration. Music reveals her mystic laws to his modulating genius. The block becomes a thing of beauty. The canvas glows with the tints and flush of life. Arch and pillar, capital and dome, spring from earth and soar to heaven, obedient to his

all but necromantic touch. Homer, wrapped in his singing robe, wet with the dew of the morning of the ages, chants his immortal epic, to find in the broadening centuries a whispering gallery, round which his melodies shall swell in musical thunder; Dante, gentle as he is sublime, tender as he is stern—a violet in the rift of an Alpine glacier, or the “Victoria Regia” of the Middle Ages; and Milton, blind with excess of light, laden with the lore of classic and of sacred thinkers, clarified by waters of sorrow and chastened by fires of fierce scorn, his harp upon his shoulder, daring the seraphim to a trial of their strength of passion and their sweep of thought—these all proclaim the extent and opulence of the sovereignty of man.

This sovereignty is based upon and maintained by knowledge of and obedience to the laws of nature.

In our age it is superfluous to attempt to prove the unity and universality of law. The truth is axiomatic. The gem and the snowflake are crystallized according to law. The cloud floats and the bud bursts into blossom in accordance with law. Atoms combine, birds migrate, tears are molded, and planets wheel, obedient to law. Logicians reason, poets create, and orators persuade by reverence for law. “Her voice is the harmony of the universe, her home the bosom of God.”

Man must rule nature, in stern and strict conformity to the “constitution of nature.” And so faultless is the constitution that no amendments are possible. Not to amend nature’s laws, but to know them and

obey them, is man's duty, and "in the keeping of them" prove "there is a great reward." Man can, indeed, unite those laws; can effect a combination of several of them, and by so much augment his power. And this is being constantly done. Every building erected is the result of combination of many laws of nature; every organ built is another result of such combination of law's forces; every telescope is the product of many laws in combination; every strong man is a concentration of laws selected from the chief departments of nature's immense domain.

This makes science a necessity. For, to rule, you must know the subjects ruled—their numbers, their natures, the conditions of their existence and well-being. Ignorance is incompatible with efficient government. One of the most important points to be secured by the civil ruler is this: that he know the temper and the habits and tone of thought characteristic of the people ruled. The great Chatham knew the English people; and this made him supreme in the councils and supreme in the affections of his countrymen, who loved to speak of him as the "Great Commoner."

To truly rule yourself, it is of highest importance that you study and seek to know yourself. Therefore, "the proper study of mankind is man."

Nor less is this true of the sovereignty now spoken of. All the sciences were included, therefore, in the decree, "Have dominion, replenish the earth, and subdue it." Study the properties of plants and shrubs, of flowers and fruits, of grasses and herbs. Botany is

here. Study the properties of animals, of fishes, of birds, of beasts; their habits, their foods, their instincts, so that they may be utilized for commerce or for domesticated ends. Natural history is here. Study the secrets of atmosphere and water; of heat and light; of soils and rocks; and of the mutual influences of all these upon organic life. What is this but chemistry? And so of the mechanical sciences; and so of the science of navigation. This at once proclaims the sovereignty of mind, thought, intelligence; and embraces all the progressive acquaintance with the facts and the forces of creation, gained by man during his process through the ages past and yet to come.

The clearer the mental eye of the sovereign, the better equipped for the scepter of his empire. Thought is the ruler. Ideas are the conquerors of all things: physical, political, moral, and religious. The man of most ideas—the man who knows best how to express and embody the greatest number of the greatest thoughts—is, by “divine right,” fittest to rule.

All sovereignty wielded by man hitherto has been preceded by struggle and subjugation. I cannot rule myself unless I subdue myself. Self-conquest prepares the way for self-government. Full oft the struggle to subdue involves awe-inspiring efforts. The subjugation of the appetite, of the temper, of the desires, of the tongue, of the senses, and of the thoughts. Ha! what battles are suggested by words like these! Marathon, Waterloo, Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg—these are but gala day fights

in comparison. No eye may have witnessed, no stranger have been cognizant of, the strenuous, stern, but sublime endeavor to put down and o'ermaster, so as to rule the spirit with calmness and keep it in hallowed harmony. Only in the blaze of the great white throne, and when crowned by the all-seeing One at the last day, shall it be known how many the heroes whom history never emblazoned on her pages, whom poets never lifted to fame by their imperishable odes.

The freedom of to-day is the fruit of struggle. Freedom of thought in society ; freedom of opinion in religion ; freedom of action in politics—all secured by struggle. Tortures were endured, blood spilled like water, life offered without stint, without complaint. But so the fetter melted from the bondsmen ; so the tyranny of superstition bit the dust of irretrievable defeat ; so the despotism of autocrats dissolves and “leaves not a wrack behind.”

Even so God wills it to be in the sovereignty referred to in my theme. “Subdue it,” he says, as he points to the sea ; and man builds his breakwater and floats his navies. “Subdue it,” as he points to the morass ; and man begins to drain it and build his causeways o'er it. “Subdue it,” as he points to the forest ; and man wakes echoes from the primeval shades with his axes, and kindles fires around the venerable monarch of the woods. “Subdue it,” as he points to the Sierras ; and man cuts out his iron pathway o'er them, tunnels his course through them, and waves his flag of triumph upon their loftiest summits. “Subdue

it," as he points to the lightning ; and man plants his conductors to draw down and tame its fire, and spreads his wires that o'er them the invisible and fleet-footed force may bear his message. "Subdue it," as he points to the wild horse of the plains ; and man puts a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of the steed, until "a little child shall lead him."

The struggle for existence and for sovereignty, implies and demands labor. Work is demanded, both in the study of the facts and forces of nature, and in the development of the physical resources of nature.

It were a grievous mistake to imagine that none save those who fling the shuttle or drive the plow are laborers, or workingmen. Think you that the brave men who have gone forth to explore and discover the extent of the domain given to man for his possession are not members of the guild of honest and noble workmen ! Livingstone, Franklin, Kane, Baker, Stanley—are these not laborers as truly as the man who wields the hoe and hews down the forest ? No men have better right to their "spurs" than such knights as these. Think you that they who follow the comet or foretell its approach ; who bend over the crucible, and ply the scalpel ; who untwist the sunbeams and analyze the light-wave propelled by Sirius upon the shores of our small planet ; that they who read the epitaphs carved upon the rocky tombs of fossil plant and saurian monster ; who watch the birth-hour of the tornado and signal the moment of its advent of terror and desolation—that these, and such as these, eat the

bread of idleness, or sleep the sleep of the sluggard? Nothing is more remote from truth than such a thought. Every furrow on their ample brows is the record of a *conquest* as truly as that every crow's-foot wrinkle round their eyes of unquenched fire is a scroll written over with fragments of "the fairy tales of science, and the grand results of time."

Free from the law of labor man cannot hope to live. With cessation of the need of labor barbarism begins, and reversion to savagedom becomes a law of life. Naturally, man is lazy. He loves the idea of "labor-saving machines." Scientists, perhaps, might tell us that in this indisposition to work we prove our ancestry back to the South American sloth. Be that as it may, it is not good for man that he be exempt from the law of labor. The more one ponders the matter, the profounder the conviction of the divinity, the dignity, and the blessedness of work. It has the *approval* of my reason, the *sanction* of my conscience, the *well done* of my God. Working, I develop my being; I restrain my animalism; I win self-mastery. Patience is cultivated; perseverance becomes a habit. Draining yonder marsh, I may be aided in draining one as sour within my own heart. Rooting out yonder brier, I shall be helped in checking the growth of a vice as pestiferous in the soil of my own spirit. And, knowing right well the drift and tendencies of my nature, the benign Father of all, "for *my sake*," for my weal, "cursed *the ground*," *not* CURSED LABOR—the philosophy of which it is not my business now either to discuss or to defend.

Again, we say, Labor is the law of life. All things living, on earth or elsewhere, move in harmony with it. From God, who worketh ever, upholding, renewing, restraining; consoling, inspiring, defending; bidding worlds from nothing into being, and feeding the fires of ever-burning suns, from age to age; nerving saints for heroic battle against wrong, and welcoming them from their fields of toil or their furnaces of martyrdom into quietness and assurance forever—from this God down to his tall angels, who now work in bearing up a little one along his path lest he dash his foot against a stone, and again work in wafting the spirit of a pauper upon their unmolting pinions whither the storms of this world cannot travel nor its mist of darkness float; down to the coral-builder that faints not, neither is weary in its toil masonic beneath bright tropic skies, and cheered on in its silent labors by the choral chantings of Pacific waves—labor is life, is gladness, is beauty.

And let the thought be repeated and emphasized—the labor of life is a *battle*. It is a fierce strife. Vigilance is ever demanded; forethought in ceaseless play. For floods challenge, tempests call in trumpet tone, and drought, and locust, and prolific weed-growth dare man to wrestle with and vanquish them. And if man were as wise as he might be, then should he hail the struggle as his opportunity for achieving that “to which the whole creation moves”—MORAL MANHOOD—SELF-SOVEREIGNTY!

The peril in the midst of us is great in this particular: that work shall be deemed ignoble. But, in truth,

in no land beneath God's generous sunlight is honest toil more honorable than in this free country. The spirit of gambling has been in our atmosphere quite long enough for the health of our sons and daughters. It creates feverishness, restlessness, impatience, contempt for slow, steady processes and deferred results and profits. We would move but when swept by lightning express or "two-twenty trotters." The old method of honest, intelligent, persevering, plodding toil, as that by which honor shall be won, competence gained, and well-being realized, may have served in generations past. But young Californian Americans cry out against all such "old fogysm."

No thoughtful observer can have failed to recognize in this Fair an illustration of the laws of co-operation and division of labor. These products had never been but for diversity of gifts in the endowments of men; diversity of adaptation as the result of those endowments; and then, union of all these, in endeavors to supply the wants of humanity.

Single-handed, single-hearted—how feeble is man! What a narrow map of survey; what a superficial acquaintance with the facts within that circumscribed domain! What hope can he cherish of victory over nature's forces single-handed! The highest type of animal life presents us with the greatest diversity of organs and functions co-operating to one end. The loftier the life, the greater the number of forces focalizing to sustain such life. The functions of the lowest living thing are fulfilled by one organ. Loftiest life is nourished by a score. Savage life, as contrasted

with civilized, illustrates the same principle. It is before us most truly in our exhibition.

There is the product of the worker in iron and the worker in marble. There is the herdsman with his wool, and the grape-grower with his wines and raisins. There is the manufacturer of blankets, and the producer of beeves, of butter, and of beet-root. There is the spinner of steel wire and of hemp rope, by the former meeting the needs of our street-car companies, and by the other supplying the demands of that extremely necessary adjunct to our civilization—the common hangman.

There is the tooth-extractor, with its pleasures of hope, and the toy for the infant just cutting its teeth. There are Cinderella slippers for fairy-footed belles, and there are the no less fair and fairy edifices—"castles in the air"—called bonnets. There are sweetmeats for "billing and cooing" lovers, and preserved meats for sallow-cheeked, desiccated, and melancholy bachelors. There are crystal goblets from which to quaff that elixir of life and home of living things called "Spring Valley water;" and then there are brooms and "combination mops," over which Mrs. Partington must shed tears of ecstatic joy, and large enough to sweep into limbo all the cobwebs that ever clustered in the antique corners of an old City Hall, and to cleanse the filthiest floor o'er which the disgusted members of a political caucus expectorated their contempt and chagrin. Here are cradles in which may be rocked into dreamland the future saviors of their commonwealth; and here are revolving

lounches, upon which the fathers of these precious creatures may gyrate, as they study the problems of statecraft and of the Stock Exchange. Here are materials for the printing-press, and for the circulation of opinions that are reformations in embryo and revolutions in the germ.

And here are organs and pianos—for man longs for rest, and yearns to forget his woes; and would fain voice his hopes and antedate his immortality in that ethereal speech called music. And here is our “gallery of the fine arts.” For man is made for “the beautiful.” Nor is he satisfied with the provision for his craving furnished in the forms and colors and motions of creation. There is no stint, it is true, in nature’s supplies. There is the tint of the fox-glove, and the gleam of the gem, and the pomp of the cloud-storm, and the grandeur of the snowy peak, and the mirror-like repose of the land-locked lake, and the plumage of tropic bird, and the majesty of sunset, and the swell of the foam-wreathed billow, and the serenity of eve, and the valley all afire with morning sunbeams steeped in pearls of dew. Yet this is not enough. The artist must extract from these their fairest, their purest, their noblest; and of the extract fashion scenes not more true to nature than they are true to the loftier ideals with which imagination loves to commune.

Every new discovery places another force at the service of man. Every new discovery reveals another appliance for the mitigation of some physical woe, the lessening of some social burden, the increase of the value of human life.

Nor is there any reason to believe that man has touched the goal of ultimate discovery. He is but breaking the shell and crust. He is but turning up the soil to the depth of a few inches. He has but skirted a few leagues of the immensity of being. He has but mapped out a few departments of the vast empire of matter. He has but climbed, comparatively, a few feet of the soaring peaks of outlook. He sometimes mistakes the ant-heap for an Alp. Having dredged his gold-fish vase, he exults as though he held the ocean in the hollow of his hand. But where is he who has chronicled the last fact of nature, plucked the last flower from her forest, weighed the last star in her galaxies, waked the last Titan force from its slumber and sent it forth to work, a willing and glad slave in man's behoof?

"Onward!" is the impassioned cry. The boundaries amplify; the goal becomes a starting-post; the loftiest peak but a step in the ascending stairway that climbs from darkness up to God. We are but learning the letters of the alphabet; whether we have as yet discovered them all, or not, who knows? Or we are putting the letters into words? or we are putting the words into sentences? or the sentences into paragraphs? or the paragraphs into chapters? Ah! when shall the volume be completed? When shall the index be furnished? When, the preface written? When, the folio issued and the first edition put into circulation? Echo answers, "When?"

Yes, the sovereignty is a progressive one. Slowly, steadily, has man advanced in discovery, conquest,

government of nature. Steadily, in our later ages, has advance been made in the knowledge of the secrets of the skies, and the secrets of the air, and the secrets of the water, and the secrets of forces embodied and unembodied.

Alchemy has given place to chemistry. Astrology has yielded to astronomy. The oil-lamp surrenders to the gas-burner; and the gas, in turn, is in peril of extinguishment by the light of electricity. Messengers on horseback give place to mail-carriers in steam-cars. Messages by steam are slow in the presence of the message by telegraph; and that, in turn, may become a triviality compared with the lines along which we shall whisper our wishes of good cheer.

The future, the coming man or race, shall have something left for it to do.

There is Vesuvius: and the problem to be solved is, how best to utilize such a huge furnace? There is Niagara: how make use of its water-power in working our machinery? There are earthquakes: how shall they be compelled to upheave and o'erwhelm, and shiver and split, without injury to the engineer under whose direction they shall be placed? There is the Gulf Stream: shall it not be altered in its course and poured in upon the Sahara, subject to powers of control not, as yet, clearly seen by the canal-cutters of our day? Who knows but that in some future age when, war having broken out between this great republic, with its two hundred millions of freemen, and the insolent little islanders yonder in the north-east, the latter shall be compelled to submit? for we shall freeze

them into icebergs by simply deflecting the Gulf Stream, and letting it flow right through Central America into the Pacific. And there are the "Northern Lights"—the Aurora Borealis: when we shall have exhausted oil and tallow and wax and gas and electricity, and whatever of light element might be extracted from lakes and pools and seas and oceans, shall we not hear of the formation of a stock company, with unlimited liabilities, for the supply of light to cities by means of the utilization of this phenomenon of nature?

XI.

THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE GOOD.*

I HAVE been requested by the proprietors of this great work of art to seize the opportunity which it presents for making a good impression upon the hearts and consciences of my school and charge. I wish it to be understood that I am not here to-night as an art critic. If any one has been led to anticipate a lecture upon painting by reason of the ambitious title of my address, he is doomed to a bitter disappointment. The selection of the title of Victor Cousin's most suggestive work, "The True, The Beautiful, and the Good," is altogether Mr. Derby's choice. Alive to the promise held forth by such a title, I demurred to its adoption. But all in vain.

Let it then be understood that, more for convenience' sake than for any other reason, the presumptuous selection was made; and that I may wander at my own sweet will through the ample breadths of thought and sentiment disspread before the meditative mind by this masterpiece of genius.

It is all but impossible to say any thing new upon the parable of the "Prodigal Son." It is old; and still it is young. Of Hebrew origin, it spurns na-

* An address delivered on the occasion of the exhibition of Du Boeuf's painting, "The Prodigal Son," at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore.

tionality in its appeal to and sovereignty over the deep places of the human heart. Children feel its spell. Scholars yield to its fascination. Orators gather inspiration from it. Art has taxed its resources in the endeavor to crowd upon its canvas the scenes wherein ineffable wisdom and tenderness depicted the decline and fall, the repentance, return, and restoration of a "creature capable of God."

Upon entering this hall the thoughts suggested by this work of art will be found as manifold as the types of mind and grades of culture met with in those present.

One shall at once exclaim: See! here we have another instance of the influence of the Bible upon human intellect and the indebtedness of art, as of philosophy and morals, to the truths of Holy Writ! For, indeed, this owes its existence to the sacred volume. And once again are we reminded of the power of that old book over the mental life of humanity. We run over in our thoughts the instances so numerous of literary and artistic obligation to the scenes, characters, and events of this volume.

In music, there is Haydn's "Creation;" there are Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah;" there is Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" there is Costa's "Naaman;" and others familiar to the daughters of song.

In the drama, there is Byron's "Cain;" there are "Samson" and "Saul," as lately presented by Salvini; as well as the large obligation of our own Shakespeare for some of his finest passages and more than one of his characters to this volume.

In poetry, where shall I begin? Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," and his "Ode on the Nativity;" Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Drama of Exile" and "He giveth his beloved sleep;" Byron's and Moore's "Hebrew Melodies;" Pope's "Messiah;" Montgomery's "World before the Flood;" Keble's "Christian Year;" Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy;" besides the countless beauties of metaphor and diction strewn o'er the fields of literature for which the authors were indebted to the Bible.

And, as most naturally of all suggested by this work, painting: the "Deluge" in its terror; the "Last Plague" in its desolation; "Sinai" in its grandeur of law-giving; David "as he plants his foot upon the prostrate Philistine;" Elijah at Carmel, Horeb, and in his chariot of fire; "The Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets;" the "Epiphany;" the "Temptation;" the "Transfiguration;" the "Crucifixion," the "Ascension" of our Divine Master: Paul on his way to Damascus and on Mars' Hill.

These, and others not remembered now, are illustrations of the mighty influence of this book upon art. Indeed, not more deeply indebted are literary and art-loving men to the scenes and colors of nature than to the characters and events of revelation.

Nor is it possible to overestimate the benefits conferred upon and maintained by our sacred book, apart from its purely religious mission. The mental life it has awakened, the energies it has developed, the inspiration it has breathed, the taste it has cultivated,

the subtle sympathies and delicate affinities with all that is lovely and fair it has evoked, time would fail me to enumerate.

The title chosen for the utterances of to-night is full of suggestions. Its triplicity of terms is not a mere jingle of words without meaning. Every term includes an idea and signifies a faculty and a function of the human spirit; and also implies an objective reality suited to the subjective power of the soul. There is truth. There is beauty. There is goodness. Truth is sought for by the scientist; beauty, by the artist; goodness, by the moralist. Man, as he ascends the scale of worth, grows in depth of conviction that there is such a substance as truth; that there is such a reality as beauty; that there is such a verity as goodness. These are felt to be fundamental and imperishable principles of his nature. And his endeavor is to seek after and possess them. The faculty which seeks truth is pure reason; the faculty which seeks beauty is emotion guided by reason; the faculty which seeks goodness is conscience aided by reason and attended by emotion.

Once these three existed but in God. He is infinite truth, infinite beauty, infinite goodness. He created to the intent that he might exhibit these perfections. Nature exists to show forth his glory as possessor of these essences. Hence there is truth, physical and metaphysical; truth, mathematical and moral. Hence there is beauty, material and spiritual; beauty of color and of contour; beauty of fitness and of adaptation; beauty of moral principle and of social

act. Hence there is goodness, evidenced in obedience and in well-being, in affection and in sympathy, in loyalty to the right and in devotion to the true, in heroism on behalf of the suffering and magnanimity toward the erring and the repentant. And these three are exquisitely interwoven. That which is good cannot be false ; and it cannot be hideous. The immoral is ever the untrue as it is ever the loathsome. And so the true must ever be the beautiful, and it must ever be the good. And so, also, the beautiful must be the true and the good. No artist commits a greater crime than he who presents beauty as springing from a lie and as in antagonism to the right.

This holds good of beauty or the beautiful in every department. There are true lines and true colors and true tones. A beautiful painting cannot be secured at the expense of truth in shadow and light of foreground and of perspective. And hence the artist must ever be guided by the faculty which decides upon the true and the false, even reason. And that cannot be, as a painting, a "thing of beauty," if it war with the good. He commits a high crime and misdemeanor as an artist, as well as a moralist, who seeks to make vice lovely, lust admirable, envy seraphic. This is to be false in the most absolute sense. For let the whole soul speak out and it will, without feebleness or faltering, declare avarice hateful, meanness despicable, treachery loathsome, ingratitude horrible ; in a word, vice abominable. And the abominable, the horrible, the despicable, the loathsome, the contemptible, can never be the beautiful. Vice shall,

therefore, be painted as she is ; and when seen, shall shock and sicken, revolt and repel, disgust and deter. For the beautiful is ever one with the good and in concord with the true.

It might be said, perhaps, that the beautiful is not, as are the true and the good, necessary to an intellectual and moral life ; that the beautiful is a luxury, not one of the necessities of our existence. Food is necessary to our existence ; but the agreeableness of flavor and pungency are not necessary. Hearing is necessary to our existence ; but sound need not have been capable of all the modulation of harp and organ, of flute and violin, or even of the human voice. There is melody, there is harmony, where there need not have been other than a shriek or a growl. Sight needed not, for the fulfillment of its function, that cloudlets should be dyed in purple, shells tinted with vermilion, plumage of birds plunged in iridescent floods.

No ; God has not limited his gifts to a bare supply of the imperative demands of life. "He has given us all things richly to enjoy." His ideal of life is a royal banquet. Existence to him must be exhilarant, exuberant, ecstatic. He could not love us as mere mathematic calculating machines. Nor would he have us in the service of goodness valiant for the right without one sentiment of admiration and delight to quicken our pulse and flush our brow. Hence, in the faculty of the beautiful, and in the provision for its gratification, God has added to our table elegancies and delights. We shall banquet ; but it shall

be upon apples gold-orbed from baskets of silver. We shall walk through life ; but it shall be through atmospheres laden with fragrance, and through forests clad in mantles of many colors, and beneath skies arched and over plains paved by an architect who loves to blend together, in all that he does, the "strength and beauty" of his own most perfect nature.

A great painting is a great poem. The language in which the painter speaks differs, 'tis true, from that in which the poet speaks ; but the end he contemplates is the same. His language is form and color. The speech is not heard ; there is no voice nor language ; yet may he eloquently address us and profoundly move and sway us.

The greatest painter is the man who conveys to us the greatest number of the greatest ideas in the most perfect language of his art. Estimate the quality, measure the quantity of his ideas, and then infer the rank of his genius. The manner of expression is ever inferior in importance to the matter expressed. There may be perfection of expression ; but the idea expressed may be petty and mean. There may be lack of finish in expression ; but the thoughts conveyed are of loftiest type and most sacred bearing. Therefore, in buying pictures, deal as you would in buying books, prose or poems. Have none but the best ; though there be paucity in number, let there be opulence in worth. Commune but with the mightiest minds. Converse but with the most suggestive thinkers.

The educating power of a gallery of great works

of art cannot be overestimated. Wedded to science, and thus freed from all debilitating influence upon character, the effect must be humanizing, softening, refining. Man is freed from the grasp of materialism; enters the large places of pure and serene delight; forgets the cares and irritations of life; realizes a thirst for good and for excellence which moth cannot corrupt nor rust destroy.

The utilitarian philosopher need not turn from high art as though it were antagonistic to the purpose of his life and teachings. Every thing created by God is capable of serving man, of ministering to his well-being. But man's being is a manifold and complex one. His ranges of life sweep from the material up to the divine. He rests upon earth, but he fronts the skies. He must "labor for the meat that perishes;" but he can "eat angels' food." Is it nothing to man that you give him a new idea? that you make his happiness less dependent upon the body? that you give him an eye to interpret the handwriting upon nature's walls? that you enlarge his apprehension of the glory of living in such a world? that you unseal his ears to catch the melodies of being that float around and ripple o'er him? that you apply an eye-salve that shall clarify his vision to detect the wealth of loveliness lurking in leaflet and in flower-bell, in insect's pinion and in wild bird's buoyant wing—so that he shall linger within nature's vastnesses as within a Gothic cathedral; wander through nature as through a cosmopolitan gallery of fine art; repose in nature as in a conservatory of music; and commune, through

nature, with the Builder and the Maker of all things? Is it nothing to add another chord to man's harp of many strings, and lift him beyond the grossness of things seen into ever-rapturous contact with the serene and sacred realities and denizens of that city where dwells "the King in his beauty," and where abide and abound the archetypes of all the beauty of which poet ever sang or painter ever dreamed?

If ever there were an age in which this was demanded, this is that age. We are growing rich. Earth is yielding her treasures to our bidding. Science is delving in mountain and digging in river-bed for precious things wherewith to embellish and enrich. All things are being turned into gold. Air and water, light and lightning, forest and prairie, monsters of the deep and fowls of the heaven, brain of man and muscle of brute—all things yield to the alchemic touch, and are changed into gold. With what intent? That man may have rest and leisure, scope and sphere, for the unfoldment of life which gold cannot nourish. Gold gained is but the means to an end nobler, loftier: the culture of humanizing sentiments; the gratification of moral instincts; the erection of homes for age and indigence, imperiled youth and fallen womanhood; the sustentation of religious enterprises and benevolent institutions; and the development of the amenities and tastes of our æsthetic nature. To purchase a bust; to pay a landscape gardener; to add a product of the old, or of the young, masters of brush and canvas to your frescoed walls; to endow the hall of art and throng it with keen and quivering spirits,

hungering and athirst after whatsoever things are lovely—believe me, these are just as divinely appointed uses of money as your contributions to the Orphans' Home and your donation on behalf of the missions to the cannibals of the South Sea.

Deem not this waste. Nothing spent on the enlargement, invigoration, refinement, purification of soul, is waste. So thinks not God. He has not limited himself merely to such utilitarian ideas. Every thing he has made is useful; but he hath, as well, made every thing beautiful in its time and season. Clouds are our water-wagons. They refresh the fainting, panting earth. But they are inlaid with divers colors and built after the similitude of a gold, ebony, and ivory Roman triumphal chariot. And so of the seasons: they serve us and wait upon us in ordered regularity and steady stateliness. But they are beautiful, whether snow clothe them, or azure vesture them, or purple fold them, or cloth of gold mantle them.

The beauty of the Lord our God is on every thing and in every thing—in the curve of the wave; in the molding of the hillock; in the murmur of the ring-dove; in the pipings of the winds; in the aurora of daybreak; in the burnished pomp of sunset; in the palm-tree's feathery plume; in the glow of the opal; in the flash of the fire-fly; in the sweep of the seafowl's showy form; in the flutings of the ancient hills; in the geometric crystals of the snow-storm; in lakelet framed in granite; in the sinuous meanderings of the laughing, rippling rivulet—O, hath not God

proved to us that in beauty, as in usefulness, his heart finds an exceeding joy!

Nor can we more worthily prove ourselves the children of our Father than by celebrating and sanctifying the everlasting union in our hearts and lives and destinies of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And thus make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song!

A great painter is as certainly a gift from God to his nation, his race, his age, as was even one of Israel's prophets. He is as veritable a teacher as is the sage of science or the priest of piety. He bears a message and fulfills a mission. While one messenger appeals to the moral faculty, and another to the logical, and a third to the practical, the great artist of the brush and of the chisel appeals to the imagination. Their work is one; their methods are multiform; their commission equally divine. Such men are not chance stragglers from the realms of silence and of night into the living kingdom of humanity. As certainly as the great statesman, the brave general, the heroic patriot, the magnanimous discoverer, the martyr reformer, are God's gifts to man, even so certainly is the great painter. Raphael was as truly an ambassador from heaven's court as was Columbus. Milton had an authority to sing from the "Lover of concord," as Cromwell from the "Lover of liberty." Hundreds never reached by the reason are mastered by the singer; and within hearts impervious to the official

appeals of the black-robed parson, the high-priest of beauty obtains an audience for his sacred oracle. Of the multitudes glorified, it will be found true that not a few entered into the temple of godliness *through "the gate that is called Beautiful."*

Each of us is afresh summoned to the duty of fashioning a life that shall be true and beautiful and good. The pattern life exists. It should be ever before us; to it we should ever look; after it, ever aspire; by it ever be stimulated. Help is available. The spirit of this high art, the Author of all genius, is your friend. Under his inspiration, by his guidance, your conduct cannot fail to fashion a life as strong, as beautiful, and as true as it is good. Every man cannot paint after this fashion; but every man can be a living picture. Every man cannot sing like Tennyson; but every man can live a poem. Every man cannot compose an anthem; but every man can have his life a doxology unto the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Let this be one result of the presentation of this superb work of art, and it shall have vindicated to you, at least, its right to rank as an embodiment of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

XII.

ADDRESS TO MECHANICS.*

TO your request that I should deliver an address to your order, I cordially accede. It gives me pleasure to see you and speak a few words as suggested by your association. I have read and studied the principles of your order, and confess my admiration of them, as well as of the practical benefits flowing from their application during the past year. I tender you my good wishes, accompanied by my sincere prayer for your continued and enlarged prosperity.

The moral principles expressed in your motto are noble: "Friendship, truth, love." They are worthy of that religion by which they have been taught, exemplified, and honored as by none other believed in by man. These principles found their sublimest expression in Him whose name we bear as Christians. He was indeed the Friend of all men, of all classes, of all conditions; the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." He was truth in all its grandeur, in all its beauty, in all its beneficence. In him was no guile. He was love; high as heaven; broad as the universe; lasting as eternity; equal to any service; capable of any toil; undaunted by any suffering; "stronger than death."

* Delivered before the Independent Order of Mechanics at Mt. Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, Sunday evening, April 23, 1882.

In him, indeed, this trinity of moral virtues met and blended, as in none other known to the ages. His example is your ideal; his spirit your inspiration; his benediction your pledge of success, your guarantee of existence while sun and moon endure. And, indeed, your institution is one of the fruits, rich and ripe, of that fair tree of life which he planted with his own hand, and watered with his own most precious blood.

Yours is the law of *mutual help*. This law is one of the most widely operative in the universe. I cannot think of any spot over which God's good scepter stretches in which it will not be met. Nothing exists for itself alone. Every thing depends for its completeness upon some other thing. Uniformity there is not, but unity there is; and unity depends on diversity and mutual helpfulness.

Minerals exist to serve vegetables; vegetables exist to nourish animals; all exist to help man. Soils need sunshine and showers. Oceans need dry land and rivers. Valleys need hills; and hills need clouds and snows to robe, to crown them, and to nourish their fountains and springs of water.

The great nations of the earth need each the other, and each the other's products and genius. Not on one of these has God bestowed all things, except it be upon your fair land, where all climates and soils, all products and capacities, seem well-nigh lavished. But even here you need something to be found in other and older lands and people.

The human family is one, by reason of diversity

of gifts and co-operation for common benefit. It is a vast organism composed of many members; and all have not the same office. The loftier the being, the greater the variety of organs and of functions found in such being. There shall be the thinker and the singer; the inventor and the artisan; the healer of bodily diseases and the healer of mental and moral maladies. There shall be the tiller of the soil and the herder of cattle. There shall be the manufacturer and the vender of the factory products. There shall be the seaman whose business is in great waters, and the builder of the ships manned by the hardy sailor. There shall be the teacher of youth, and the builder by whom the college dome shall be heaved, beneath which the student and the teacher shall gather for instruction. There shall be the author, and the type-setter whose skill shall scatter broadcast the author's tares or wheat. There shall be the statesman, and the voter by whose ballot the men of wisdom or of folly shall be floated to the halls of legislature. "The king is fed by the field." The feller of forests works together with the carpenter; the grimy miner is in harness with the smith; the marble-cutter with the architect; the man of muscle with the man of brain. Capital depends on labor, and labor on capital; and both upon the government by whose wise, impartial, and powerful administration, liberty of action is secured, and peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of industry assured to all. The poet sings for us. The historian makes past ages yield instruction for us. The sage draws

lightning from the clouds for us. The daughter of music pours out her floods of song for us. The poorest helps the richest; the weakest helps the strongest; the stupid helps the quick-witted; the boor helps the scholar; just as truly as the opulent, the wise, the brave, help to retrieve and uplift and enrich the recipients of their many favors. None can live without, and none can afford to despise, the other; for "we are all members one of another."

I am reminded of the dignity of labor; for I address an order of workmen, and an order of no mean rank.

Work is the law of life by His appointment who is ever working. The normal condition of all created existence is labor; from the lowest life up to the loftiest; from the dullest to the most vivacious; from the life narrowest in its area of activity to the life by whose vocation stellar systems are embraced and traversed. The first Adam was a gardener; and the second himself bent over the bench; for, as a Jew, he learned his trade and practiced it. He was a mechanic. Paul wrought at his trade as a tent-maker. Founded upon infinite reason, justice, love, the apostolic principle abides until this day: He that will not work neither shall he eat.

Health of body and health of heart, health of conscience and health of mind, are the legitimate offspring of honest, manly, intelligent toil. Work of brain or of brawn; work, beading the brow with sweat; bronzing the skin with sun and weather; knitting the frame into elastic firmness; giving to the fingers,

deftness; to the arm, girth; to the eye, keenness; to the touch, delicacy; to the stroke, precision; to the soul, force; to the will, resolve; to the whole manhood, vigor, agility, and kingly poise and port—aye! surely this is of God! and, therefore, well becomes a man!

I cannot conceive it possible that an idle man can be a saint. I cannot believe that self-respect can possibly co-exist with do-nothingism. “Why stand ye here all the day idle?” seems to be the challenge that falls upon the ear and soul of the idler, in tones now soft and tender, in notes now piercing and startling. From the toiling workers by whom the coral reefs are piled, to the light-beam that hastens from the portals of the morn to revive a drooping flower or cheer a wakeful, weary watcher by the bed of pain; from the earth-worm that burrows and tunnels to let in the rain-drops and air upon a buried seed or feeble rootlet, to the tempest that speeds its purifying mission to some fever-haunted or plague-tainted court and alley; from the bee that cheerily careers o’er clover field and wild-flower glen, to the burning seraph that stoops to shut a lion’s mouth, refresh a world’s Redeemer in his agony of lonely struggle, and wave his wings of rapture o’er the death couch of a Livingstone, or a Lazarus, and waft his spirit safe within the gates of pearl and the secret place of the Almighty; from these undisputed centers of blessed and beneficent services, doth not the query rush impetuous: “Why stand ye here all the day idle?” Here, where there is a call for workmen! Here, where there is profit

in working! Here, where there is bliss in working! Here, where want departs, woe vanishes, weakness yields, wickedness itself is stemmed in its torrent sweep by honest, brave, and noble labor!

In you I see agents in our modern civilization of no mean importance and power. Indeed, I do not know how we could have reached our present proud position, but for you and your fellows in the great army of mechanics. We have our forests, but how could they have been cut down without axes which you helped to shape and whet? How could these forests have been floated but for barges which your hands helped to frame and build? How could they have been sawn but for mills which you helped to construct and engines you helped to fashion? There are mountains full of precious things, such as coal, lead, iron, silver, gold; but how tunnel these without your tools and toil? How transform these ores into useful shapes and adaptations, but for your handiwork, your strong limbs, your inventive genius, your manipulating touch, your power to endure the heat of furnace and the expenditure of energy in long hours and wearying labors? We have quarries where slumber slate, and marble, and granite, and green-stone; but every crow-bar speaks of you; every chisel owns your paternity; every trowel and drilling-tool came forth from your mechanic workshop. Here is glass; but you helped to melt or blow or stain it. Here is masonry; but you climbed the scaffolding and scaled the turret. Here is gas; but you made the meters, and you molded the

pipng and flung out the bolt and screw and nail wherewith the factory was held together, the fluid extracted, and the light air transmitted to this very temple in which we worship to-night. Yonder organ is your handiwork ; these seats are the fruit of your doings.

The past is as full of your achievements as the present. The Pyramids are your monuments. The Parthenon should flush your brow with pride ; for what could Phidias have achieved without your skill and power ? The Pharos, whose kindly light led many a pelted bark to quiet haven ; the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, with all their time-defying massiveness and beauty, breeders of solemn thoughts and elevators of earth-prone passions and desires ; the asylums where want and wretchedness, where sadness and despair, are sheltered from the strife of tongues, the arrows of outrageous fortune, and the pangs of penury and oblivion ; the breakwaters and bridges wherewith ocean is beaten back, and gulf and flood are spanned ; the tombs and mausoleums where repose our dead and hang our wreaths of friendship and affection ; the watch-tower whither the sage climbs to track the star ; the glass in which the distant orb is mirrored ; the laboratory where the chemist cross-questions atoms and extorts from earth and air their hoary secrets, and the very instruments of glass and steel whereby he prosecutes his explorations—these, and such as these, proclaim the triumph of your art, the debt we owe you, and the honors to which you are most justly heirs !

You, indeed, contribute unstinted service to man in his endeavor to "replenish the earth and subdue it." Aided by you, man wins back his forfeited crown and scepter of sovereignty over matter and its forces and adaptations. Surely, when God bade man have dominion and subdue the earth you were included in the plan. To all that man can effect in this subjugation you necessarily contribute. The spade, the plow, the harrow, the reaping-hook, the threshing-machine, the wagon, the mill—all included in raising food for man—are the products of your mechanic skill and labor.

We travel on stage-coach : you constructed it. We travel by horse : you shod him, and you helped to fashion the nails that bind the hoof and shoe together. We travel by rail : you constructed the locomotive and laid the tracks. We travel on water :

We know what master laid the keel,
What workmen wrought the ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

in constructing the noble creature that night and day "in sunshine and in stormy weather," plowed the hoary main, and bore you to occident or orient lands for wealth, for culture, or for recreation.

You cannot create matter, but you can transfer it from one spot to another ; you can mold and polish and give new luster to the raw material by the manifold adaptations and uses for which your dexterous manipulation can shape it. You are not creators of

raw material, but you are almost so. Every stroke invests with worth; every delicate impression enhances value. Whether it be the clay you change into brick, or the brick you change into a dwelling; or the sand you change into a sheet of glass, or the glass you change into a window or mirror or the lens of a telescope; or the cocoons you spin into threads, or the threads you change into robes for the dames of court and square and avenue—yes, you come very nigh the rank of creators, indeed. And your work, undoubtedly, has raised the earth we tread to an infinitely higher rank than that earth filled when man first opened his eyes upon its fair and ample landscapes.

Earth was so constructed by our God that something was left for man to accomplish; some latency to call forth; some adaptation to apply; some crudeness to culture; some feebleness to strengthen; some luxuriance to prune. And thus scope was left for the development of the forces of mechanic art and labor.

I have been impressed by the three terms selected by you as the motto of your society—Friendship—Truth—Love. It is a delightful combination. These elements are capable of producing a very noble type of social life.

You exist to foster *friendship*. He is, indeed, a poor man who has not found a friend. No doubt the existence of such a man is a rare exception. Friendship is absolutely necessary to the development of human nature. Man is scarcely human

lacking friendship. He is made for society. Within the soul there lurk capacities whose final end is friendship. To enrich the heart, to enlarge the understanding, to fashion character, there must be friendship. There must forever remain an undeveloped region of our being till some friendship hath been formed. Then the shaft is plunged, the secret place of our nature is struck, and may be worked into positive productiveness of mental and moral being.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," therefore accept reproof when kindly offered. Let no friend of yours have occasion to say, as said Paul to some of old : "Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth?"

Friendship is seen in defense of your reputation when absent. Friendship is seen in steady faithfulness amid vicissitudes of fortune. The true friend is born for adversity. Tenacity is one characteristic of this true friendship. Its grip is steel-like. Its bonds are adamant. Not when honor wreaths your brow ; not when fame trumpets your deeds ; not when prosperity turns all you touch into gold and all you plan into fortune ; not then doth friendship most truly prove itself. Alas ! there is much of this abroad. Success enrings us with troops of friends. Power attracts to us the flatterer, and wealth the parasite, and honor the incense-wafer. But such as these vanish with change of weather. Let the skies above us darken ; let the scene around us put on winter vesture ; where are they ? Let the residence be no longer in the square, but in the modest retirement of

the third-rate street; let the equipage no longer sweep you round the park, but the simple five-cent horse-car become your chariot; where are they? True friendship feels not the change of conditions; it is rooted in character. It is no tropic or hot-house plant or flower. The pine of Alpine snows; the oak of England's hardy winters—these be the symbols of that which you call friendship! Born for adversity, it “sticketh closer than a brother.” It flourishes amid poverty; it fruitens in disaster. When the winds scorch, it is a hiding-place; when the soul faints with the burden, it is the “shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” May such “friendship” ever be yours!

Truth—it is the basis and the bond of friendship as of society. Indeed, it is what gravitation is to the solar system; without it there could not be society at all. Where there is no truth there is no trust; where there is no trust there is no co-operation; where there is no co-operation there is no civilization. For civilization implies a community of interests and of life; citizens are *civilians*, that is, civilized human beings. So that truth is the foundation of all that we hold most sacred and valuable in modern life. It is an absolute necessity to civilization, as much so as air or light or food. Therefore a society aiming at the cultivation of veracity, and sworn to practice it, is worthy of all commendation.

Truth is honor; truth is honesty. And it must not be limited to words. It must pervade our daily deeds. Into all we do we must put truth, as into all

we say. The truthful mechanic is an honest, a just mechanic. Whether seen or not, the work is *true* work. Into all he puts his best skill, his best experience, his best patience. There is nothing slurred over ; there is nothing slovenly ; there is nothing superficial. Thoroughness characterizes all he purposes and all he performs. Truth in quantity of work done ; truth in quality of work done. Ah ! this is a noble ideal ! Here is room for conscience. Here is the sphere of principle. A well-driven nail ; a well-planed plank ; a well-painted back-door ; a well-riveted bolt ; a well-shod wheel ; a well-stitched harness—here is truth and truthfulness !

Nothing else wears ; but this does. The false wears out ; but truth wears on, and brightens as it wears, “unto the perfect day.” Veracity—this is what we need to-day above all else. Truth in the coffee-dealer ; and no horse-beans instead of coffee ! Truth in the milk-dealer ; and no water, chalk, or flour instead of milk ! Truth in the gas-man ; and no false reading of the meter when the family are at the seaside ! Truth in the butcher ; and no more bone in the beef-steak than a fair proportion to the quantity of meat !

Truth ! O when will it spring out of the earth ? Our political life is fearfully accountable for the lack of veracity in social life. Men—gentlemen—whom we never knew to prevaricate in social intercourse will trifle with truth for a partisan and for a party. There is an insidious process of dry-rot furthered by this, until all down through society it spreads, and until the whole is eaten into dust and into decay.

The very spirit of exaggeration in humorousness—such as Mark Twain and others of his type indulge in—is perilous. It destroys reverence for the truth. It encourages the young to trifle with the truth. It familiarizes the talker and the listener with exaggeration in statement for the sake of a laugh.

High are the encomiums paid to truthfulness. We read of him “who speaks the truth in his heart;” of one of whom it was said the “law of truth was on his lips, and in his spirit there was no guile.” O, this is wealth of soul! This is soundness of spirit! This is repose and satisfaction unutterable of heart! This is manhood in its most regal form! This is heaven come down to earth! God, the God of truth, give you grace to “speak the truth every one to his neighbor; for you are members one of another!”

All hail, then, to any order whose motto pledges its members to truthfulness!

In one sentence :

This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Love—this is a fitting climax. It is the topstone, and may be laid with rejoicing. It is the fruit of this stem and root, and the golden fruit as well. Love! which prompts you to “look every one not alone on his own things, but also on the things of others.” Love! which worketh no ill to one’s neighbor; and therefore is the fulfilling of the law. Love! which spurns limitations and calls every man “neighbor,”

whatsoever his creed, condition, calling, or country. Love! without which creed howsoever orthodox, almsgiving howsoever profuse, and zeal for a cause even to martyrdom, are nothing. Love! gaining that it may give; making us charitable in our judgments; forgiving in our dispositions; gentle in our tempers; generous in our sympathies; self-forgetting and self-sacrificing for the weal of others. Love! that can be brave even to heroism; constant even to death. Love! the peacemaker and healer of strife. Love! that is as eyes to the blind, speech to the dumb, feet to the lame. Love! that "bears burdens," shares reproach, weeps with them that weep. Love! free as the air; healing as the sunlight; fresh as spring; gladdening as songs of birds; and full to overflowing as the ever-bubbling fountain in the mountain's breast; free from all fleshliness, yet glowing as ardent, tropic, summer skies.

O yes! this is, indeed, worthy of all praise as the chiefest of the three: Friendship, Truth, Love. If there be love, there will be friendship. If there be love, there will be truth. For love is attraction; and, therefore, friendship. Love worketh no ill to the friend; and therefore is truth. Let me have the last, and the others must follow. Let not the others attempt to live without the last.

And inasmuch as, though made to love, sin has made us selfish; though made for truth, sin has made us false; though made for friendship, sin has made us enemies—that these three may be the inspiration of your lives, the soul of your soul, the spring of

your motive, the energy of your conduct, O, let me say, religion is necessary, and that the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He was friendship—"I have called you friends." He was truthful—"full of grace and truth." He was love—"as I have loved you." In his glorious Gospel these three are provided for; these three are generated in human hearts; these three have been developed as by no other religion. Of this religion become personally possessors. Let it dwell richly in you.

Cultivate its principles; bring forth its fruits; and go forth assured that the Master Worker shall one day hail you with his "well done," and make you sharers together of his fullness of joy—pleasures for evermore.

XIII.

EMERSON, DARWIN, AND LONGFELLOW.

THE death-roll of April, 1882, will not soon be forgotten; and it will not speedily be surpassed in the number of the brilliant names it bears.

Death is no respecter of persons. The prince bows to him as truly as the peasant; the millionaire, as surely as the pauper; the saint, as certainly as the sinner; the sage, lore laden, as verily as the clown scarce more intelligent than the clod he cleaves with plow or spade; youth, with all its pride of beauty of form, of color and manner, one with the time-worn, care-trusted veteran. All types of autocracy bend the knee to, yield to, the withering touch of the scepter of this King of Terrors. The young have vanished from us; the hale and middle aged have departed; the men of trusted honor, tested integrity, and copious experience—leaders in enterprises of pith and progress—have passed beyond the sight, the touch, of those who loved and honored and confided in them.

But I now think chiefly of the three whose names are on men's lips and in men's thought above all others, as having—in this month of buds and blossoms, of sunshine and of showers, of music in bower and glen, from bird and brooklet—passed over to the other side. Singular, is it not, that three such stars should set beyond our ken within one brief month? Stars

were they, indeed, of no mean magnitude and of no common splendor.

It is worthy of remark that these three men were all monarchs in the realm of thought, of mind, of ideas. They were leaders and commanders of the people, not because of their vast hoards of wealth ; not because of their military prowess and achievements ; not because they made the harvests grow by the "red rain" shed in the battles they fought ; not by reason of any materialistic might possessed or wielded. It was with minds they dealt ; with truths they fellow-shipped, with thoughts they grappled, with the essences and qualities and principles of things they cherished, enhancing and ennobling friendship. They were mental monarchs. Thoughts they sought to acquire. Truth they endeavored to scrutinize. Beauty they pursued, expounded. Not a hill did they tunnel ; not a bushel of corn did they plant ; not a stock-market did they "bull" or "bear ;" not to make dollars did they plot and plan, cogitate and calculate ; theirs it was to study nature and read men, to write essays and chant songs.

They were monarchs in the realm of mind, again be it said. Whatever power they wield to-day and shall continue to wield, will be the power of thoughts ; of noble, pure, just, beautiful thoughts ; thoughts discovered in hills and flowers and shells ; thoughts extracted from history, biography, and tradition—thoughts in harmony with fact, with verity ; thoughts lifting men out of superstition, freeing them from prejudice, clarifying men's eyes so that they might

read and interpret nature, purging men's judgment so that they might estimate accurately the force of facts, the value of theories, the worth of realities. Greater than the word of conqueror; greater than the scepter of czar, is the grasp of these chiefs of men. Each could wield the pen. Each was master of words. Each had the eye or the ear for whatsoever things were true or wise or fair. This is enviable sovereignty. No throne is equal to the throne of truth. No kingdom can compare with that within the souls of men. No homage is so genuine or so grateful as that offered those by God's own hand crowned, robed, and sceptered, kings by divine right and by the grace of God.

Not all great minds are to be admired; not all thoughts conceived and expressed by great minds are entitled to admiration. The thoughts by which conscience is aided in her sovereignty over conduct and character; the thoughts by which hearts are purged from baseness, made large by lovingness, made more generous, more pitiful, made brave for duty—daily duty; the thoughts by which gloom is chased from our sides, life's work is performed with courage, and death's bereavements borne with the patience of hope; the thoughts by which our conceptions of God are made more luminous, ample, inspiring, and hallowing; the thoughts by which soul life is nourished, built up, and amplified—O, these are the thoughts which constrain us to thank God for the men who conceived and felt and wrote and sang and painted and lived them! The thoughts that give a new

meaning to the meanest flower ; a new splendor to the setting sun ; a new grandeur to the tumbling ocean ; a new awe to the hoary forest ; a new sublimity to the midnight skies ; a new luster to goodness ; a new dignity to a holy life ; a new rapture to Sabbath worship ; and a new attraction to the "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—these are the thoughts to which we offer the palace of our understanding, the throne of our conscience, and the shrine of our heart ! These thoughts do not die. They are heirs of the ages. They are the offspring of immortal spirits. They outlive empires. They outlive Declarations of Independence. They survive the earthquakes and the floods of revolutions. They are vested with robes that wax not old. They wear crowns of life. They own an inheritance that fadeth not away.

Of the three men, Emerson seems to me to have specially emphasized the dignity of spirit, the grandeur of the human soul, the native divinity of truth, the peerless greatness of those verities that eye cannot see, nor hand handle, nor time assail or dissipate.

If any man of this age and race believed in the spiritual and invisible, in the powers that are not seen and that are eternal, Emerson was that man. Infinite antithesis was he to the sneering, sensuous materialist. He sought to reach the immutable behind the changing ; the real beneath the seeming ; the absolute beyond the accidental. With the deep things of existence it was his delight to speak, and from them draw meaning. I confess, indeed, that I do not

always understand him. But why should I expect so to do? It needs a pinion strong as his own to follow him, and an eye as eagle-like in its strength and keenness as his to gaze without fatigue and faltering upon the profound verities and essences in which he found his chief joy. I accept by faith what Emersonians assure me their great high-priest teaches. He was a clairvoyant; I am not. He could float on a gossamer web as on a chariot, when my throbbing brain must grow dizzy, could move in air too rare for my coarse-tissued lungs. But when I can understand him I am refreshed; I feed on the finest of the wheat. He is broad-souled in his sympathies; he is catholic-spirited; he sees good in every thing, and finds it in every one. To him God is in every thing and in every one.

Sometimes I think him a pantheist. He recognizes divinity ever present with and acting through nature and man; but seems scarce to believe in a personal deity existing apart from his creatures. He is optimistic. He believes in the progress of man, in the growth of goodness, in the triumph of truth and righteousness.

His thoughts are polished pebbles; many of them are diamonds. They are crystallizations of far reaching observation and arduous introspective study. Yet are these thoughts of his, I think, but for the few; but for those who haunt and linger in the Delectable Mountains of abstraction and introspection. I do not believe the thoughts of Emerson have ever so told upon the practical life of noble workers for God and

man as Carlyle's. Carlyle lived again in Kingsley, in Robertson, in Frederick Maurice, and in many others, by the generative force of his teachings as the prophet of reality against shams, of work against sentimentalism, of earnestness of conviction as against formal, traditional beliefs.

Emerson's thoughts required "bodies celestial" for their expression. Carlyle's thoughts found themselves at home in "bodies terrestrial." I know the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another; and I should not dare attempt to dim the splendor of the ethereal by anything I say in appreciation of the sublunary form in which Carlyle has walked the earth and worked out righteousness.

Dr. Darwin needs no such imperfect, inadequate eulogy as my poor powers might offer to his memory. No one who knows what he is talking about questions Darwin's immense ability as a scientist in his special department. He inherited the gift, even as a beaver or a bee inherit the architectural power possessed by each. And he faithfully stirred up the gift that was in him. He traveled with this intent. He read, conversed, studied, and observed, as very few men have done. He is worthy of all praise for the accuracy, the keenness, the conscientiousness of his observations. He sought to interpret nature. Almost weariless diligence characterized his efforts.

He loved truth; no doubt of this. Any price would he pay for a fact. He valued them, for he knew how rare they were. He knew the difference

between fact and fancy. Facts were to him all essential as the basis of his theorizing.

And he was courageous as well. He had the courage of a hero. He was courageous enough to confess his errors. He was courageous enough to confess that facts were lacking to sustain his theory or hypothesis. No man was fairer as an antagonist. He put the opposite case as frankly as man could. He admitted objections, acknowledged defects, and calmly waited further revelations.

He believed in God. He believed in the Creator of life. And he believed that his hypothesis presented a worthier conception of God than the views entertained by those who differed from him.

His writings are classics; they are matchless for their purity of style, their clearness of statement, their evident honesty of aim and spirit. And though you differ from him, you say, "This is a gentleman as truly as he is a scientist."

Man is made to study nature. "The works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." In such study mind is made vigorous, agile, masculine. For nature's is God's handwriting, and every line written by God is full of thoughts. No hue of summer; no voice of autumn; no motion of star; no form of landscape; no instinct of animal, no rush of tempest, but enclasps a thought. To find the thought develops mind; to gain it enriches the understanding.

Nature is thus full of Deity. And to discover his plan, to read off his method, is the glory, as it is the

joy, of man. Once man had no other Bible. True, his eternal power and godhead were understood by the things which were seen and studied. But much more now. To fully study the works of God men needed to catch the spirit of his word. And to-day only where the spirit of that word permeates society and molds opinion, character, and life, do we find the works of God correctly read and passionately studied.

Our age is pre-eminently distinguished by its love of nature and its acquaintance with nature's properties, forces, laws. Such studies as Darwin's, added to such philosophic generalizations as Spencer's, give to my own mind clearer apprehension of the greatness of God; the harmony of God's plans with his attributes. They increase my faith in order, in system, in plan, in law. And if in plan, then in a Planner; if in purpose, then in a Designer; if in law, then in a Law-giver; if in unity, then in one all-comprehending and all-perfect Spirit, expressing the essential oneness of his being in the profound harmony, because unity, of his works.

Man is made for the beautiful. The beautiful is made for man. This is one of the luxuries furnished us by him who made us. It is evidence that we are not treated as mendicants, but as sons. It gives us rare hints of the riches of his goodness, with whom we have to do. He wishes us to understand that life is not sheer existence; it is a feast of fat things. Therefore the sentiment lurks within us awaiting contact through the senses, with that without us

which shall appeal to, call into play, and gratify, the love of the beautiful.

Therefore are we in such a world as this. For is not this a museum of art? Listen to its sounds: is it not an academy of music? Gaze upon its landscapes: is it not a gallery of fine arts? Wander through its glens and groves: is it not a conservatory filled with fragrances and forms and hues that can inspire the breast with ecstasy and compel us to exclaim, "How great is thy goodness, and how great is thy beauty!" Just now it is altogether true. The trees putting on their mantles of many colors; the green grass carpeting the park and garden with its glossy velvet; the glorious sunrisings and the pomp of golden or em-purpled eve; the freshness and balminess of the upturned sod and mellow air; these all tell us of a God who loves to fill our hearts with gladness through the senses and the imagination.

And there are men now and then raised up specially equipped, physically, mentally, morally, for this task of love; with the gift of eye and ear; of brain and sensibility; of intuitional ken and fancy; of heart to throb responsive to, and tuned to draw forth from, all in nature and in human nature that is fair to look upon, lovely to remember. They may have special fitness for transferring all they see of beauty to canvas; they may have fitness to transcribe it to marble; they may have fitness to voice it in melody; they may have the gift of language, of words, whereby, in stanza and in idyll, the thing of beauty shall live and work forever.

And such a one was Longfellow. Was he not a poet? Was he not a maker? Was not his the eye in which resides the faculty divine? Was not his the ear fit to catch all modulations and harmonies? Was not his the harp æolian, whose every string changed all that breathed upon it into song? Was not his a mastery of words, vivid, picturesque, rhythmic, equal to the utterances of all such thoughts as long for outlet from the ivory palace of his chaste, cultured heart and memory?

Surely he was a singer. Surely he was sent to serve his generation as truly as the inventor of the sewing-machine, the telephone, the electric light, or as the famous manufacturer of Colt's revolver and the self-helpful, self-depending bowie-knife of the Texan frontiersman.

Blessed and divine gift! the gift of poetry. The sorrows turned to joys; the dismal nights filled with music; the lonely backwood huts illumined as with light from angel forms; the specters of doubt chased away; the broken, shattered lives repaired for blessed work; the toilsome journeys o'er tuftless, tawny sands gladly traveled; the fierce battles bravely fought; the fretful cares lulled to slumber; the high aims bred and nourished within us; the Sabbath repose distilled upon the enfevered heart; the visions beatific gained while the poem hath been read or repeated—will all tell us how generous the boon conferred when God sends one of his children, clad in "singing robes," to mingle with the denizens of this sad world.

But all this must not, shall not, render me oblivious to the fact that from not one of these great men has the world received testimony to their faith in and loyalty to my Saviour.

I am not here to sit in judgment upon their inner life; that is with God, with him alone. But these three men were the product of a Christian civilization. Their mental being grew up under Christian conditions; in social laws and maxims and customs altogether Christian. They were not the children of Brahmins, the sons of Buddhists, the offspring of Mohammedanism. The schools in which they studied were Christian; the universities in which they taught were Christian. The tongue they spoke was a Christianized tongue. The great poets and sages they loved so well, from Spenser to Tennyson, from Shakspeare to Wordsworth, were all the product of Christianity. What had they that they did not receive from Christ? What did they not owe to Christ? Wherefore did they not, like honest men, confess their debt to Christ, aye, publicly, so that no man might doubt their faith in him? What proof have they left us that they were honest enough to acknowledge the claims of such a benefactor upon their heads and their hearts?

In such an age as this silence here is disloyalty—silence here is treason. The nobler you make them, the more mysterious their action. If so noble, why not confess the Christ? Could any thing be more worthy a noble soul? With all their culture they were crude; with all their catholicity they were sec-

tarian; with all their breadth they were narrow; with all their subtlety they were stupid; with all their wisdom they were fools.

Never shall I think or feel otherwise. I cannot give my utmost respect or admiration to any scholar, to any honest truth-seeker, to any sage in Christian lands in this nineteenth century, who withholds from my divine Saviour the supreme confidence, affection, homage, to which he is entitled. Though I have all knowledge and understand all mysteries, though I speak with tongues of men and of angels, and have not *love*, I am nothing. And "if any man *love* not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema." Moses, not Mohammed—Paul, not Plato—Christ, not Confucius, for me! Let all the sages of the past appear. Let them rehearse and recount their teachings. Listen to their melodious utterances. Do full justice to their subtle themes. Admire their marvelous glimpses. See in them beams of the light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But behold the man! And as you contrast them with Him, all exclaim: "A greater than Plato is here!"

XIV.

MASONIC ORATION.*

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE: I am but a novice in Masonry, for "I am but of yesterday" as to my membership, compared with many of the sage and venerable brethren before me. This will plead for me should I fail in my endeavor to express a few of my convictions regarding our honorable fraternity. But what I lack in age of membership may be made up by fullness of youthful fervor and ardent admiration of the system into whose mysteries I have had the honor of initiation. To me it has all the fascination of novelty, and in me there burns all the enthusiasm of a first love. From the freshness of my emotions I give utterance to the thoughts of the hour.

Our system has many elements of attraction, and seems to me to have incorporated not a few principles fitted to impart stability and guarantee a noble immortality.

I. It potently appeals to us by its antiquity. We are so constituted by our Creator as to be susceptible of such an appeal. Vastness of duration gratifies our sense of the sublime, inspires us with awe, lifts us into a mood of reverence, chastens and subdues the spirit.

* Delivered before the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of California, October 10, 1878.

Thus the ocean touches us, for it is old. Navies have swept its waters and commerce plowed its billows; but it is older than the white-winged ships of Tarshish or the men of war that roamed amidst the Isles of Greece, at once repellers of the Persian tyrant, and defenders of their own most sacred liberties. Old! Who knows when it lay in the hollow of God's hand, even as a dew-drop within a rose-bud, until he had carved for it a dwelling-place in earth's deep bosom, and there set it to be the everlasting mirror of his own infinitude? Its age overpowers and spell-binds us. But even this aged thing is as nothing compared with his age who is the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and in whom we place our trust. He is the Ancient of days. When not a billow heaved, not a wild bird sang, not an ancient hill kissed the heavens; when not a ray of light had traveled, not a planet wheeled, not a sun burned; when not a seraph had waved his pinion, or, with the wing wherewith he swept into the presence of his Maker, veiled his face—then was he, the All-Sufficient, the I Am; and in his Nature, the very principles which form the essence and strength of our ancient Order—truth, justice, love, dwelt; having neither beginning of day nor end of life. Our principles are as old as God.

And, going back to the distinguished persons of whom we speak as the historic founders of our Order, through what centuries are we borne; on what ruins of empires look we down. Dynasties blotted out; seats of kingdoms transformed from oriental to western capitals, from southern to temperate zones; the

Cæsars no more; the Ptolemies forgotten; the teachers, artists, poets, orators, statesmen, of Greece, but a name and a memory. But in us there glows the fire of an unwasted youth. We, after the rush of centuries, renew our youth like the eagle! We, despite the perils and trials and slanders of foes, secular and spiritual, ask our enemies to trace a wrinkle upon our brow, or pluck a gray hair from our exuberant locks. We, like Israel's great leader, after the lapse of near three thousand years, move forth, bathed in the dew of the morning, with eye undimmed, with form erect, with natural strength unabated, destined to run a race with time, and prove, in our principles, heirs of a radiant and rapturous immortality.

II. It appeals to us by the elements of the mysterious. This susceptibility of our nature is incessantly touched, from the moment of our entrance upon life. We enter at birth a universe in which wonder is excited, curiosity elicited, investigation challenged, at every step of our progress from the cradle to the tomb. Every leaf incloses a mystery, every atom is a world, and every insect an abyss of wonders. The ceaseless play of life within me, the genesis of a thought, the growth of a habit, the formation of character—a mystery, over which a Plato bends with fervent gaze, and in whose mazes a Locke may well lose his way. And this mysteriousness, investing all things, is no mean stimulant in the breast and brain of traveler and explorer; of scholar poring over dusty scroll; of scientist, as he follows the comet; as he deciphers the fossilography of the hoary hills; as he “fixes a

sunbeam," and cross-questions it by his spectrum ; as he heaves the lead in the ethereal waters of his unseen spirit ; or as, with Bancroft, he explores the sepulchral ruins of the tribes that once lived and roamed, hunted, fought, and died, when our forefathers worshipped Thor, or burned incense at the shrine of Woden.

Man is "Nature's Priest," and as he pursues his researches he is but lifting, fold after fold, the veils suspended in Nature's temple ; and each parted veil at once admits him within a light of revelation more startling and enravishing, and gives his clarified eye to look upon another curtain of mystery, behind which lurk secrets yet more subtle—wonders still more entrancing. The greater the mysteries solved the profounder is the conviction that these are but transparencies compared with the thicker curtains that yet shall dare the trembling fingers to lift or part them. No one is so alive to the fact of mystery as the man most wealthy in his acquisition of the lore of physics and of metaphysics. And yet the mystery is not because of scantiness, but because of superfluity of the element. "It is dark with excess of light."

The light of morning revealing, after a starless night of tempest, while it dissolves the mystery of the gloom, spreads before and around me new mysteries : a mystery in every pebble and in every plant ; in every insect's instinct and in every wild bird's plumage ; in every snow-flake and in every gem ; in every laughing, leaping school-boy's spirit ; and in

every venerable politician who assures us that he has expended the vitality of his brain and being in self-sacrificing service for his country's weal. Mystery! mystery! It is every-where: and when, by dying, we shall pass "within the veil," while upon much, if not all, the mystery of this life explanatory light shall fall—never as then shall the soul apprehend the inscrutability of being. Then, as for the first time, shall the marvels of existence move the fountain of the great deep of our nature, and bear us away and away for aye in effort to solve, discover, and explore. This is one of the charms of the life that now is; it shall be no less an element in the felicity of the life that is to come.

Our Order gratifies and provides for the healthy play of our nature by its sublime mysteries. And these are not mysteries of iniquity. Slandorous libels have been uttered respecting them, I know. They are but the spiteful, the malignant fabrications of sanguinary fanatics or of a depraved priesthood. With ignoble deeds of darkness we have no sympathy. Of what we do, of what we teach, we fear not any criticism. Honor is sacred; reputation is inviolably shielded; and every brother can exclaim, "I dare do all that may become a man!"

Who can object to or oppose such a system as ours? Is he a moralist? Then here may he learn the purest ethics and practice the most manly virtues. Is he a patriot? Then here may he be helped in the culture of those principles which uphold government, reverence law, and promote that righteousness which

exalts a nation. Is he a philanthropist? Then we can assure him that no less profoundly than he do we believe that pure Masonry, and undefiled before God the Father, is this—that we visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted in the world. Is he an antiquarian? Then here are hoary annals for his study and antique customs for his scrutiny. Is he a poet? Then here are symbols for his fancy and sublimities for his imagination. Is he a presbyter or priest? Then we tell him that religion shall find in us one of her most useful auxiliaries, one of her most fair and generous hand-maidens, and that the theology which he *inculcates* we live to *embody*. We, as he, believe in one God; as he, in one great light of conduct, the Holy Bible; as he, in one great comfort and help in all seasons of trial, peril, woe—even prayer; and, as he, anticipate another and a better world.

III. It appeals to us as made for self-government. At an early stage we are reminded of the duty of self-rule. The compass is the impressive symbol of this capability of our nature. This is manhood. What is manhood without self-rule? Our nature is placed in our own care, subject to our own control, at the will of our own capacity of self-disposal. What we shall make of ourselves depends upon self-government. To what extent we shall develop our being depends upon self-government. Whether our career shall be one of beauty and of blessedness, or one of meanness and of malediction, depends upon self-government. Self-government restrains, but, by restraining,

conserves—by restraining, intensifies. This makes man noble. Matter, the servant of mind; instinct, the servant of reason; impulse, the servant of duty; pleasure, the servant of principle—aye, this is manhood, and this is to be a Mason. This is to be a Freemason. Free—there is melody in the word—there is divinity in the thought—free! freedom! This hath given eloquence to the tongue of the stammerer; this hath breathed inspiration through the heart of the prosaic and made him a poet: this hath studded the duskiest heavens of tyranny with most lustrous orbs—the heroes of all ages; this hath impelled the chariot of human civilization; this hath peopled the forest with those armies of the invincibles of our race, who, rather than pawn away their birthright of liberty, dared the perils of tempest and of billow, of wildest savage and of fiercest clime; gave up their all of home and country; bade farewell to the sepulchers of their holy dead and to the shrines of their holy faith; that, beneath foreign skies and on virgin soil, they might lay broad and deep the basis of a new temple, within whose walls freemen should worship, think, and breathe, unharmed by priest, unawed by king; truth its only but all-sufficient strength; purity its chief but never-fading ornament; and love the light-bathed atmosphere in which it should repose, long as the sun and moon endure. And, as builders of that shrine and guardians of it, we Freemasons vow to practice the sublime craftsmanship of self-government; remembering that “he who striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things:” never forgetting

that "greater is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city."

And what a province of self-government is that of the tongue! We are men, for we can speak. We can engage in a commerce of thought by language. All I have, of feeling, culture, motive, by speech may be yours, to thrill with ecstasy, to inflame with rage, to pollute fancy, or to purify taste. For there is the witty tongue, with its lightning-like flashes, rapid combinations, subtle and exquisite affinities of strange extremes, eliciting at once the wonder and the admiration of all who listen. There is the eloquent tongue, moving all hearts with its pathos, instructing all understanding with its condensed wisdom, and marshaling all wills into harmony of purpose and unity of action by its impassioned pleadings. There is the tongue of the tale-bearer, scattering seeds of strife and sowing germs of suspicion in the hearts of trusted friends and honored brethren. There is the tongue of the false, ever weaving webwork of deceit to enmesh the innocent, the unwary, and the ingenious; full of all subtlety, sophistry, or innuendo; moving but to blight reputation; acting but to engender an universal doubt which may fittingly voice itself in the exceeding bitter cry—"All men are liars." And there is the tongue unclean, with its filthy joke, its lewd story, its obscene double meaning; and all to win a laugh—to court a smile. Good God! what a perversion of this glory of our manhood! A man unsluicing the fountain of his filthy heart, that the fetid torrent may rush forth to carry along

its desolating course corruption that shall foul the memory and stain the imagination of all through whom, as hearers, the loathsome current flows. Ah ! this is enough to make the angels weep. Talk of a living, moving leper, touching but to taint, breathing but to poison the physical life of man ! He is health, he is beauty, compared with him whose speech is mildew and death to all that is fair in fancy and sweet in feeling in the nature of the youthful listener. Brethren, here is a most legitimate sphere for the application of self-government. Let us renew, again and again, our oath and obligation to repress and put down all and every tendency to such speech as, if indulged, insults the genius of our venerable Craft. Remember that you cannot recall your words. You might as well attempt to call back the light of morning, once it hath streamed from the fountain of the Orient ; you might as well hope to arrest the lightning, once it hath leaped from the secret place of thunder ; you might as well hope with a gossamer web to stem Niagara, in its fury of resistless rush, as to recall the word let loose by your consent. It has become one of the active energies of the universe. It is destined to immortality by the law of conservation of forces. Its history henceforth shall be one of ceaseless blessing or ceaseless curse. And once again shall the speaker hear it as it travels round the whispering gallery of space.

IV. There is the law of mutual help. This was one of the prime movers in the breasts of those who fashioned the frame-work of our fraternity.

This has never been lost sight of by the master-builders of our institution. This is the cement which binds, as with the law of gravitation, the edifice of Masonry into imperishable strength. Remove that principle and the structure totters, crumbles, and becomes the very "abomination of desolation." Mutual help—it is a divine law. By it the Supreme Architect orders and upholds all things. Around us and below us and above us, we meet with it in ceaseless operation. The flowers live for the insect and the insect for the flower; the hills live for the valleys and the clouds live for the hills; the ocean lives for the dry land and the rivers of the dry land live for the ocean. Every thing leans on and helps to bear up every thing beyond, below, or above itself. The heavens lean on the earth, and the earth reflects the splendor of the heavens from its laughing valleys, its snow-capped sierras, and its ever-changing seas. Earth lives for man and man lives for the earth, to develop, defend, and decorate it by his wise and generous sovereignty o'er it. And shall not man live for his fellow-man? Shall not experience instruct artlessness, learning enlighten ignorance? Shall not gladness dispel sorrow, and youthful might give its arm to tottering age, and affluence become the almoner of heaven to homes of penury and victims of bereavement and disaster? Thus the poverty of my brother may make me rich in goodness; the feebleness of my neighbor may make me strong in sympathy; the loneliness of my companion may make me opulent in all the social affinities or affections of my being. Mine

is an altogether ampler and loftier being by so much as I live beyond myself ; receive but to give ; acquire but to distribute ; and go forth under the impelling conviction that I am debtor to every man less happy, less cultured, less honored than myself. Let sorrow wail, I weep ; let laughter clap its hands with joy, I swell the glad acclaim by laughter just as loud.

What is a man, left to himself ? Less than nothing and vanity ; an embodiment of impotence and ignorance, crudeness and uncouthness ; his powers palsied, his faculties torpid, his being a dwarfed and shriveled abortion. He is made incomplete because made for another to be his help-mate ; a hook without an eye ; a ball without its socket ; a mortise without its tenon.

Civilization is impossible without mutual help. United, man unlocks the treasures of his heart, lets loose the fountains of his fancy, wings the pinion of his reason, develops the potencies of his speech, educes the skill of his fingers, the ken of his vision, and the music which slumbers in his chords of hearing. United, he beats back the ocean or levels the Alps ; from sand-hills calls into glorious existence the Queen City of the Golden Gate ; and from the morasses of the lake bids a Chicago into splendid being, as by the fiat of an omnific necromancer.

No mutual benefit association are we ; yet live we to prove that we are " our brother's keeper," and that only as we " bear one another's burdens " are we fulfilling the law of Masonry.

V. To me it seems a most beautiful thing that we

should have as our first Great Masters those whose craft engaged them in the building of a temple. Others might have been selected. For builders of that age there were other than Solomon and his companions. But not by chance was it that the historic founders of our fraternity were men engaged in a work so God-like. Not from the midst of masons engaged in piling pyramids wherein Egypt's despots might, as embalmed mummies, slumber; not from the hosts of masons engaged in building palaces wherein luxury and licentiousness might revel and rule—palaces, symbols of cruelty, of blood, and fraud; not from the circles of masons employed in constructing triumphal arches beneath which conquerors, laureled with victory and sated with applause, might pass—conquerors whose pastime was murder, whose hordes were minions of tyranny, whose career was devastation, and whose blood-letting sufficed to “incarnadine the ocean, making the green one red;” not from circles of men engaged in any or in all of labors such as these: but from masons whose skill and toil were consecrated to a work so holy as that of building a temple for the worship of the one living and true God—as if to tell us that our Masonic life springs from religion, is nourished by religion, and must ever repose and flourish engirdled by religion, even as the worshipers within the sacred edifice on Zion's crest.

VI. And then, the Builders, the Master Masons and Grand Masters. Who were they? They were of different nationalities; they were of different social standing. There was the Hebrew and the

Phenician; there was the Jew and the Gentile; there was the monarch and the subject; there was the opulent Solomon and there was the needy artisan, the son of "the widow woman." Again a beautiful symbol, or series of symbols. Within our fraternity nationality is unknown. Here I, though an Anglo-Saxon, grasp the hand of a son of Abraham—I one of the descendants of Japheth, he one of the descendants of Shem. Here, royalty sits side by side with the chief magistrate of a republic. Here, opulence grasps the horny fist of him who wields the chisel or who drives the plow. And here loneliness and want and sorrow find sure help and solace, for the widow's son may leave a widow and a son as well—the objects at once of our tenderest pity and our most generous benefactions.

VII. Immortality is ours. Yonder our system warrants us in looking. The acacia sprig speaks of a life that survives the grave—of a being that smiles at death's darts—of a manhood "born to the purple" of an immortal kingship. For that we are urged to live. From that we are urged to gather inspiration for the life that now is. Our ranks are suffering loss by the removal thence of honored and trusted brothers. *They are not lost.* They still practice their sublime art in building up edifices of knowledge, wisdom, and joy, in some distant region of the Supreme Architect's domain. We shall meet them, if we be true and humble and faithful men. Aye, we shall meet them in possession of highest Masonic honors, and within the enclasping shelter of the most

perfect of Masonic workmanship ; *most perfect* ; for is it not a “city which hath foundation ?” Is it not a city “foursquare,” having gates north, south, east, and westward ? Is not that Masonic ? And we shall have our Great Light, even the Builder and Maker himself ; and there shall be no need of the light of the candle. And there shall be no temple—no temple, as there shall be no tomb ; no tomb, for all shall be life ; no temple, for the spanless city is itself the temple—“the house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens.” Within that foursquare city our brotherhood is gathering as the stream of time flows onward.

They come from the ends of the earth,
 White with its aged snows ;
 From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
 Where the day-beam ever glows.

From the east, where first they dwelt,
 From the north and the south and the west ;
 Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
 And lays down his crown to rest.

God grant us all to meet there, and answer to the roll-call of the Grand Lodge of a glorified humanity.

XV.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.*

A HUNDRED years old! Our first century of life as a nation, completed! From how many tongues shall these words fall! In how many tones shall these sentences float out into illimitable space! Over how many heart-chords shall responsive feelings sweep! By how many outward and visible and audible tokens shall the nation's joy be revealed! The boom of cannon, the shout of myriads, the blazonry of banners, the orator's eulogy, the psalm of reverently joyous congregations, the festive gathering and greeting, the mimic battle upon land and sea, the merry pic-nic, the thronged streets, the suspended trade, by these and such as these methods, shall a nation tell forth its ecstasy and congratulate itself upon its birth, its growth, its vigor, its hope, its toils well endured, its battles nobly fought, its victories as wisely improved as they were heroically won, its broadening territory, its developed wealth, its progressive intelligence, its augmented morality, its amplifying and robust piety, its flag unrent and floating over a united people, at home prosperous, abroad

* Being fragmentary notes of an oration at Howard-street M. E. Church, San Francisco, on the centennial anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America, July, 1876.

honored, admired, wondered at, and, doubtless, “en-
vied by less happy lands.”

* * * * *

The people had undergone a fitting discipline for the great work assigned them by providence.

The struggles with inclement climate, the conflicts with Indian tribes, the wars with the French, all educated them into a higher capacity for the fatigues, perils, and stern duties of a military life; so that, when the clarion summoned them to the field, they surprised the veterans of Europe by their endurance, their strategy, their bravery.

* * * * *

Give us room — this was needed for the new republic—room wherein we may expand; room whereto we may invite and welcome the refugees from Old World tyranny and wrongs; room to build a temple of such dimensions that all the oppressed may find beneath the roof a shelter, and within its walls a sanctuary, from the strife of men and the rough hand of persecution.

And here the Quaker found a quiet resting-place. Here the Huguenot obtained relief from the Edicts of cruel Frenchmen. Here the Waldensian fugitive escaped from the wiles of his relentless foes. Here the Puritan and Presbyterian from England and from Ireland defied their enemies to molest and immolate them. And when of such blood the new republic was composed, no wonder if its foundations were laid of adamant and its walls of granite, immovable amid the perturbations of less favored peoples and

inviolable through all the vicissitudes of this transitory world.

* * * * *

Yes, religion must surely wane, decay, expire, unless upheld by governmental aid and patronage. Villages shall grow up in godlessness. Towns shall forget there is a sabbath. Cities shall be found without a solitary temple of prayer. The poor shall be left to rot, and the aged to die without a single word to soothe, or hand to wipe the death-damp from their furrowed brows. Infidelity shall become rampant; conscience become a mockery; God a lifeless, will-less law of nature; and man a highly organized material machine. Houses of mercy shall be unnumbered among the dwellings of such a people. Children shall wax daring in infamy. Households shall be nurseries of crime, of falsehood, and of lust. And soon shall such a people deserve the doom of Sodom or the deluge of the Antediluvians; traitors against the majesty of God, the sacredness of virtue! Yes, this, such as this, may have been the prognostication of the false prophets who beheld the birthday of a government which proclaimed the divine right of men to liberty of conscience, of worship, and of creed. But have such been the results? A thousand times, no!

Nowhere is conscience so free; and nowhere are the products of religion so many and so manifold as here. Where is the hamlet without its church? Where is the village without its Sabbath-school? Wherever the log-hut rears its humble roof the rustic chapel invites to prayer and praise. Where has so

much money been spent in the erection of noble shrines ; where so much salary paid to able pastors ; where greater energy in benevolent enterprise ; where a larger number of religious periodicals published ; where a profounder interest taken in church and pastor, than in this land where every one may choose his own creed ?

* * * * * *

The men of the Revolution started without a State Church ; but they started with an open Bible, with a heaven-planted conscience, and with the blessing of the God of heaven. These three were enough of capital, I dare say. These men had too firm a faith in conscience, in truth, in God, to think of leaning upon human government for support in the maintenance of that which they esteemed more precious than ease, than profit, than love of country ; aye, than love of life. The men who fled from Louis XIV., as Huguenots, might not they be trusted to feed the fires of piety ? The men who fled from the hills and gorges of the Waldenses from Sardinian tyrants, might not they be trusted to keep their piety pure ? The men who fled from the crooked-hearted Stuarts of England, for conscience' sake, might not they be trusted with the holy art of godly worship ?

* * * * * *

Grand as the past has been, the future shall far surpass it. The best days are all before, not behind. The populations of the earth are but a handful compared with what they shall be. The productions of the soil are but a handful compared with what they

shall be. The resources of the hills are but a handful compared with what they shall be. The knowledge gained by science is but a boy's primer compared with what shall be the mastery over nature's forces wielded by man; but child's play compared with what shall be. The spread of virtue is but narrow compared with what shall be. The enlightenment of man is but unlight compared with what shall be. This nation is destined to live, not die; live, not droop; live, not shrivel; live, not drivel; live a deeper life in thought, a purer life in morals, a calmer life in effort, a rounder life in culture, a diviner life in charity, in love.

Why should the mother of the seas be still young, active, advancing, though a thousand years old, and her daughter die? Progress is the law of history, of God. Let the fullness of Christian principle be assimilated by our nation, and we are sure of conservation with progression. Christianity is the salt which repels corruption and disintegration, and conserves in vigorous vitality. Whatever it touches it immortalizes; whatever it controls it preserves; whatever it transforms it imbues with immutability. For it is "the word of our God which abideth forever."

The nation lives by morality. Morality flows from piety. Morality is never purer than its source. Morality never rises higher than its fountain. Pagan nations owned not divine religion; their gods were monsters and their morals foul. What is left for this nation to choose? To which of the saints shall she turn? To none of them—to none of them; but to Him

who is the King of Saints and the King of Nations. And as it was in the beginning, so is it now and ever shall be. O God! to thy care she commits herself for another century. God of her Fathers! be the God of their succeeding race. Make us true, upright, just, pure, humble, generous, grateful. Hallow our joys; sanctify our sorrows; chasten us when haughty; guard us when imperiled; crown us with such glory as we are able to bear; and upon all—

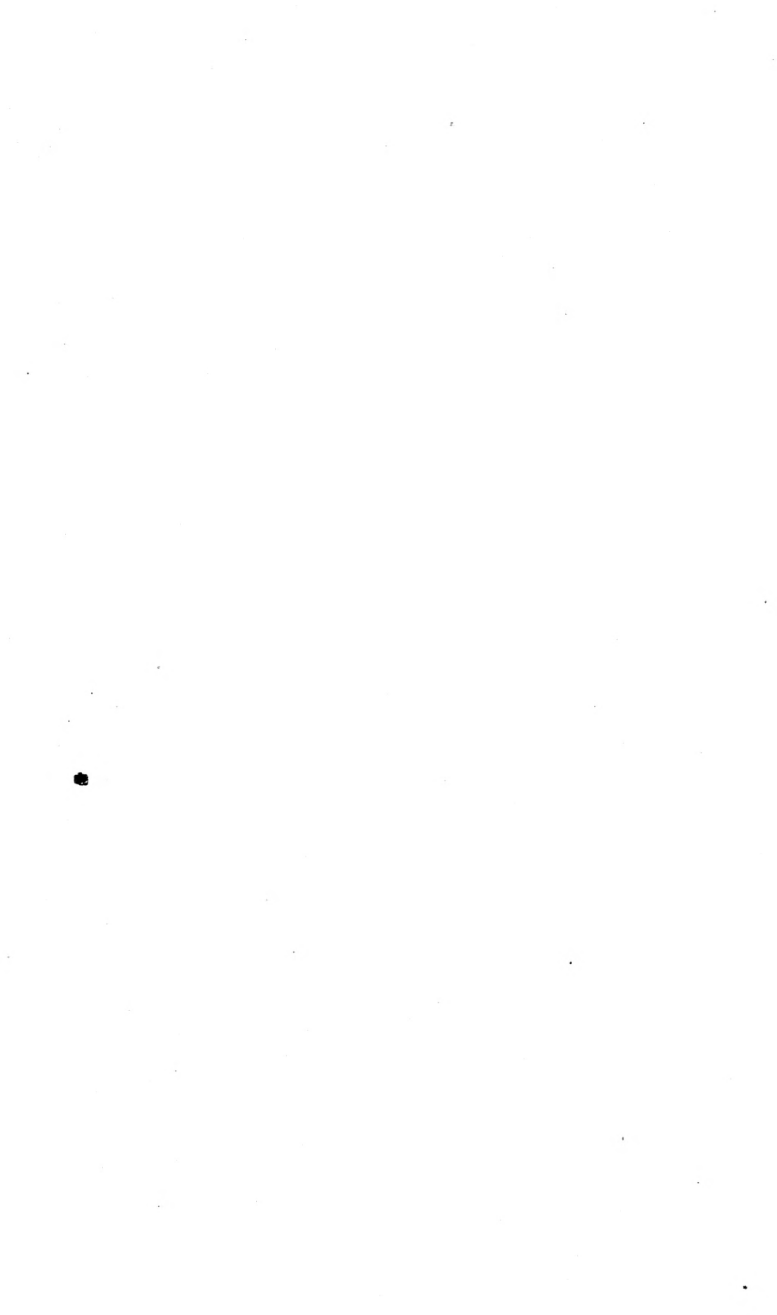
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Freed from some of the weights with which the republic began a hundred years ago, she to-day begins a new career unhandicapped. For instance: she began with slavery; that weight is gone; that cancer cut out by the sword. It shall never stick its roots again into the commonwealth. It shall not debauch the conscience of commerce or of the Church or of the family. No, thank God, that is of the past, no more to clog, cripple, or cramp. With an honest heart and uplifted brow the nation may front the future so far as that is concerned.

That there shall not be other foes with which to struggle we dare not say. The world is not yet all righteous, true, loving. Wealth may breed pride; pride, haughtiness. Wealth may breed luxury; luxury, indolence; indolence, lust, animalism, and corruption. The struggle for political office may engender falsehood, create hatred, bring forth jealousies, and diffuse discord and seeds of anarchy. But it need not, though it may. Personal piety is the specific antidote, is the mighty defense, against such peril.

The influx of immigrants may become such as to all but swamp the native-born, and all but deluge the religious customs, belief, worship, of this great Protestant people. How to meet this without sacrifice of liberty is the problem. To maintain liberty in the fullest, loftiest sense, you will be compelled to repress by moral, only moral, means any and every system which lives but upon ignorance and flourishes but through bigotry. For freedom's sake you must set your face as flint against all that, in politics, can place power in the hands of such as have never failed to prove that they hate freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and of worship. If there be in the midst of us, under our flag, and favored by our institutions, a system of religious belief—I do not say there is; but if there be—whose history is written in blood; whose throne is built up of tyranny; whose career has been one of persecution, and which never changes in principles or in purpose; which lives as truly as a thousand years ago; which, wherever it has had the power its own, one day has used it to expel all religions but its own; against that, as the sworn, undying, unalterable foe of liberty, let the wisest, soundest, manliest defense be maintained. That is one of the perils. To me it is a simple axiom that, whatever party of politicians leans upon that power for support, and wins success by so leaning—that party, whether it knows it or not, is the subtle and certain and deadly enemy of this free commonwealth.

THE END.



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